March

Harpers

MAGAZINE

SEEING WOMEN AS THEY ARE
The Man-Made Myth and the Reality
By FLOYD H. ALLPORT

IF HOOVER FAILS . . . . . ELMER DAVIS
What Is Religion? . . . . . *Harry Emerson Fosdick*
Society, English and American . . . . . *Mary Borden*
The New Vision of Science . . . . . *P. W. Bridgman*
The Quantum Theory and Its Staggering Significance
I'm Hunting for a Job . . . . . *Paul Peters*
The American Invasion of Europe . . . . *Charles A. Beard*
Slaves of the Machine? . . . . . *Stuart Chase*
Notes on the Nightmare of the Robot
Hato the Pigeon . . . . . *Gustav Eckstein*
Tourist Third . . . . . *Mary Heaton Vorse*
Stories *by Stella Benson, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, and Anthony Gibbs*
Departments—THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—THE LION'S MOUTH—PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE—AMONG THE NEW BOOKS—IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD—COMMUNITY AND INDUSTRIAL—WHERE TO SHOP

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Harper's Magazine

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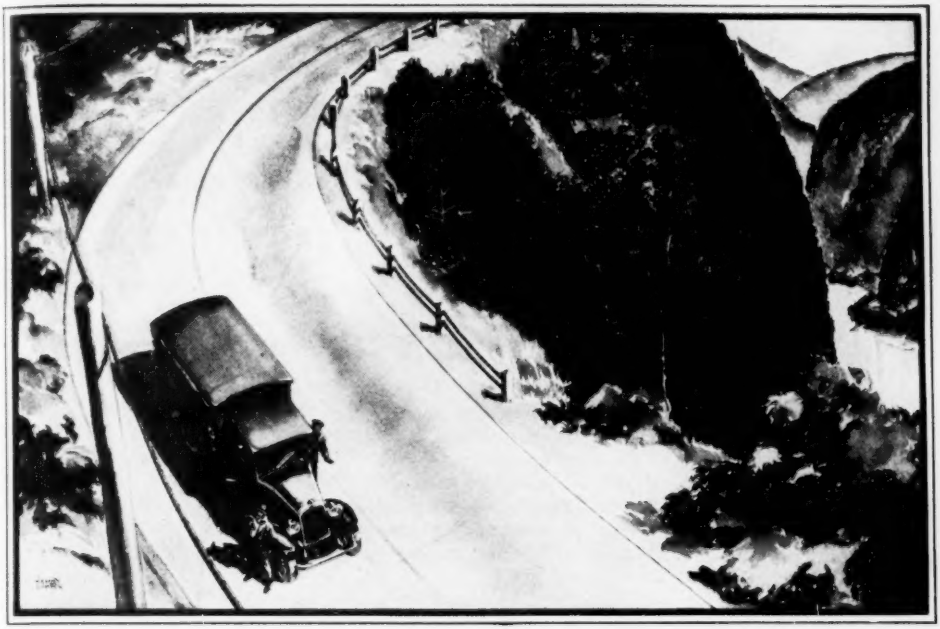

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THE NEW SUB-PLUTOCRACY — Duncan Aikman

Our new prosperity has developed a new social class which in city after city has pushed the former "best people" to one side and destroyed whatever aristocratic leadership we had. Mr. Aikman's telling description of the manners and customs of the new sub-plutocracy, and their effect on our national standards of conduct, will be discussed as warmly as was "The Mucker Pose."

STILL A MAN'S GAME — Lillian Symes

The confessions of a slightly tired feminist (new style) who has found that men are not yet ready to give women an equal chance, and especially that the fifty-fifty marriage often ends all too tragically for the woman. The cases cited by the author will be of equal interest to feminists and conservatives.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? — Harry Emerson Fosdick

A brilliant definition of the essential difference between Christianity and other faiths, old and new, by the most influential religious leader in America.

WOMEN IN THE 1928 CAMPAIGN — Anna Steese Richardson

A woman who watched the feminine politicians of the Hoover–Smith contest from a vantage-point within one of the party organizations gives a disturbing and enlightening account of what she saw.

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by C. E. M. Joad

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by Muriel Draper

STORIES: by Laura Spencer Portor and John Frazier Vance

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

AT the turn of the century American authors were in full pursuit of local color, mostly because it was quaint. The magazines were filled with dialect stories, and the author who could add a strange speech hitherto unknown to literature was as proud as the man who struck oil. Specialists like Joel Chandler Harris had a tremendous following, but not all possessed his whimsicality and humor. At that time authors were digging for native material with the object of unearthing the quaint, the unusual, and the humorous. To-day the term local color is no longer applied, although Miss Julia Peterkin and DuBose Heyward are among those who mine in the section they know best. But essential human traits are more important to them than eccentricities. DuBose Heyward wrote *Porgy* over three years ago, and both as novel and as play it has had a deserved success. His newest novel, *Mamba's Daughters*, reveals his knowledge of his own territory, and his unhurried writing. Both qualities are not generally found in American fiction. Character drawing has been neglected of late, perhaps because no one has time to visualize a character. Intimate knowledge of a locality and a people has given place to superficial writing about city life. Some of the younger writers are more interested in technical problems, in the way of saying a thing, than in having something to say. *Mamba's Daughters* is a novel of Charleston. In it Mr. Heyward sketches the Wentworths, a white family of social standing which has fallen on hard days. Mamba is an old negress who has never had any white folks, hence has no caste even among the negroes. She attaches herself to the Wentworths, having in mind a scheme to advance the fortunes of her granddaughter, the child of Hagar, a slovenly, dissipated but tremendously powerful negress. From the Wentworths Mamba goes to a newly rich family named Atkinson, always keeping in mind her determination to build a career for her grandchild, Lissa. The tremendous effort bears fruit. In parallel lines we see the development of Saint Wentworth, the boy of the family, and his attempts to amount to something in the depressing phosphate districts of South Carolina. A tremendous figure is Hagar, a creature with the surge of primitive emotions within her, living and ending in tragedy. Lissa, the daughter, for whom so much is sacrificed, remains rather a shadowy figure, negative and hardly deserving the success that comes to her at the end. In a white community, in New York, she scores as a talented singer, partly against her will for, like the rest, she is carried forward by the conditions of life around her. The author is less successful with his theme after he leaves Charleston, but the chapters devoted to life there show an intimate understanding of the hopes, the yearnings, the ambition, and the despair of black and white alike. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

THE ENIGMA OF ISADORA DUNCAN

Of the two books about Isadora Duncan scheduled for publication this spring I have read the first, *Isadora Duncan's Russian Days and Her Last Years in France*, by Irma Duncan and Allan Ross Macdougall. (Covici Friede, Inc.) The second, *The Untold Story*, by Mary Desti, will be published this month

Among the New Books

by Horace Liveright. Isadora Duncan went to Russia at the invitation of Krassin to found a school of dancing, but her spirit was crushed by disillusionment. Although she danced often and trained pupils to dance there, and received no end of flattering applause, the Soviet could not unite on an appropriation sufficient to realize her dream. She became emotionally in sympathy with the Soviet and cheered the workers, although she knew nothing about politics. This led, later on, to criticism and opposition in Berlin and France, and her last years were depressing. She had no funds to carry on her work and was always in debt. Her tour of the United States brought her no satisfaction, for the country was antagonistic to her approval of Russian politics; and in Boston the mayor considered her dancing too risqué. Although material success was not to be hers, she planted the seeds for rich cultural flowering in Russia, and it would be idle to say that her dancing did not inspire great numbers there. In Russia she married a poet, Sergei Essenine, according to the Soviet formula, and although the marriage was never abrogated, Essenine committed suicide after her return to France. This is an affecting book, although it reveals the contradictory nature of Isadora Duncan's character. She could not compromise, and the world of everyday affairs could not accept her for the artist that she was.

MARY SYNON
Author of "The Good Red Bricks"

"THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT"

This is another study of American traditions, customs, and national psychology by a Frenchman. Bernard Fay has written understandingly of American life and letters heretofore; he is now discussing politics, education, and international relations. Although the book is not as important as that by André Siegfried, *America Comes of Age*, it is worth reading by Americans who wonder what Europe thinks of us. Especially pertinent is the discussion of American mass movements and changes in opinion. M. Fay sees the possibility of danger to the world in these sudden changes, although I am not so sure that they are as sudden as they appear to foreigners. He believes that the peace-loving disposition of Americans will do much to stabilize world affairs, but feels that war debts are a source of future danger, because they impoverish the debtor. He touches also briefly on the growing irritation in Europe against American tourists, who hurry through foreign countries as if they were their playground, caring nothing about their manners or traditions, and spreading largesse with patronizing gestures. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

COLLEGE LIFE

Twenty Years Among the Twenty Year Olds by James Anderson Hawes, for twenty years traveling secretary for Delta Kappa Epsilon, is a rambling, unscientific, but interesting discussion of college life today. Mr. Hawes sees college more from the point of view of the student than of the faculty; he does not believe in too much restriction, nor in the many prohibitions which burden growing youth; he is aware of changes that affect both student and teacher, and believes that they are for the better. Naturally he feels strongly on the subject of college fraternities, which he thinks are here to stay. His argument against meddling with them is not wholly tenable, for he makes much of the fact that their abolition would cause many loyal alumni to become disgruntled; he believes that wise leadership by men of ability will solve some of their problems. The changes in college conditions during the last twenty years are described and summarized; he sees the church turning to social service and losing influence over the religious beliefs of the students; he finds a great change in morals due to the freedom of women, who now act on a par with men, to the changed social con-

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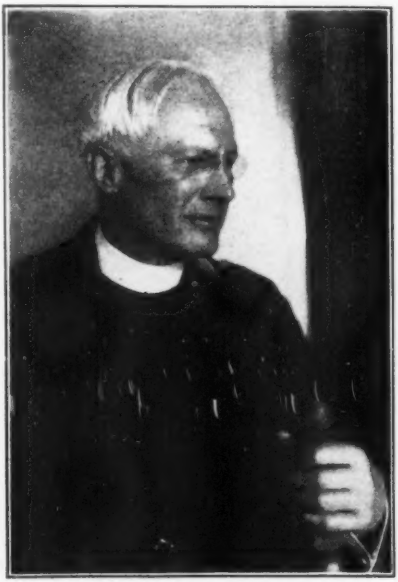
ditions arising from prohibition, to the general use of automobiles, and to familiarity with foreign customs due to the World War and travel. Mr. Hawes is on the side of youth, and obviously does not believe that student life is going to the dogs, despite the tremendous change in educational methods since the beginning of the New England colleges. Students are still merry and happy and the actual danger, in his opinion, will come when they cease to be so. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"THE SLOWER JUDAS"

G. B. Stern, best known for her novels, *Debonair*, *The Matriarch*, and half a dozen others, is the author of a book of short stories revealing the psychological response of various characters to minor episodes. It may be suspected that the author preferred the title of the final story as that of her collection, *The Slower Judas*. This is a tale built on an unusual situation, and carried out with skill, although it depends more on artifice than psychology. The chief character is the son of a famous father and the father of a famous son, both writers. He has never had an individuality of his own, and is constantly explaining that he is neither the one nor the other. The queer act which leads him to accept both identities while away from home and its effect on himself and others starts the story. Tales such as the first, "Lady Falconbridge," seem less successful—this depends for its interest on the recapture of a melody, which causes the woman to recognize her half brother after she had fallen in love with him. But the author avoids trite situations and even offers novelty in her descriptions, as when she causes a character to say: "Alison was unsympathetic when I sprayed her, like a fountain, with my thin sad wailings from the past." There are thirteen stories, mostly about people. (Alfred A. Knopf.)



ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET
Author of "The Art of Thinking"

INEXPENSIVE REPRINTS

The usefulness of small, inexpensive reprints of the classics and more recent books worth preserving needs no argument. The Appleton Dollar Library, which has been in existence for many years, is now reissuing old and new titles for which there is a constant demand. These include *The White Terror*, by Felix Gras, in the translation made a number of years ago by Catherine A. Janvier, who, with Thomas Janvier, did so much to introduce the Provençal writers to America; *Face to Face with Great Musicians*, by Charles D. Isaacson, in two volumes; the famous *Wolfville Folks*, by Alfred Henry Lewis, which first saw the light in 1907; *Man's Place in Nature*, by Thomas Huxley; *On the Plantation*, by Joel Chandler Harris, with illustrations by E. W. Kemble, which goes back to 1892; *The Romance of an Empress*, one of the earlier stories of Catherine II of Russia, by K. Waliszewski; the inevitable *History of European Morals*, by Lecky, which must be in half a dozen similar libraries by now, and *A History of Sanskrit Literature*, by Arthur A. Macdonell—each worth having, and leading the reader to others like them.

BOOKS ON THE NOBILE EXPEDITION

Two thrilling stories of the rescue of the survivors of the *Italia* tragedy have been published. They are *The Krassin*, by Maurice Parijanine, a French journalist (Macaulay), and *The Tragedy of the Italia* by Davide Giudici, an Italian writer (Appleton). The first is the more sensational of the two, for it is written with evident hostility to the Italians and with strong sympathy for the communists. Parijanine interviewed the men on board the *Krassin*, the Russian ice-breaker which went to the

"Write it yourself--"

Isadora Duncan to Mary Desti

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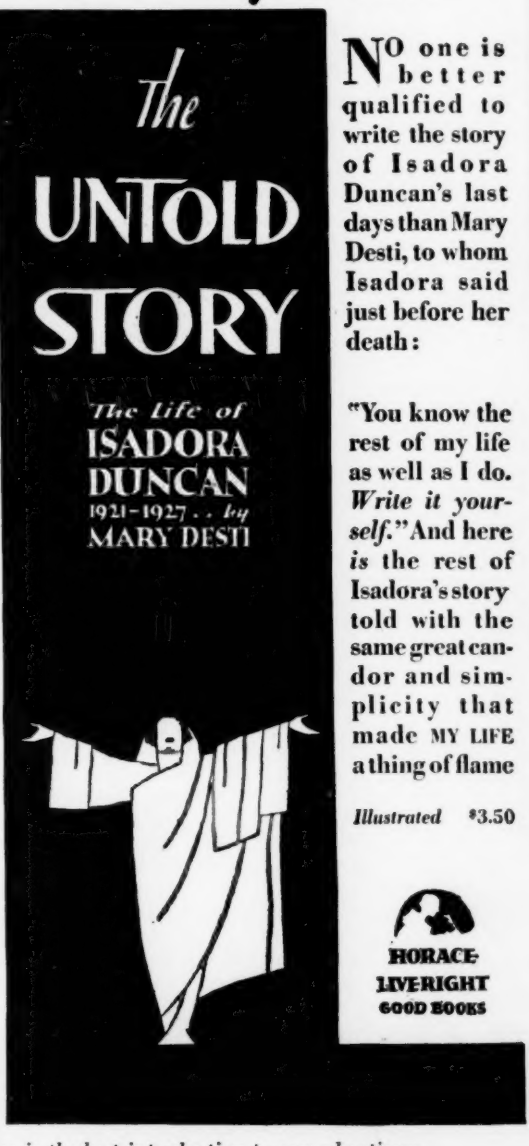

NO one is better qualified to write the story of Isadora Duncan's last days than Mary Desti, to whom Isadora said just before her death:

"You know the rest of my life as well as I do. *Write it yourself.*" And here *is* the rest of Isadora's story told with the same great candor and simplicity that made MY LIFE a thing of flame

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GOOD BOOKS

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relief of the men of the *Italia*, lost on the ice floes. From tales of the crew and from a diary he reconstructed the rescue of Captains Zappi and Mariano, who had left the original party with Dr. Finn Malmgren, Swedish scientist. The latter was nowhere to be found and was reported to have been left behind of his own volition to die. Parijanine pictures Zappi as having taken advantage of clothing owned both by Malmgren and Mariano, and that Mariano was half-clad when found, whereas Zappi wore more than one man's share. He also pictures Zappi as healthy and apparently not suffering from starvation, whereas Mariano was weak from lack of food. The sinister suggestion of cannibalism runs through his book and has caused no end of controversy in Europe. Signor Giudici, on the other hand, writes a sympathetic account, well told, filled with detail, but ignoring all the charges made by Parijanine and making no suggestion that there was any irregularity in Zappi's conduct. He says he was the only journalist to reach the *Krassin*. The two books agree on the incidents of Lundborg's flight, and of the rescue of the Viglieri group. The *Krassin* and its crew worked nobly to locate the survivors, and the Soviet government was very proud of the work of the expedition. Parijanine, however, charges that the details that back up his story have been suppressed by the Soviet government. It is understood that further accounts from the Russian side are likely to be published. Both books can be warmly recommended as stories telling of the hazards of Arctic exploration. In view of the controversy involved, one should not be read without the other.

LEE THAYER
Author of "Dead Men's Shoes"

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT!"

All those who have ever dipped into books of miscellaneous information, tales about strange races, stories of invention, and oddities of literature and life such as one finds in the field of "Notes and Queries" will enjoy two books recently published: *Believe It or Not!* by Robert L. Ripley (Simon & Schuster) and *One Thousand Sayings of History*, by Walter Fogg (The Beacon Press, Boston). Mr. Ripley is a cartoonist who has built up a career as the disseminator of strange facts. He explains that he was drawing cartoons for the sports pages of a New York newspaper when he picked up a number of oddities lying on his desk and put them together into a cartoon. The editor recommended that he do another, and soon he made two a week, and then one a day. He has collected no end of strange facts about people, animals, and the earth we inhabit, many unbelievable, but Mr. Ripley says they are all true. For instance, he records that there are four thousand ways of spelling the name Shakespeare; that there is actually a one-armed paper hanger in Dedham, Mass., who has had the hives; that Babe Ruth hit one hundred and twenty-five home runs in one hour in Los Angeles in 1927, batting balls over the fence as fast as several pitchers could serve him; that the River Tadjoura on the northeast coast of Africa flows from the Bay of Tadjoura to the Lake of Assai, hence runs backward on the map; that oysters actually grow on trees in the islands of the Caribbean, seizing the branches of the mangrove trees at high tide and holding on for dear life—enough of that. One of those books that will entertain a party of an evening. A book for more leisurely reading, filled with information, is the second work, *One Thousand Sayings of History*. The author, a newspaper man, has taken over one thousand famous sayings, traced them to their source, and given a careful and intelligent explanation of the occasion on which they were said. Cæsar,

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One of the great crimes of American history was the wholesale slaughter of the buffalo on the plains of the West. Most of us will read this tragic and thrilling story in *The Hunting of the Buffalo* by E. Douglas Branch (Appleton) with a great deal of horror; but none of us will consider the present waste in our natural resources of oil and timber as anything to worry about. The story of what happened to the buffalo is not new; men have written about it often. Congressmen vainly argued for their preservation; enlightened citizens tried to save them, but the wild men of the plains and the Indians killed all except a handful. But the story may well be told again, and in this book we find an interesting summary of this strange epoch in our history, when men killed the buffalo, first for meat, then for sport, later for robes. "From 1874 to 1877 there were annually shipped from Fort Benton 80,000 to 100,000 buffalo robes; about 30,000 mountain wolf skins; 150 tons of antelope skins, besides some beaver, mink, and otter." In 1872 and 1873 three Western railroads carried 1,250,000 buffalo skins. And many farmers killed buffalo for the meat and didn't know enough to tan the robes. By 1887 the great herds had been completely killed off and only a few buffalo remained. Through legislation Canada and the United States provide for the survivors of this tremendous stock; in 1926 there were 4,376 buffaloes in the United States and 11,957 in Canada. Thus Mr. Branch's chronicle becomes a revelation of what went on in the settlement of a continent—and who is to blame? Human nature, always wasteful when a supply is plentiful, acts to-day in a similar manner.

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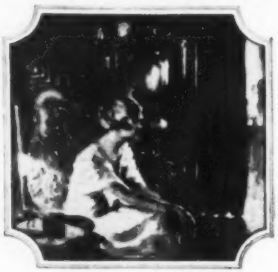

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publishing other books as well. Evidently interest in less recent mystery tales has been exhausted, and the shelves need replenishing. In the early part of February a tremendous number of new titles arrived. *Footprints*, by Kay Cleaver Strahan, was announced by Doubleday, Doran & Co. as the winner of the Scotland Yard prize for the best detective story submitted during the year. The Crime Club as usual announces one or more titles a week; the latest include books by well-known authors. The irrepressible Edgar Wallace, who keeps turning out stories as fast as stenographers can take them down, submits *The Flying Squad*, which takes up the familiar background of "a powerful dope-ring working in the heart of London." Dear old London, what a center for fictive crime it has become, in spite of its boast that it has fewer murders than great American cities! Then we have *The Layton Court Mystery* by Anthony Berkeley, in which Roger Sheringham appears. This month's tale by J. S. Fletcher—for ardent Fletcherites—is called *The Diamond Murders*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Diamonds—and what they do to avaricious and innocent persons. Another popular writer of detective stories is Anthony Wynne, who manages Dr. Hailey. *The Dagger* is his latest, dealing with the weapon that killed a woman. (Lippincott.) Henry Kitchell Webster's tale, *The Sealed Trunk*, which has had magazine publication, is now out in book form. (Bobbs-Merrill.) Of course E. Phillips Oppenheim is with us, as of yore. *The Treasure House of Martin Hews* is another London tale, dealing with a cripple who sits in a fortified house, and his lovely niece, and the attempts of men either to kidnap or save the lady. (Little, Brown & Co.) Sydney Horler, who writes capital tales, has another, *Chipstead of the Lone Hand* (Henry Holt & Co.). *The Greatest Adventure* by John Taine is a "scientific" mystery, in which a strange country with stranger inscriptions has a place. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) *Nightmare* by Gerald Mygatt tells of strange doings in New York City. (Penn Publishing Co.) Here are two more "house" stories—*The Robbery at Rudwick House*, by Victor L. Whitechurch, into which even an English churchman enters and where certain Americans entertain in their conventional tourist manner (Duffield); and *The House That Whispered*, by Samuel Emery, dealing with a deserted farmhouse in New England—wheeeewww! (Dutton.) Several Louis Tracy titles are among the new books—*The*

Last night--Richard the Lion-Hearted crushed Athelstane--*before my very eyes!*

MY friend Walter Scott and I sat breathless. Our eyes were riveted upon three heavily armored knights spurring their great stallions against a single horseman. His shield bore the Spanish word *Desdichado*,—Disinherited.

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Straight as an arrow galloped the Black Knight. With such force did he meet Front-de-Boeuf that their horses recoiled backward on their haunches. Then a flashing sword stroke and Front-de-Boeuf, horse and all, crashed to the ground.

The Black Knight then swerved his rearing charger. In a moment the powerful Athelstane was also crushed, before my very eyes!

The crowd screamed its applause of the Black Knight. Yet none realized that they cheered their true King of England, Richard the Lion-Hearted — secretly returned from The Third Crusade to regain his throne from a treacherous brother! No one guessed that within a few days his traitorous enemies would collapse with the fiery ruins of their own castle — the gray-haired Ulrica perched atop the flaming turret, shrieking her war song like one of the ancient furies!

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Wreck of the Chinook, which was published over twenty years ago as *The Pillar of Light* (how titles do change!) and *The Lastingham Murder*, both issued by Edward J. Clode. He publishes also *The Secret of Secrets* by J. S. Fletcher and *Master Detective Stories*, a group of well-known tales by Conan Doyle, Arthur Morrison, J. S. Fletcher, William Le Queux, John E. Wilkie, and others, collected by Arthur Neale. We even get mystery stories from abroad. *Spies* by Thea von Harbou has been translated from the German

WALTER D. EDMONDS
Author of "Rome Haul"

and deals with our old friend the Secret Service—the illustrations, from photographs, are capital. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) *The Havering Plot* by Richard Keverne captures my interest because the last third is sealed up, and the publishers say that if you can put down the book without wishing to break the seal you get your money back. (Harper & Brothers.) Wonder what's inside? Here's a serious one—*Mass Murder*, by L. C. Douthwaite, telling you about the notorious murderers of history: Burke, Hare, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, Landru, Haarmann—all persons who killed more than one. As isolated killing must be getting old-fashioned, there will probably be readers with jaded appetites who will want to know about these mass-murderers. (Henry Holt.)

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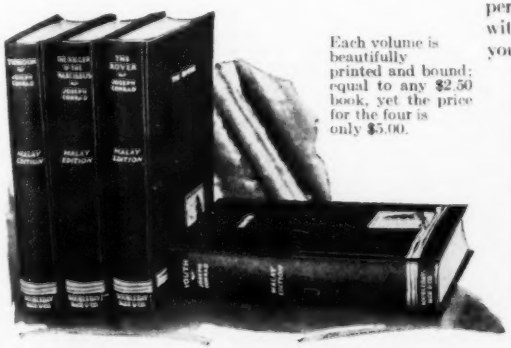

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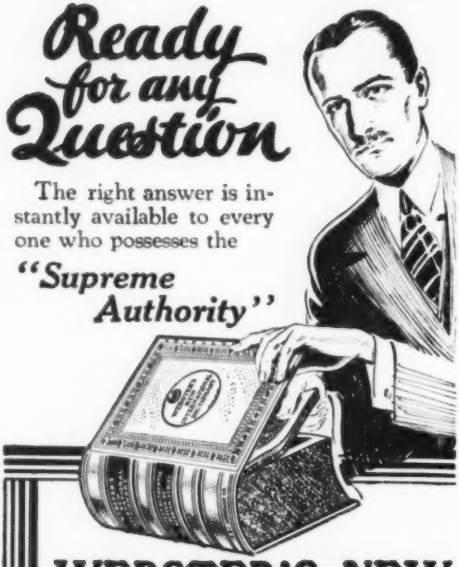

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Col. . . . Another request for a writer's complete list of publications came from Gene Corbett, Lake Placid, N. Y. E. Stanley Jones is the author whose work this correspondent is interested in. This writer has only two books, *Christ of the Indian Road* and *Christ at the Round Table*. The first sells for $1.00, and the second for $1.50. Both are put out by Abingdon Press, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City. He also has a pamphlet called *The Aim of Foreign Missions*, sold by the Student Volunteer Movement, New York City, for 10 cents. . . . We think the following book will answer adequately the request of Mrs. R. V. Hummel, Peterboro, N. H.—*History of the United States of America*, revised edition, 1927, including the Great War, by Henry W. Elson, published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, priced $2.80. . . . W. B. Seabrook has a new book, published in January of this year. It is well illustrated, with photographs by the author and drawings by Alexander King. The title is *Magic Island* and it is a story of Voodoo worship in Haiti, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City, priced $3.50. This is in answer to Miss Muriel Pothsted, Troy, N. Y. There is also a $1.00 edition of Seabrook's *Six Years in the Malay Jungle* published by the Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, N. Y. . . . The book *Psychology of Secondary Education* is the one referred to by Miss Helena Wardell, Exeter, N. H., in her letter. The author is C. H. Judd, and the publisher is Ginn & Co., 70 Fifth Ave., New York City, and the price is $2.20. . . . Miss Eunice Elliott, Elk Grove, Cal., writes to ask if a one-volume edition of *Classics of the Bar* is available. This is published only in an eight-volume edition, $3.00 each volume, by the Classic Publishing Co., Baxley, Ga. The author of this set of books is A. V. Sellers. Our correspondent also wants to know if the Lippincott Third Reader is still obtainable. This is published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa., at 84 cents. . . . Florence Ward is the author of *Second Eden*, published by

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that she will find more than one answer to her problem, which is to locate a good play for amateurs that does not have a royalty attached. . . . *Tests and Measurements*, by Smith and Wright, is now available, the price being $3.00. Silver, Burdett, 39 Division St., Newark, N. J., are the publishers of this book. This information was requested by Robert R. Byrn, Freeport, N. Y. . . . There is no doubt in Fred K. Margole's (Springfield, Mass.) mind as to his favorite writer of Western stories—indeed, the best writer of all kinds of stories. The author for whom our correspondent has so great an admiration is Max Brand. He has written to ask for a complete list of this writer's books,

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just to be sure that he has missed none of them. Also he requests that we publish it in this column in order that others may know of his favorite author. Max Brand has a new book called, *The Gun Tamer*, $2.00, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City, who also put out *Pleasant Jim* and *Pillar Mountain*, $2.00 each. The other books of this writer are all published by A. L. Burt Co., 1140 Broadway, New York City. These are: *Alcatraz, The Blue Jay, Dan Barry's Daughter, Fire Brain, The Night*

ELIZABETH BOWEN
Author of "The Last September"

Horseman, The Seventh Man, Trailin', The Untamed, The White Wolf. Each of these sells for 75 cents. . . . Another of our correspondents who has a favorite-writer complex is Miss Vera Henderson, Woonsocket, R. I. Her favorite is a poet, and she pens her adoration in no uncertain terms, beseeching us to give her all possible information on the life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Space is not adequate for the complete answer to such a request, but we hereby print a list of reliable and interesting books on this poet who has had so much written about him: *Shelley: The Man and the Poet* by A. Clutton-Brock. E. P. Dutton Co., 286 Fourth Ave., New

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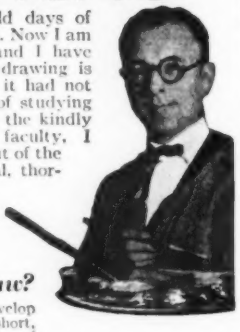

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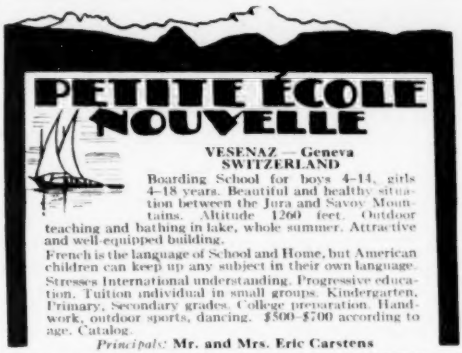

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Do Not Delay

the matter of the selection of a summer camp for your boy or girl — a question demanding the greatest consideration. Hasty decisions are likely to be regretted later.

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If you desire further information regarding any of the camps represented, or if you have difficulty in making a selection, feel perfectly free to avail yourself of the service of our Camp Information Bureau.

For Summer Camps See Next Page

The Ideal Vacation — The Summer Camp

by PAUL R. BROWN

WHEN thoughtful parents consider that approximately one-third of their children's year is spent in summer vacations, they often question the wisdom of allowing all this time for leisure and seek some proper solution for the problem — namely the summer camp. Why?

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How differently the following remarks of two camp directors may affect the two groups of campers at morning assembly: "Nine o'clock, junior baseball and senior shop; ten o'clock, senior baseball and junior shop; eleven o'clock, swim; etc." . . . "Well, juniors, in addition to the regular schedule, what shall we do today? Mr. A. tells me that he is taking a nature walk and that he will be glad to have a few of you accompany him. Does anyone care to go? Well, Mr. A., you surely have a crowd. Perhaps Mr. B. and Mr. C. will go along too. And, seniors, the councillors have challenged you to an aquatic meet. Tim here claims you can beat them. How about it? Well, we'll see. The other boys can find Mr. D. in the shop. He is working on that new ping pong table, and I am sure he will be glad of some help; or perhaps you may want to finish up those sailboats for the races next week."

Progressive education in camp, as elsewhere, is dependent upon leaders who are interested not only in their particular specialty, but also in dealing with children. They must be real companion-instructors who will treat each child as an individual in connection with the varied activities of the camp. Only such leadership and understanding will keep a child joyously happy throughout this trying part of the year and at the same time develop his mind and body so that his parents will notice a marked improvement when he returns home.

By consulting the summer camp section which immediately follows this page, or by writing to the School and Camp Information Bureau of Harper's Magazine, information may be secured regarding well-established camps for boys and girls.

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Harpers Magazine

SEEING WOMEN AS THEY ARE

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

Professor of Social and Political Psychology, Syracuse University

THAT the nature of woman involves an essential mystery has become one of the aphorisms of the human race. Practically everything that masculine ingenuity can think of concerning women has, at one time or another, been said. And almost every utterance has been challenged by a statement as sweeping and vehement upon the opposite side. Poets and mystics, viewing women through an erotic halo, have endowed them with some vital and cosmic principle. Dour philosophers have seen in them only irrationality, frailty, and evil. The man on the street has his stock of generalizations, or stereotypes, to use Mr. Lippmann's term, through which he explains feminine conduct as complacently as he discusses changes of politics or of the weather. No matter if his stereotypes sometimes go wrong; he will never revise them. When female behavior defies the traditional categories he has in reserve a final pigeonhole: "After all, you can never tell *for certain* what a woman is going to do." As in the case of politics and the weather, a final element of unpredictability forms a part of her very nature.

Now the best way to approach any mysterious subject is by refusing to be mystified. My present purpose, therefore, is not to explain the riddle peculiar to woman's nature, but to question whether any such riddle exists. Inscrutable mysteries usually arise from clinging stubbornly to false categories as though they were infallible. The mystery, I suspect, lies not in woman's nature, but is of human making, and satisfies in us certain emotional demands, not clearly recognized but, nevertheless, potent. If popular opinion concerning the character of women is befuddled, it is, in other words, because we wish it to be.

The root of all speculation in this matter seems to be the assumption that some basic, inborn, mental differences between the sexes *must exist*. Just as there are contrasts of anatomy and bodily function, rendering men and women

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physically different and complementary, so there must be corresponding differences in their native capacities, interests, and mental outlook. The sexual function looms so large in our thinking that it colors our view of other functions as well. It is interesting, however, that the burden of these sex differences is usually placed upon the side of the woman. The traits ascribed to men are not based in our minds upon the character of sexual activity in the male. They are merely natural or standard human traits. But the case with woman is different. Her peculiarities of sex function are believed to permeate her whole life, giving her thoughts, moods, and acts a cast quite different from that of man's. Practically nothing is said or written about the psychology of men as a group, for that would be equivalent, in popular thinking, to a treatise upon human nature. The books and articles, however, dealing with the peculiar nature of women and their place in the social order are already a formidable body of literature. Here, then, is the basic stereotype in its full form: (1) Men and women in their inherited natures are fundamentally different. (2) But it is not so much the men who are different, as the women. (3) The sexual functions in women have a potent influence in shaping all their natural tendencies.

When basic sex differences of some sort are assumed at the outset as axiomatic, it is not difficult to find them. It is not so easy, however, to prove them inductively, or to find comparisons which will endure when their usefulness in bolstering up prejudice is past. What wonder, then, that a welter of contradictory and emotional utterances has been poured forth? What wonder that women have been shrouded in mystery deeper even than the riddle of life, and forever baffling to the gaze of men? In the present state of our knowledge the assumption that there must be innate psychological differences between the sexes seems to me quite gratuitous. There is also no good reason for assuming that the sexual basis is a more potent factor in the personality of women than in that of men. That these questionable views are widely and tenaciously held is an interesting fact, and one for which I shall try later to account. I do not say that it is certain no innate sex differences exist; but only that the evidence for them thus far submitted is unconvincing. Barring the primary and secondary physical characters of sex, men and women are strikingly similar in their biological make-up. Since, moreover, they are descended from the same parents and the same ancestors, their mental traits are probably inherited without distinction from both father and mother. On the whole, therefore, the hypothesis of fundamental psychological similarity is quite as reasonable as that of basic difference, and probably safer, since, generally speaking, that hypothesis is best which assumes least.

II

The stereotype concerning the level of women's intelligence has had an interesting history. In the days before anyone thought of educating young women for professions it was considered that the girl had no abilities for any career beyond that of housewife. The fact that she seemed content with her position appeared to prove the point. Even in the attitudes of modern fathers there can probably be found a trace of the conviction that it will be the *boys* who will distinguish themselves and bring honor to the family name. Seldom has a popular fallacy been more thoroughly exploded. First, women began to enter the colleges and soon revealed a capacity for scholarship equal to that of men. Thereupon arose the cry that they were working more zealously than their brothers, whose positions were already secure. But this explanation soon went by the board; for feminine scholastic achievements continue now that women are recognized as properly belonging in colleges and are participating as fully as men in extra-

curricular activities. Then came the era of mental tests. Women, wherever tested, equalled their male colleagues in intelligence as measured by the psychological scales. There is at the present time no evidence that men and women differ significantly either in special capacities or in general mental ability.

A notion closely related to the intelligence myth, which was taught to college students early in the present century, and is still widely believed, is that one sex *varies* more than the other in its physical and mental traits. About a century ago an anatomist, Meckel, was certain that women varied more among themselves than did men. Thus male superiority was proved, since men approximate more closely to a single (and of course perfect) type. Fifty years later, when Darwin had proved variability to be the cornerstone of progress, this doctrine that the male sex was a fixed type became a bit embarrassing. Soon the theory of a greater *masculine* variability arose. Upon this reversed assumption, it was pointed out that although men must furnish more idiots, criminals, and paupers than women, they are also sure to provide a greater number of saints, geniuses, and leaders of civilization. But as we were settling ourselves comfortably to assimilate this doctrine, a new group of investigators set to work measuring thousands of babies and testing the abilities of larger groups of men and women. And they found, between the variability indices of the two sexes—no significant difference whatever! The higher incidence of males in asylums and prisons is now explained by the fact that the male is exposed to sharper competition than the female and has greater responsibilities to face. He is, therefore, likely, in case of failure, to become a social burden or a menace.

But how about the geniuses? After surveying many fields it must be admitted that we find a striking disparity of the sexes in number of creative geniuses of the first rank. Only a sprinkling of women have attained this stature. Does this prove a greater variability of men toward the upper end of the curve? Surely this conclusion is premature. It ignores the heavy influence of family and social pressure, and the fact that we tend to praise originality in boys and to discourage it in girls. I, for one, find it difficult to refrain from fostering in my small daughter the sweet conformity which, in our conventional society, will give her poise and social advantage. To encourage her, as I do my boys, to be bold and independent, and to do something new and big in the world, seems precarious and a serious risk to the child herself. Thus the powerful hand of social approval frequently determines which course the child shall follow—submission to the herd, or the more difficult hazard of uniqueness in self-expression. The fact that certain women have broken away, revolting with their entire being against the conformity which was conventionally expected of them, and have made a place for themselves among the immortals, suggests that the gift itself may not be wanting, but only the early influences which direct the growing personality.

Apart from the question of intelligence and creative genius, many differences in *character* and *temperament* have been assumed to exist between the sexes. A few of the more common opinions are as follows: Woman is dominated by feeling, man by reason. Woman's knowledge of the world is intuitive; that of man is empirical or scientific. Women are interested mainly in emotional, æsthetic, or spiritual activities; men turn naturally to mechanical pursuits, science, and business organization. The general attitude of women is personal; that of men is impersonal. Women are subjectively-minded or "introverted"; men are "extroverts." As recently as 1914, one of the foremost psychologists of America wrote the following lines:

> The average female mind is patient, loyal, reliable, economic, skillful, full of sympathy and full of imagination; on the other hand it

is capricious, oversuggestible, often inclined to exaggeration, disinclined to abstract thought, unfit for mathematical reasoning, impulsive, overemotional. . . . Her life, therefore, has more inner unity [than man's], and she shows more readiness to devote all mental energies to one idea. But for the same reason she must be influenced by prejudices, must show a lack of logical discrimination, must be under the control of the present impressions and too little directed by the arguments which reason and memory supply.

In the absence of reliable means of measuring characterial traits, it is impossible to pass final judgment upon assertions such as these. This much, however, is certain. If the traits listed above are intended as inborn qualities through which female nature is to be distinguished from male, the writer does not know of a shred of scientific evidence for their support.

Here, as in the case of mental capacities, greater differences occur among the members of one sex than between the averages of the two sexes. Probably everyone can think of many men who exceed the average woman in the richness of their emotional and religious life, their interest in æsthetic pursuits, and the personal character of their point of view. We also know many men who are highly suggestible and capricious on the one hand, while being patient and loyal upon the other. The "single-track mind" seems to be no peculiar possession of women. If love and marriage are their supreme goal, it must be remembered that upon success in this pursuit may depend their entire economic and social position. Surely one who considers the behavior of men in modern industry must observe that they too are dominated, heart and soul, by one central motive. If the women's goal is a fortunate marriage, the man's is bigger business.

But suppose it were found after careful study of the evidence (and assuming that such evidence could be secured) that these sex differences in character traits do exist. How should we then interpret them? Would they point to innate and constitutional differences between the sexes? Not necessarily. Consider the family conditions under which the early characters of boys and girls are formed. In the average home, when a nail is to be driven, or electric wiring to be investigated, it is the boy who is called upon, and who undertakes the work with avidity. The girl, on the other hand, is expected to take part in the more repetitive, unskilled, and unscientific tasks of the household. Such activities, however, provide training in doing things beautifully and tastefully, and in rendering personal comfort to others. The father's interest in his sons is apt to be directed toward their skill, initiative, and success outside the family circle. His attitude toward his daughters is likely to be a more personal one. He takes pleasure in what his boy can do; but he enjoys his daughter for herself. This, of course, is merely a general picture, but it helps to explain why in adult life many men may exhibit a certain objectivity of attitude, while women retain that sensitive social adjustment and that interest in personal service which were the foundations of their early life.

III

So much then for the evidence upon which the theory of psychological sex differences is supported. Flimsy and inadequate as this evidence may be, the theory has been held with singular tenacity throughout the ages. And this fact may lead the reader to question the sweeping manner in which I have challenged it. The weight of traditional opinion would indeed be a cogent argument were it not for the following important consideration. The traits popularly ascribed to women have seldom been offered as the fruit of disinterested, scientific observation. They have been adduced, rather, as an afterthought to explain the role which women play in our society, or to justify those who advocate some particular policy. This form of thinking is what psychiatrists call a de-

fense mechanism. It belongs in the class of bizarre superstitions which color the views of primitive men. Its character is not logical, but compulsive. Under these conditions it is possible for the majority of the human race, or at least the majority of males, to agree upon a characterization of women which may turn out, upon investigation, to be sheer illusion. History and anthropology afford many parallels.

The clearest example of "wishful thinking" in regard to women is to be found in the economic field. In the recent rush of women into occupations previously limited to men there has occurred a conflict, organized, perhaps unconsciously, upon sex lines. The opposition to women entering these remunerative fields cannot be made, upon its face value, to appear reasonable or just. A woman should have the same right to work for her support or the support of her family as a man. When, however, the stereotype of sex difference is invoked, the matter can be stated in a different light. If women are regarded as more frail, less emotionally stable, and more in need of physical and moral protection than men, the passing of "protective" legislation, limiting their industrial work to certain hours and stipulating certain working conditions, becomes not merely an act of justice but a duty to women themselves. It is natural that, in a setting of this sort, the doctrine of sex differences should be accepted by many with an almost religious conviction.

We cannot enter here into the full merits of this issue. Much can be said on both sides concerning protective legislation for women in industry. In so far as proven differences between men and women exist, as in the function of child-bearing, no one would deny the necessity of regulations making suitable provision. But concerning such statements as the proneness of women to occupational diseases, their rapid fatigability, and the insuperable handicap of their menstrual function, no final conclusions may at present be stated. There is fully as much scientific and experimental evidence refuting these assertions as there is supporting them. Without in any way prejudging these questions, we may still maintain that the frequent sweeping claims of the unfitness of women for industrial work are probably based in part upon our habits of chivalry, and in part upon a rationalization of masculine economic motives. They reflect the manner in which men have wished to see women rather than the proven nature of woman herself.

We must look, however, to a deeper origin than economic interest if we would fully understand our stereotypes in the field of sex. The complex of male superiority is a part of our very personalities; it originates in the experiences of childhood. The earliest years of the boy's life, in both primitive and civilized societies, are spent under the protection and influence of the female kin. The imprint made upon the child through the character of an affectionate and solicitous mother is strong. He is likely, therefore, in his earliest years, to see himself and the world largely through his mother's eyes. A time comes, however, when he feels impelled to break from these influences. Renouncing the maternal viewpoint, he begins to ally himself, in his truly masculine role, with the father who, in strength and worldly experience, is the dominant person of the household. This "masculine protest," as Adler calls it, now causes the boy to recoil from the slightest suggestion of femininity in his person or conduct. The stigma of "being a sissy" is for him the worst form of anathema. He displays toward his sister, and toward girls in general, an overbearing tolerance or a mild contempt. There results that assertion of exaggerated masculine bravado which is often a trial to the other members of the family.

It is at this point that the notion of masculine superiority begins to form. Scarcely conscious at first, the idea gradually emerges into full acceptance. It occurs to the boy that the reason why

he is striving so hard to prove himself a man is *because the male sex is the superior one.* To be like a woman would be an admission of inferiority. Thus for many boys the unquestioned notion of male superiority becomes an axiom which they carry with them into adult life.

If this account is true, we can understand much of the opposition in vocational life against which women are fighting to-day. The boy, eager to prove his virility, has striven to rid himself of feminine qualities, and has rationalized his protest through the belief in male supremacy. So the man still clings to his beliefs concerning the status of women and upholds the dominance of males in our institutional life. Executives in all fields know the antagonism which is aroused by the attempt to place a woman in an important position heretofore held by a man; many men are deeply humiliated by having to take orders from a woman. This attitude results in an unjust discrimination against women in many fields. The struggle of women to gain higher political offices has been an uphill fight, and is still far from complete victory. A similar condition is true with regard to industrial leadership. The old ghosts are touchy; they may walk again if we give them provocation.

A corollary of the masculine protest should be noted in passing. When the boy departs from the mother-ideal, he does not necessarily renounce all that the mother has stood for. Traits of character laid down at an early age are not so easily eradicated. What the boy really does is to deny that he possesses such traits in himself; but he continues to value them highly in others, that is, in *women.* As he approaches maturity there opens before him the doorway of our double moral standard, and the glamour of experimenting in a man's way with the forces developing within him. Again, this does not mean that he has erased from his nature those more chaste ideals which are symbolized to him through the memory of his mother. He values them; but since his is the "man's view" and he dreads being suspected of femininity, he must seek and enjoy these ideals in women. It is the suggestion of a woman psychiatrist, Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, that a man seeks to live these virtues vicariously through the woman he marries. She must attain for him the moral perfection which he prizes but cannot himself achieve. And thus appears a new feature in our complex and stereotyped image: While they are inferior to men in all the genuine "masculine" qualities, women are by nature superior in the realm of the finer feelings and moral virtues.

Hence many men believe that not only their wives, but women in general, are endowed with a higher character than men. Depravity in a woman is felt to be more monstrous than in a man, because it goes against the very nature of her being. For the same reason women must be protected from the rough and evil influences of a man-made world.

IV

But this is by no means the whole story. Masculine notions about women are reinforced also by the urge of sex itself. When the youth approaches maturity the protest against being associated with the "weaker" or "inferior" sex, though still coloring his intellectual judgment, ceases to be his primary motive toward women. He now *desires* women; and precisely because he is a man, and different, he aspires to attain one of them as the object of his love. It is natural, therefore, that with such great satisfaction at stake, he will adopt the view toward women which will best keep the adored one guarded as his exclusive conquest. If he were to acknowledge that there is no difference between the moral nature and natural purity of the two sexes, his insistence that his loved one should retain her virtue and reserve the joys of love-making for one man alone would

lose one of its strongest rational supports. It is the accepted theory of innate moral difference which enables him to raise his proprietary attitude above the category of mere jealousy, and to place it upon a natural and moral plane. Thus the greatest obstacle to seeing women objectively is the vested sex-interest which men have in women themselves. Love is blind in more senses than one.

If we put together two stereotypes we have previously discussed, namely, that women are superior morally to men, and that their whole life centers in the function of sex, a remarkable conclusion follows: Women are signally virtuous only because, and in so far as, they are sexually chaste. The belief is still common among men that when a girl has yielded to sexual desire before marriage she has lost not only her technical status as a virgin, but also her "honor." A single performance of this act, apart from institutional sanctions, works upon a woman some special kind of moral harm, even if she is a victim rather than a willing participant. In a debate published not long ago in the *Forum*, a Southern attorney-general told of a court-room scene in which a girl who had been the victim of a brutal assault presented to the jury a most tragic picture. The assailant, who was later lynched, deserved death, he said, because, "he had destroyed both the body *and mind* of an innocent woman." The physical injuries were indeed clear, for the girl died from them later. But what was meant by the destruction of her mind is not so easy to say. There was no record of a breakdown in the nature of a mental disease. No doubt she felt an hysterical revulsion and shame because she had been brought up in an environment where a girl's virtue was held to depend primarily on her virginity. But aside from these natural reactions, it is hard to see where the "injury to her mind" existed—unless, perhaps, it was in the mind of the gentleman who described the event.

The belief in the innate purity and constancy of women is not limited to those who are mere laymen in the science of human behavior. An eminent psychologist has recently published a theory involving a similar assumption. Men, he says, are more generalized in their physical sex desire than women. Nearly all women are capable of becoming objects of desire to the average man. Women, however, experience in the presence of the male sex generally only a vague pleasurable excitement, their specific sex desire being restricted to one man in particular. This theory reminds us of another venerable dictum, namely, that men are more passionate sexually than women. If these characteristics are intended as fundamental and innate sex differences, we must reject them as devoid of scientific foundation. That they reflect the way men and women *usually behave* no one would deny. But here we are probably studying the effects of the masculine stereotypes upon women, rather than the nature of women themselves. It is peculiar logic to set up a double moral standard which women could not with impunity violate if they would, and then ascribe their conformity to a mysterious constancy inherent in womanhood. We place women upon a pedestal; then we cover the pedestal from view and believe them to maintain their elevation through a special virtue of their own.

To such smug psychology the only reply is: Give the ladies a chance. I might refer our women-worshippers, for example, to coeducational colleges where the heavy hand of tradition, including the double moral standard, is coming to be more lightly regarded. But there is no need of restricting our observation to the colleges. The experimenting which is going on everywhere among our young people at the present day suggests that, under different conditions, the sexual impulses of women might be quite as generally and vigorously aroused as those of men. On the whole, there-

fore, I mistrust the doctrine of the more conventional moral nature of the fair sex. It seems not so much a conclusion from observed facts as a rationalization for the wishes of the conventional male.

With the abdication of this stereotype must go also the notion that women are in greater need of protection against moral evils than men. Because of its false assumptions the prevailing code is bound to stultify women precisely in the measure in which it guards them. The custom (or necessity) which prevents women, in some regions, from being abroad alone after nightfall shuts them out from an interesting segment of human life. The law which in sixteen of our states bars women from employment in public places after ten o'clock at night is another notorious example. Such laws originate not merely in the economic competition for jobs between men and women and in the stereotype that women, being more frail than men, must be guarded against long hours of work, but in the feeling that the morals of women must be protected by keeping them from exposure during the hours given over to masculine depravity.

We begin now to see that the character men have ascribed to women has deeper significance than that merely of a bad guess. Though, like a guess, it has little discoverable relation to the truth, it proceeds not from mere chance, but from some of the most powerful human motives. Whenever we close our eyes to the scrutiny of facts and substitute our own guiding fictions, it is because we have some cherished interest at stake. And men on the whole have seen women not as they are, but as men wish them to be. Gentle, sympathetic, conventional, admirably fitted for home life, distinguished by virtues not of intellect but of character, needful of constant protection from moral shock—this picture of woman not only gives the aggressive male the fullest opportunity for his own drives, but relieves his feeling of inferiority, palliates his moral failures, and enrolls him as the protector of home and civilization.

V

To trace the social history and significance of this view of women would reveal to us the entire background from which modern feminism has risen. For the stereotypes of sex difference are no mere idle fantasies of male thinking; they are working habits, attitudes which have become organized as an integral part of our political, economic, and social system. The inertia of legal tradition has reinforced them. Statutes and court practices still preserve the philosophy that a woman's personality should be submerged in that of the man whose name she takes in marriage. The legal disabilities of married women in such fields as private contract remain in certain states, where they have given rise to a quaint confession of judicial helplessness in the phrase "the dangers of a married woman's papers." There are states in which the husband may still claim a wholly unmerited interest in his wife's earnings or in the property she inherits. Legal history reveals an amazing series of fictions which have been created to legalize the protection of a married woman's estate without facing the issue squarely and granting her full rights of ownership identical with those of man. Our legal and political traditions thus embody the notion that women are lacking in the qualities necessary for full citizenship, and require, in economic and domestic affairs, the supervision of the male sex.

The stereotypes regarding the emotional and moral nature of women have helped in shaping their civic status. Against these odds the fight for universal suffrage has, in many civilized countries, been won; but there are still many barriers to be overcome before women may aspire on equal terms with men to the higher political offices. With regard to the right to serve on juries numerous objections have been raised, the most potent, perhaps, being the notion that

women are governed by their emotions and sympathies rather than by reason. But the assumption of their greater moral sensitivity has also played a part. The view has been advanced in all seriousness that, in some jury trials, "evidence so revolting is given that women should not listen to it."(!) In keeping with this attitude, certain sex crimes have been described in such a way as to make the woman's fall from virtue appear more heinous than the man's. In thirty-three states prostitution is still legally defined as an act of a female; and in many cases the women are punished while the men go free.

In institutional religion the position of women presents a paradox. Notwithstanding their manifest interest in church activities, and their importance as functionaries in many of the earlier religions, women in our civilization are practically unrepresented in the official hierarchy of religious denominations. One explanation for this state of affairs is that men are considered to have more spiritual power and ability for leadership than women, combined with that emotional steadiness necessary for the guardianship of religious institutions. The writer, however, has another hypothesis. The Christian faith, and perhaps all modern religions, have in them a trace of asceticism. The lusts of the flesh must be subordinated to the more spiritual impulses of the race. Is it, then, too far-fetched to surmise that, precisely because it is difficult for men to regard women apart from the background of their sexuality, they have excluded them from conspicuous positions in the religious institutions which men control? Some will object to this explanation. It seems to the writer, however, quite plausible that the urge which has led men to connect the entire character of woman with her sexual function may have operated unconsciously to bar her from situations in which the sex interest must be forgotten.

But whatever the reason, it is clear that women are not at present welcomed in ecclesiastical offices. The only way in which a woman can become a leader in the religious field is to start a revival or a new religion of her own. We have in our churches no established female cardinals or bishops; but we have such pioneers as Mary Baker Eddy, Evangeline Booth, and Annie Besant.

Even within the intimacy of the home traditional assumptions about the nature of women exact their wonted tribute. There are statutes fixing legal domicile by male choice, statutes giving to the father the chief custody of the children, statutes restricting women from entering certain vocations, and statutes preventing them from giving their time as freely as they choose to employment outside the family circle. It is astonishing that a man may not only misjudge woman in public affairs, but may live for years with a wife about whom, merely because she is a woman, he entertains the most profound illusions. J. M. Barrie's little play, "The Twelve-Pound Look," depicts the former wife of a successful and self-satisfied Englishman who has recently been honored by knighthood. Having tired of conventionally admiring and obeying her spouse, she has secretly saved the twelve pounds necessary for the purchase of a typewriter, having secured which she abandoned her husband for a career of her own. The astonishment and chagrin of the husband are increased when he learns, later, that her reason for leaving him was not her love for another man (the old illusion that a woman's motives are mainly sexual), but merely because she wanted to live her own life as she, not her husband, understood it.

It will be granted that many men are liberal enough with their wives, even though they may not understand them. If they cling to the old stereotypes, it is because they would be lost without them. But whether from self-interest or from sheer lethargy, the man-made character of woman still persists, condemning women in the home, as it does in government, industry, and religion, to a sup-

pression of their real talents and a distorted perspective of their life values.

VI

It may be possible by future legislation to alter the discriminating rules which hamper women in so many fields. Considerable progress has already been made toward this goal. But even if rights everywhere equal to those of men could be gained, a deeper problem would remain. In our complex world individual initiative and personality are only a partial basis of conduct. What we can accomplish is not wholly determined by our legal rights, nor by our own ambition, but, in addition to these, *by the role which others expect us to play.* The story is told of a cross-eyed woman who went to live in a strange community. The neighbors, unaccustomed to her type of visual defect, misinterpreted it as a suspicious way of looking at people. The rumor spread that the newcomer, who could not look anyone in the eye, was possessed of sinister motives. Ostracized by hostility, the unfortunate woman was obliged to live the life of a recluse. Her sensitive withdrawal was further interpreted as evidence of a misanthropic nature. After years of this treatment she gradually came to accept the "social self" given her by the community, and became a sour and suspicious person in fact. Whether it be reality or fiction, this story illustrates a well-established psychological truth. John's "self" is not wholly John, but consists also of what James thinks of John.

Applying this principle to attitudes concerning sex, we can understand the profound influence which stereotypes of sex-difference exert upon the female personality. Reared from infancy in a world where she is regarded as a creature of tender impulse—maternal, home-seeking, unoriginal, submissive, and endowed with a kind of natural chastity—what is left for the girl but to adopt this character and to play the part throughout life? Not through nature, but by early training, she becomes a reflection of a feminine image which men carry about in their heads. She has little incentive for disturbing this image. To live in accordance with it not only brings her the favor of the other sex, but soothes any troublesome questionings as to her nature and her ultimate destiny. Stereotypes, though they may be false as a picture of fact, are real enough as psychological forces. Men may fail to see women as they are; but women tend to become as men see them.

In fields where women have been given opportunities nominally equal to those of men, they are still controlled through the influence of their "social self." The fact that they are expected to reveal a personal and emotional type of judgment, fraught with sympathy and suggestibility, probably has its effect upon their behavior. In the few instances where women have attained high offices, popular stereotypes have stacked the cards against them. If a man in the office of governor gains undue power by playing politics, he is simply a corrupt politician. If a woman does the same thing, she is not only a corrupt politician, but a weakling, a ready prey to the influence of some evil man. When a woman in office misappropriates funds her conduct is unusually notorious: first, because, female standards being higher than male, she has farther to fall; and second, because her disgrace, unlike that of the male defaulter, is taken as a reflection upon her entire sex. And that which complicates the problem most of all is the fact that women are inclined to accept these judgments themselves.

Against the record of women in business two types of criticism have been urged. It is said, first, that they are unsteady and emotional, and that they inject personal motives into their dealings. In other words, they fail to play the game as men play it. Second, it is said that they have not succeeded in raising business to the higher moral level which one would expect of their sex.

They have failed, in other words, to devise business methods of their own. Both these objections are illogical. The first, because it assumes women's shortcomings in business to be an evidence of inborn traits unfitting them for that type of work. The second, because it blames them for not exhibiting in business certain instincts which they are gratuitously thought to possess. As to the charge of emotionalism and the exaggerated personal element, the fact that women have been expected to behave in this fashion from their infancy is overlooked. When men for centuries have taken toward women an attitude of chivalry, yielding them every advantage and form of protection, is it logical to suppose that upon entering business they can at once lay aside the habit of expecting favors of men? To one taught from her childhood to believe that gentlemen will always treat a "lady" with consideration, a brusque masculine opposition in business must seem not merely a part of the game, but a personal insult. Subjected both within and outside the family circle to intensely personal treatment, women have learned to capitalize the personal attitude in their dealings.

In many fields women are still patterning their careers in accordance with unproved assumptions regarding their natures. Entering the wider avenues of experience some of them, it is true, have begun to doubt. For the most part, however, they still accept the old stereotypes. Though keenly aware that something is wrong, and that gates are closed which might admit them to fields of genuine self-expression, they imagine this to be merely the result of unequal laws and outworn traditions. The full explanation they do not see; for it lies imbedded in their own habits. Instead of following freely the potentialities with which they were born, they live out a stereotyped image of what they are supposed to be. Unwittingly they play parts which were written not by themselves, but by others.

It is futile, therefore, to talk of attaining full recognition for women by legal and economic reform alone. The mere shifting of our institutions will touch only the surface of the problem. Political and vocational equality may be acquired; but women will never be soundly established until they attain a *psychological* equality with men. And there is no way in which this can be done except by education. I do not mean education in the sense of schools and universities; for these institutions are often organized upon the very assumptions we are attacking. By education I mean a critical and self-searching insight on the part of parents and teachers, a determination that the old notions of sex difference shall no longer be implanted in the minds of boys and girls. Such education must not only open to women full opportunities for practical and creative professions; but it must refrain from prejudging the fitness of the sexes to enter them. It must forestall all preconceptions about the nature of women and all unfounded assumptions of how their behavior differs from that of men. Only in this way can the growing girl really discover herself and attain in her inner life, as well as her career, the truest fulfillment of her nature.

VII

But the end of our quest is not yet reached. In proportion as we banish social inequalities and eradicate the old habits of thinking, a final problem will emerge. For while the sophistries underlying our present sex-stereotypes are being exposed, there must arise the question of what is to take their place. If the old notions gave woman a false place in civilization, they at least assigned her *some* position; and it may be better to have a warped social image as the pattern for one's personality than to have no pattern at all. Suppose that all the neighbors of the cross-eyed lady were, after many years, suddenly to drop their suspicion and regard her as a total stranger with no distinguishing characteristics whatever. Her lot, at

first, might be even more trying than before. Her entire social personality having vanished, she would neither know how to act towards others nor how to regard herself. If life is to become tolerable, she must face the problem of building up, without guide or model, a new social self and a new role in the community.

Such, then, is the issue which will confront the emancipated women of the future. The old social personality being destroyed, a new one must be established in its place. If women are not as men have always regarded them, and as they have regarded themselves, what, then, *are* they? What new and more genuine image can be built up? What pattern can be followed in selecting their careers and in developing their characters? That this is, to some extent, an already familiar problem may be seen by observing that young woman who is now in the vanguard of the new freedom—the modern "flapper." Entirely sophisticated, she has liberty, but little else. Freedom, being achieved, ceases to be useful as a guide for further development. Her mother, and older women in general, are still living under the discarded pattern. Their personalities, therefore, can offer nothing in the way of a model for hers. Envisaging no ideal type of womanhood and disinclined to thoughtful experimentation, she drifts along, directed by her whims and her impressions into a pattern of life which, though innocuous, is mainly negative. The first step, then, toward preventing the new freedom of women from becoming their undoing, is for them to determine what they will do when they have acquired it. We may doubt whether the contemporary flapper knows what is wrong with her. The poverty of her personality, however, is obvious to others, and raises a problem to which the average woman may well give prudent consideration.

Will the women of the new era be able to solve this problem? I, for one, am convinced that they will. The only requirement is that, in trying to solve it, they shall be let alone. Do women have inborn qualities which distinguish them from men? Time alone, and the freedom of women to investigate, can tell. Men must not prejudge the question. They must not legislate in advance; for by so doing they close all access to the test of experience by which alone the question can be answered. Let us, therefore, clear our minds of the seductive stereotypes of sex-difference. Let us wipe the slate clean. If there *are* innate characteristics which separate women from men, women will in time reveal them, and will themselves propose rules by which to provide for them. If inborn sex-differences do *not* exist, that too will be disclosed. Sex, in that event, will confer no privilege and impose no limitation. And under such a condition women, untrammeled by superstitions about their inherited nature, will be able not only to banish the old stereotypes forever, but to replace them with a new and truer ideal of womanhood.

What, then, is the key to that mystery which has vexed the philosophers of all ages? How can the riddle of woman's nature be answered? The reply is simple: *let the women answer it themselves*. Given time and freedom from biased assumptions, they will discover themselves, and will so remake their surroundings that their lives, no longer lived at cross purposes, will express the nature that is really theirs. The process will be slow, and the method at first may be one of trial and error. Age-old superstitions cannot be dispelled in a day; nor the mistakes of centuries set right by the passage of a few laws. But in the end women will gain a vision of their true destiny, and will go forward to meet it, the partners, rather than the moral bond-servants, of men.

IF HOOVER FAILS

BY ELMER DAVIS

A change in national policies involves not—as some may think—only a choice between different roads by either of which we may go forward, but a question also as to whether we may not be taking the wrong road and moving backward.—*Address of the Honorable Herbert Hoover, September 17, 1928.*

Whatever the decision is, it will be right.—*Address of same, November 5, 1928.*

SOON after this magazine is issued, the gentleman who so prophetically envisioned on the evening of November 5th last the rightness of what was going to happen on November 6th will be inaugurated as President of these states. Many of us who had the infelicity to find ourselves, on Election Day, in the minority which by Mr. Hoover's implication is inevitably wrong, will hope that we were wrong, and that Mr. Hoover and the majority were right. There is here no question of being a good loser but of mere common sense. A candidate is the candidate of a party, but the President is President of the whole people; we prosper by his wisdom and for his mistakes we pay. Politicians of the minority party have a personal interest in seeing the majority proved wrong; but the private citizen to whom politics is a means, not an end, is a fool if he prefers the satisfaction of saying "I told you so" to the solid advantages which will be his if it turns out that he was mistaken.

This is particularly true at present. Whether the choice last November was between different roads that would take us forward, or between going forward and going backward, may be open to argument; but there can be no doubt that most of those who voted for Mr. Hoover registered their opinion that we are at present, and have been for some years past, going forward on the right road. Now in the next four years Mr. Hoover is probably going to take us for a long ride; and it makes a considerable difference which way we are going. If we are on the right road, headed in the right direction, we might as well let the Republicans go on leading us. But if it should appear in 1932, or later, that the direction which we have thought was forward was really backward, we are going to find ourselves in trouble; for there is no one in sight who can lead us out of the woods.

There is now, and will probably be then, an opposition party whose machinery offers an alternative to Republican administration. But it offers at present only a choice of roads, not a choice of directions. The Socialists, of course, and the demi-Socialist radicals, profess to offer a choice of directions; but whatever the destination, their road is too rocky and roundabout to attract the average man. Yet there should be some alternative to Republicanism, for if Republicanism fails we shall need a good deal more than a mere change in the personnel of administration; we shall need a fundamental revision of the national faith.

II

For what is Republicanism? Not a mere collection of political and economic theories. Even the protective tariff, as most Republicans adhere to it, is a religious dogma rather than an economic theory. Al Smith attempted to interest the country in a variety of political and

economic issues, raising considerations that must have been regarded as important, if true. The majority registered its opinion that they were not true; that there were no issues in the ordinary sense of that word. It was obviously, then, no difference of opinion on politics and economics that brought out the tremendous vote of the last election, any more than it was the personality of Mr. Hoover that gave him his great majority. Some voters were undoubtedly influenced by his high qualifications for the Presidency, but the Republicans would have won if they had nominated Jim Watson or Dr. Work.

What brought out the vote was the conviction that the faith of the fathers had been challenged. Not merely Protestantism, or theocratic prohibition, or "Nordic" pride; these were only the elements in the complex that dramatized a broader issue—whether the way we have so far done things is the right way, whether what we have been is what we ought to be. During the summer and fall I received a steady and copious stream of abusive letters, in reaction to editorials I was writing in favor of Smith, and the burden of nearly all of them was the same: We Americans who have made this country are not going to let those people tell us how to run it. "Those people" included such descendants of not very recent immigrants as Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Byrd, Thomas F. Bayard, Peter Goelet Gerry. No matter; their Irish Catholic leader personified a challenge to our present practice and the ideals that underly it. The challenge was not so serious as the Republicans represented, perhaps not so serious as it should have been; but the validity of the opinion is less important than the response. Millions of people voted for Hoover in the more or less explicit conviction that they were striking for their altars and their fires, home, and their native land.

The Smith campaign made it clear that Republicanism is essentially an emotional attitude, a religious faith; the organization which embodies that faith is not so much a party as a church. What is the bond of union between a Pennsylvania manufacturer and an Iowa farmer? Not interest, certainly, nor political theory; but a common faith that God loves the typical American as he has been, and that what he has been he should continue to be. (And besides the common faith, perhaps, a common interest in seeing that the local postoffice is in the right hands.) And that faith includes most of the ideals which have come to be recognized as peculiarly and traditionally American.

It may be objected that to call the Republican party the embodiment of American ideals puts a stigma on fifteen million Democrats. But now that no specific issue divides the parties, most of the fifteen million ought to be Republicans. Especially the Southerners; the industrial South ought to be as Republican as Pennsylvania, and there does not appear to be any vital difference between a Mississippi farmer and an Iowa farmer except the memory of Reconstruction, which Mr. Hoover will surely be shrewd enough to dilute, if he cannot wholly destroy it.

Outside the South, the bulk of Smith's vote came from the newer racial stocks; and what most of them want is no more than recognition as Americans of full standing. Till they are so recognized by the dominant group they will usually vote with the opposition. So the Italians who were allies of the Roman republic, but not Roman citizens, wanted full civic rights; and until they got what they wanted they gave their support to every leader of the opposition—every leader who argued that Rome was on the wrong road. But when they finally got their citizenship it did not take them long to settle down and become supporters of the established order. The disabilities of the newer immigration are matters of custom, not of law; time will certainly, if slowly, wipe them out. When the Somerset Club in Boston is

full of Irishmen, most of those Irishmen will be Republicans.

If the religious character of Republicanism has not been generally recognized it is because we have restricted the content of religion to theology and morals. In ancient states, as in those medieval states which had a national consciousness, what Republicanism means to-day would have been of the essence of the faith, directly bound up with the nation's gods or patron saints. So, if Republicanism fails, it will be more than a political failure; it will mean a twilight of the gods which we have worshiped, even though we have not called them gods. An opposition which could retrieve that disaster would have to be prepared to rebuild everything from the ground up.

III

There is only one way in which our present faith can obviously fail. The Republicans have persuaded the country that prosperity is the visible proof of God's blessing on Republican policies; and with prosperity they must stand or fall.

While prosperity exists, or seems to exist, they are safe enough. The Democrats tried last year to argue that prosperity was illusory; that it was spotty, regional, a prosperity of the rich. But enough people had enough of it, or hoped to have enough of it if the stock market kept on going up, to defeat that argument. And no attack could be made on the great weakness of prosperity—its dependence on the installment plan—by a party whose National Chairman was one of the chief advocates and beneficiaries of the installment plan. So far from serving the opposition, the perils of installment buying actually became an argument for keeping things as they are; it was the Republican, not the Democratic, National Chairman who described deferred-payment prosperity as an endless chain, in which the breaking of a single link would mean disaster.

So the Democrats, failing to disprove the existence of prosperity and debarred from criticizing its foundation, were reduced to trying to prove that the Republicans did not have it patented—that a Democratic administration could produce as much prosperity, and distribute it better. That did not impress those who were satisfied with the present distribution; nor those who, with the unquenchable optimism of America, believed that it would be their turn tomorrow and did not want to see the easy pickings abolished before they got there. Denying that eight years of Republicanism and eight years of prosperity were cause and effect, the Democrats had to talk of our natural wealth, of a Europe paralyzed by war—to argue, in other words, that prosperity was due more to our luck than to our merit. Patriotism rejected that imputation; whereas Mr. Hoover's insistence that prosperity was the fruit of our own virtue (and Republican policies) found an echo in every heart. The result was inevitable; an immense majority declared that the sun rises because the rooster crows.

The rooster will go on crowing for at least four years more, and so long as the sun also rises the public will believe that the rooster did it. Even that dangerous campaign slogan, the abolition of poverty, is unlikely to backfire, for Mr. Hoover set no date for this desirable achievement; the most he said was that we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day. Less responsible orators promised that the day would come in Hoover's administration; and if it does, that will end all argument. *Præsens deus habebitur Hoover; redeunt Saturnia regna.* I promise to join in the huzzas on that happy day, having a more personal interest in the abolition of poverty than has, for instance, Mr. Andrew Mellon. Meanwhile the qualification is important—"with the help of God." What goes right is the fruit of Republican policies; what goes wrong is due to bad luck—that is, to God.

But Mr. Hoover need not abolish

poverty to be a successful President. There is after all less of what used to be called poverty in America now than any great nation has ever known before. We have invented a new kind of poverty, but we call it by such euphemisms as pay while you wear, every family a two-car family, because she likes nice things, intelligent anticipation of future earnings. No one, as yet, has proposed to abolish that. All Mr. Hoover has to do is to keep up the present show of prosperity. It will not be easy, as he probably knows better than anybody else; but if that is what we want, as it seems to be, he is as well equipped as any man in the country to give it to us. And if he succeeds he may go down in history as the American Augustus, who restored the commonwealth and made an opposition party unnecessary.

IV

This analogy, suggested by the language of Augustan poets quoted above, needs of course considerable qualification. Augustus came to power at the end of a long period of civil war; what people wanted was not only prosperity but peace; and he gave them peace by establishing what was in substance, if not in form, a military autocracy.

But the Roman Empire, in extent, population, racial diversity, and wealth, was on the whole more like present-day America than any other nation in history; the public opinion which supported Augustus, and continued to sustain the emperors after him, was the public opinion of the class which is the core of the Republican party—the rich and respectable. And the emotional quality of the movement that put Augustus on top was amazingly like that of the recent Republican campaign.

The Romans had gradually, and without quite intending it, included in their state a great many people who were alien in race and culture. The kindred tribes of Italy, by Augustus's day, were pretty well assimilated; the grandson of a Samnite enfranchised after the Social War could say "we Romans" as readily as the grandson of an Englishman or German who came to America in the eighteen forties can say "we Americans." But in the empire were Greeks and Gauls and Syrians and Moors who were not like Romans at all; and they were beginning to demand some recognition. Augustus capitalized the reaction of the old stock to that challenge. Precisely what Antony and Cleopatra intended to do has been obfuscated by the Augustan propaganda; but there is no doubt what Roman Italy believed they intended. It was substantially what good Americans lately believed Al Smith and the Pope intended. In the crisis all Italy rallied round Augustus who was "one of us," in the firm resolve that we Romans who have made this empire are not going to let those people tell us how to run it. Antony, it may be pointed out, was one of us, too; but he suffered from the company he kept.

Well, Augustus delivered the goods. He gave efficient and honest government, of which "those people" were the chief beneficiaries, and Roman rich men who could no longer plunder the provincials were the victims. Also he stopped the wars and gave business a chance; and the result was a prosperity beyond any previous experience. That prosperity endured for two hundred years—always more or less spotty, its incidence changing from generation to generation under the impact of economic forces; now one part of the country, now another, was getting the cream of it. (Italy, like New England, fairly soon fell behind.) But the empire as a whole was prosperous, or at least seemed prosperous; and while prosperity lasted everybody of consequence was a Cæsarian, a supporter of the Augustan constitution.

In those two centuries many things changed, but nothing shook the faith of the fathers in Rome's rightness and Rome's permanence, so long as prosperity gave visible proof of the blessing

of the gods. And no one more firmly upheld the faith of the fathers than the descendants of "those people" who had seemed to threaten it, in Cleopatra's day. In the Senate of the Antonine emperors sat Greeks and Gauls and Moors and Syrians who considered themselves quite as good Romans as Marcus Porcius Cato; and when such remote tribes and impoverished classes as still existed in the Roman state, but not of it, showed signs of discontent, Senators from Gaul and Syria and Mauretania seem to have felt that we Romans who made this empire are not going to let those people tell us how to run it.

So, in the presidential election of 1988, the old American stock may rally round a Republican candidate named Perugino or Malevinsky, defending the faith of the fathers against an opposition bloc of Filipinos, Haitians, Nicaraguans, and Hawaiian Japanese. But quite as possibly there will be no organized opposition by that time, as while the work of Augustus endured there was none in Rome. Politics was unnecessary, so long as the government preserved prosperity. There was a handful of parlor Bolsheviks such as Helvidius Priscus; there was discontent among the people who were not getting in on the prosperity. But Augustus had erected a standard to which the wise, the rich, and the good might repair; and while it kept them rich they stood by it. True, there was no room for organized opposition in a state where the commander of the army had almost autocratic power; but the earlier emperors, as a rule, knew that they could not safely affront public opinion. Septimius Severus was the first who frankly defied the wise, the rich, and the good, and ruled as a military despot; and that did not happen till prosperity had begun to decay, and faith with it. Men had begun to wonder not merely if Rome had taken the wrong road, but if they were not in fact going backward.

So with the Republican faith. The Hoover administration might be wrecked by some misfortune now unforeseen—a disastrous war, a general shift of opinion on prohibition, a party fight such as that of 1912. Any of these things may happen; just as the sun may explode tomorrow and wipe out the solar system. But barring some such improbable accident, the success of Mr. Hoover and his party seems likely to be contingent only on the continuance of prosperity. For whatever the Democrats said about prosperity in the late campaign, they seemed as convinced as the Republicans that it is the most important thing in the world. Mr. Hoover, in his campaign speeches, insisted that there is more in life than making money, but that you must make your money first—that you cannot do much else if you are always hustling for a living. There is much truth in that; it needs some reservations, but the Democrats were afraid to offer them.

The task of the next real opposition party in American politics must be the finding of an alternative to prosperity, or to what is at present called prosperity.

V

The suggestion that prosperity may not last forever, despite the admittedly superior virtue of the American people, is customarily denounced as the work of an enemy of prosperity, who hates the human race and wants everybody to be poor and miserable; just as whoever fails to regard the abolition of alcohol as the most important thing in the world, or doubts if the Volstead Act is the best way to go about it, is likely to be charged with loving drunkenness, debauchery, and sin. Let it then be hastily repeated that I hope I am wrong; that nothing would please me better than to find that the sun rises because the rooster crows.

But I observe, even since the election, symptoms of doubt and uneasiness among men who know a good deal about prosperity, both in theory and in practice; men who probably voted for Hoover but do not seem to feel that the mainte-

nance of Republican policies is the sole condition of the millennium. "Neither the government nor the business world can afford to rely upon an indefinite continuance of a rising stock market. Both should consider the possibility of a reduced national income when profits from capital appreciation are reduced." Who said that? A Bolshevik? No, the chairman of the Chase Bank of New York. A rising stock market is not all of prosperity? No, but it has been the choicest flower of what we have recently called prosperity; at times, almost the only flower that was in blossom.

Perhaps we might call something else prosperity—if we chose. A New Year's editorial in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* observed that "we do not need more prosperity of the kind we have. We need a new kind, shaped and controlled by normal needs, a frugal society, and a natural economics." Amen. But how can we get back to normal needs when millions of people make their living by the creation and stimulation of abnormal needs? And if we did so get back, what should we do with the unemployed salesmen? Set them to work building levees for the control of Mississippi floods? A natural economics brings modest rewards. Who is content with that when fabulous fortunes can be made (sometimes) out of the unnatural economics of a stock market which diverts more and more of the nation's capital from production to speculation? And what is going to impress the wisdom of frugality on a society which has been taught that frugality is not merely folly but almost treason, that a man must spend not only all that he makes but all that he hopes to make?

Possibly Mr. Hoover is aware of these misgivings, though he betrayed no such guilty knowledge in his campaign speeches. Running for President on the Republican ticket, he could not afford to doubt that we were on the right road and headed in the right direction. But we are told that there are two Hoovers —the politician, who emitted those dithyrambs on the American home in order to get the contract he wanted; and the engineer of human happiness, who now that he has got the contract will do the job with professional conscientiousness. It may be that this non-political Hoover means to lead us over gradually to another road. But he will have to keep on being a good deal of a politician to do it; too many distinguished Republicans are collecting tolls, on the road we are now traveling, to make a change of route easy.

Some of us suspect that this would not be enough; that we are going in the wrong direction. And the most disturbing factor in our "progress" is this—that we go faster and faster, that to all appearance we cannot stop ourselves, until we shall come at last to an automatic stop, after rushing violently down a steep place into the sea. Let us all hope that Mr. Hoover, or somebody, can find a way to slow us down before we go over the edge. For if we do go over it will be no easy job to pick up the pieces, and after we have picked them up we may not know what to do with them—unless we have at that time a real opposition party (it may still call itself Democratic, but it will have little in common with the Democrats of today) which can offer at least the framework of an alternative program, not merely to Republican policies, but to the whole philosophy of life of which Republican policies are the expression.

Our prosperity is a quantity prosperity. Yes, a quality prosperity too, thanks to the doctrine of obsolescence which has supervened on quantity production. We turn in last year's car for a new model—but that means one more car added to the total. Prosperity and happiness consist in the possession of an ever-increasing quantity of new things. This was recognized, apparently with satisfaction, by Mr. Coolidge in his last message to Congress. "The requirements of existence have passed beyond the standard of necessity into the region

of luxury." Luxuries are necessities now; we need more things to make us happy than ever before. In other words, we can have more than people ever had before and still be unhappy; with what our ancestors would have called riches, we feel poor.

Obsolescence means throwing away something that is still good enough and getting something better, or at least newer. This happy invention has brought great prosperity to automobile manufacturers, and much pride (however tempered with worry) to automobile owners. Its advantages in other industries are not so obvious. Everyone has a safety razor, for instance, as everyone has an automobile. Safety razors do not easily wear out; and the disgrace of still using a last year's model when the family next door has a this year's model cannot be used as a sales argument for an implement which is used in the privacy of the bathroom. Yet safety-razor manufacturers, like automobile manufacturers, must go on selling more even after their market appears to be saturated. The only thing they can sell is more blades, but there is not much room for improving the attractiveness of a safety-razor blade; the chief difference between a 1929 model and a 1912 model is that the old model gave you more shaves. More blades are sold because they do not last so long.

This is not the only case in which the American standard of living has gone down. Our prosperity is more than anything else an automobile prosperity, so much so that the theory has been gravely advanced that the American people have become rich and happy by selling automobiles to one another. Well, the automobile has given us blessings as yet immeasurable, but we have paid for them. In many rural districts, and small towns too, people no longer build houses; they buy cars instead. Part at least of the reduction in the demand for clothing, which has done so much harm to the textile industry, is due to the fact that a man who has to choose between a new suit and gas for the car buys gas. Detroit goes up, Boston goes down. Our road system would have been beyond the dreams of our ancestors, and we owe it to the automobile; but the farmers who live along the roads are bankrupt and it is partly road bonds and taxes that have made them so. Your modern farmer drives into town in half an hour, over good roads. His father needed three hours to get his team through the mud; but when he got to town, he put money in the bank.

And quantity prosperity inevitably defeats its own purpose. The more automobiles, the more traffic congestion; and the less use to be had out of each automobile. When every family has become a two-car family, dividends on automobile stocks can be maintained only by insisting that it must become a three-car family. In past times a situation in which everyone was constrained by high-pressure salesmanship to buy more and more, in order that consumption might keep up with the enormous capacity of production, eventually corrected itself, but the corrective was painful. When people had bought all they could afford they stopped buying; production slackened, workmen were laid off, until the manufactured surplus was used up. We, it seems, have abolished the business cycle; when people have bought all they can afford they go on buying, a little down and the rest in easy payments. But I suspect that in general as in particular we have only deferred payment, not escaped it, and that the bill will be all the larger when it finally has to be faced.

At present all goes well. The installment plan has delivered us from the curse of Adam and the inconveniences of mathematical laws. For the first time in human history we can have as much as we want, not as much or as little as we can pay for; and we can have it now, while the bill will be produced only when the party is over. Buy now, pay later—but when "later" comes we are still going to want; and if our natural wants

show signs of flagging, the men who have made things that they have to sell will employ all the resources of salesmanship to set us wanting as hard as ever. We can satisfy those future wants, and the sons of the horse leech who create them, only by signing up for more and more deferred payments, in ever-increasing quantity. Much has been done by modern science to the ancient laws of Nature, but I am not aware that even Doctor Einstein has yet suggested that you can get more out of anything than there is in it.

Perhaps the installment plan, like the tariff, is a high and holy mystery, which should not be profaned by the speculations of the uninitiate. Great and good men have considered and dismissed all the objections that have been raised against it; they admit that it is open to abuse, that taken in excess it may be harmful; but there is nothing but good in it so long as it is employed in moderation, by people who can take it or leave it alone. That reasoning has been rejected as applied to beer, but it sanctifies the installment plan, which has probably done more harm to more American homes than beer ever did. The installment plan has given happiness too, but so did beer.

At any rate, we are not much given to taking anything in moderation. The limit is what the appetite desires, not what the traffic will bear. Excellent, if we can get away with it; let every man have a ten-thousand-dollar car and every woman a chinchilla coat, if the manufacturers of ten-thousand-dollar cars and chinchilla coats can recover from the purchasers enough money to pay their way. But I doubt if there is that much money, even now that we have called in the future to redress the balance of the present. It seems absurd—and it is absurd—to say that we make more things than we can pay for; arguments about distribution of the national income, saving versus spending, and so on, do not go down to the fundamentals. The basic difficulty is that we have an industrial plant, and an industrial technic, that can make more things than we can use. We have tried, and are still trying, to adjust that inequality by making everybody use more; but there are signs that we are approaching the limit in that direction.

Well, say the faithful, even if all this is true, the condition will correct itself. So it will, but how? By defaults on installment payments, a decrease in consumption which will mean the closing of factories. The higher we shall have gone, the harder we shall fall. Just so the condition of the Gadarene swine—which, like ours, was an excessive acceleration under the impetus of misleading mental obsessions—corrected itself as soon as they reached the bottom of the steep place and fell into the sea. More than one of those porkers, as he went under, must have belatedly perceived that he had not only made a wrong choice of roads, but had been going in the wrong direction.

VI

Such a dolorous termination to our present prosperity could no more fairly be blamed on the Republican party than the party can fairly be given credit for prosperity's present existence; but those who took the credit will get the blame. What then? If the Republicans are turned out and the Democrats brought in to clean up the mess, what would they do? Well, the present Democratic party, I am afraid, would do its best to "restore prosperity"; it might start us out on another road, but our excursion would end eventually at the same old declivity and the same old sea. With all respect to Mr. Hoover's opinion that the choice last fall was not a choice of roads but a choice of directions, some of us suspected, when we saw the high priest of the installment plan presiding over the Democratic National Committee, that we had an option only between two roads both of which led backward.

There was no real opposition last fall, except on prohibition. Some of us who

voted for Smith, because we believed that he was at once more courageous and more adaptable than Hoover, had no greater confidence in the organization behind him than we had in the Republicans. There has been no true Democratic party since Congress got away from Grover Cleveland in the middle nineties. What calls itself the Democratic party now is only a coalition of dissenting groups, which is neither strong enough to win under normal conditions, nor—and this is more serious—harmonious enough to do any good, if some great business depression enabled it to win by default. This assemblage of discontents needs a Tzar, to accomplish anything. Wilson cracked the whip and made it work; Smith could probably have made it work, and work usefully, because he was as completely master of his party, during the campaign, as Wilson had been. (Hoover has a long way to go before he attains any such happy position.) Smith's defeat and retirement took away the autocratic and intelligent leadership that the Democrats need. If prosperity is to endure even a few years more, the best thing the Democrats could do for the country—if not for their own politicians—would be to disband. Let most of the Southerners turn Republican—the Irish too, when they get over the soreness which the racial and religious aspects of the last election left behind. And the mugwumps who followed Cleveland and Smith and Wilson, but would not follow an ordinary Democrat, may turn their thoughts to working out an alternative to Republicanism, which can be offered to the nation whenever the rooster's crowing is not followed by the rising of the sun.

VII

What could that alternative be? Well, its major premise is plain enough, in fact, inescapable. The root of our trouble is that we can make more than we can use. We have tried to cure it by increasing consumption, but however willing a man may be to sign up for deferred payments, he has only twenty-four hours a day in which he can use the things he buys. For a while we can get rid of the surplus by selling it abroad, but there is a limit to that, and if the simple explanation of international trade which Mr. Hoover offered to his Boston audience last fall was anything more than a springe to catch woodcocks, we may reach that limit sooner than we expect. There is only one way out—instead of trying to use all we can make, we must make only so much as we can conveniently use.

The emphasis must be taken off of quantity; and of course as we decrease the quantity of things we buy, we also decrease the quantity of money which we make by producing things for other people to buy. That readjustment will be extremely painful; what it must do to the learned professions of salesmanship and advertising need not be pointed out; but—unless you believe that the protective tariff is a sufficient guarantee of eternal bliss—I do not see how it can be escaped. And if we have to come to it—if we are forced to become a frugal society, with normal needs and a natural economics—we shall have fewer things than at present, and less money, and more leisure. The chief problem of the next phase of American history may be what we are going to do with that spare time.

Curiously, this problem has been most pointedly suggested not by any calamity howler of the opposition, but by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge. "The end of government," said Mr. Coolidge in his final report on the state of the nation, "is to keep open the opportunity for a more abundant life. Peace and prosperity are not finalities, they are only methods." Methods to what? The more abundant life? Well, what is that? The Romans, in their golden age of peace and prosperity, never found out. In those two placid centuries between Augustus and Septimius Severus they might have done things that would have

saved civilization from the setbacks of the next thousand years. They had more leisure, for more people, than the world had ever seen before; but they did nothing with it. By and large, they merely went on doing what their ancestors had done, and doing it not quite so well. We show no signs as yet of the senile decay which set in on the Roman mind, but the more abundant life is something we do not produce in quantity.

We have built a more stately mansion for our soul than any nation ever built before, but the soul is not at home; it is off somewhere in an automobile purchased on the deferred-payment plan. We have—or easily can have—enough of the tools of living, but we do not seem to know what to do with them. Without doubt, in many ways we live better than our grandparents; the cult of the body—bodily beauty and strength and pleasure—is only one of a number of advances we have made in the direction of what Mr. Hoover calls a fuller life. Yet one does not note any alarming excess of happiness, except among people who got aboard the bull market. And if you say this is only the narrow bigotry of a writer resident in New York, it may be pointed out that the fact has come to Mr. Hoover's notice. "Increasing skill and prosperity," he told the Tennesseeans last fall, "has brought us more material comfort and greater leisure, but also serious questions as to how we should use our leisure time." This is only the leisure of labor-saving devices, not the rather appalling leisure that will be ours when we all consume less, work less, and make less money.

Well, why not leave it to Hoover? He took his own advice; he made his money first, and put his leisure, thereafter, to admirable use. But Hoover, and still more Hoover's party, are tied up with quantity prosperity. They have promised to maintain it; if it falls, they fall; the Republican name and organization would doubtless survive that collapse, but not the present Republican faith. Such leisure as we have now is generally mitigated by the use of the things we possess; we drive in the car, we play golf, we listen to the radio. If quantity prosperity bursts like an overdriven flywheel, there will still be automobiles, though not so many, and radios, though the programs will be thinner; even country clubs. But on the whole we shall have fewer things, less money, and more time; and we shall have to work out a way of life that is less dependent on things than the way we live now. We shall have to be content with less of the entertainment that other people provide us, and seek resources in ourselves.

I suspect we all might find more than we think, if we had to look. And if you say it cannot happen, that the American home which Mr. Hoover praises so highly will never be happy so long as its garage holds a car of last year's model, while the garage next door has a car of this year's model—well, I know a family (of the old stock, too) that in the year 1927 bought a 1914 model car, and seemed to get a good deal of fun out of it. The thing can be done if you have to do it, as perhaps before long we shall.

As to how it can be done, and what it will be like when we are doing it, I know no more than anybody else knows now. The new way of life will have to come, perhaps, from the common consciousness of the people, however much individuals may contribute to making that consciousness clear. Meanwhile, those who suspect that our present prosperity costs more than it is worth, and more than we can go on paying much longer, might find much of interest in the writings of a couple of Americans of a past generation, who were painfully out of step with what is at present called progress. If it turns out that our continually accelerated motion is really retrogress, these neglected prophets may have something to say to us.

Not impossibly, the leaders of the next opposition will be Walt Whitman and Henry David Thoreau.

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

A STORY

BY ANTHONY GIBBS

TO THIS day I have never decided whether Richard Bartelmy Rivers was pulling my leg.

It is a temptation which comes to some undergraduates, increased, no doubt, by what, in all humility, I can only regard as a certain strangeness in my appearance.

The undergraduates are very young—not so young that they are altogether innocent of the difficulties of existence for a genus of beings who can never be quite sure whether they are animals or immortal souls, yet young enough to have a foreshortened perspective of the tasks ahead. They are easily moved to humor, by the suggestion of age, by the sight of an elderly gentleman like myself. Yet I have never quite decided about Richard Bartelmy Rivers.

For many years now I have been a professor of insectology at the University of Oxford. I have allowed, perhaps, those lovely creatures, those delicate, those exquisitely adapted organisms, to become too much the ruling passion of my life, to the absolute exclusion of all non-essentials. In matters of dress, for example, I have been content to leave things to the discretion of my dear wife. With regard to myself I have been careless. Yet I have sometimes thought (in silence) that her taste was not as it should be, that the extreme blueness of my cravat accorded ill with either the pattern of my trousers or the dignity of my years, that the velvet of my jacket was not quite so suitable to the stress of modern life as the indubitable robustness of my boots. My habit of wearing the beard in a fringe under my chin is my own, and the unfortunate suspicion of redness I cannot be held accountable for; but I must admit that in the pursuit of my profession I have sometimes allowed the capillary covering to my scalp to fall into some slight disarray. . . . It was so in this instance.

Forgive me if I become prolix. I was mothing. It is an occupation which demands a small lamp for the attraction of the insects, a net in which to catch them, and no small display of agility. My old friend, Professor Ritchie, told me that he had observed one or two isolated specimens of the *Philoxdementia Bis-Jenkinsonia* in the meadows that lie about the river Cherwell, and to those meadows I had consequently repaired. I will not say that I doubted the veracity of my friend and colleague. Yet the species mentioned is a native of the Fen country, and has seldom been observed elsewhere. Macdonald, I believe, records its appearance in Westmoreland during the damp summer of 1891, and Frith claims to have obtained examples in Wales. Frith was always a liar, even if he is dead.

It must have been ten o'clock, and a little light still lingered among the tops of the poplars. For an hour I had sat, still as a mouse, with my torch burning, and my net ready, and a tartan rug about my shoulders to protect me from the dew. The bells of Oxford came to me pleasantly through the twilight, and somewhere down the river a party of

young people played a gramophone. I could hear their voices when the still air drifted my way. Of the Philox there was no sign.

Presently I began to be aware of a solitary figure standing by the river's bank. How long he had stood there I do not know. He had all the appearance of having been there some time. His head was hung upon his chest, as if in melancholy, and he never moved. I kept my eye upon him for ten minutes, and still he never moved. He seemed an undergraduate. He was quite close to me, and I could see the curly outline of his head. They are very beautiful, some of these young men. He smoked a pipe, for I could smell that. I have never been able to grapple with the mentality of the ordinary undergraduate, but it did seem rather extraordinary, this preoccupation.

So I gathered my rug about me and my torch and my net, and approached. Quite close. Still he did not see me. But I could tell now that he gazed into the dark surface of the waters, as though spellbound.

"D'you see anything?" I asked.

He did not start, but turned his face round slowly and inspected me smiling. He had a pleasant face. He took the pipe out of his mouth and pointed to the water with its stem. "I come here sometimes, sir," he said, "to think of Angelica Crawford." And he puckered his forehead and looked really most serious. I became quite alarmed.

"Oh?" said I.

"You see," he added, as though that explained everything, "I'm Richard Bartelmy Rivers."

I suppose I must have blinked at him a little stupidly. I am a trifle nearsighted. I could not quite catch the upshot of the connection. "I hope, my dear young sir, that I'm not intruding. I thought perhaps—if it is an affair of the heart, of course I—" and I prepared to withdraw.

"Love!" exclaimed this remarkable young man, and laughed as though he found something sardonic in the thought. "That's what I could never find out. Listen." He took my arm that held the net. "This is where Angelica fell in. That is Lady Margaret College boathouse. We began here, but God knows whether it was really love or not. You see, I rescued her. I had a punt round the corner, and I was lying on the flat of my back reading Robert Bridges. And Angelica—of course I didn't know her name was Angelica then—came out of the L.M.H. boathouse and started piling things into a canoe. I thought then she was beautiful and looked intelligent, but I never realized how I should come to feel in a few weeks' time. Anyhow she fell in. That was the spot." He indicated the edge of the boathouse.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Yes," he went on. "Now that everything between us is over, I don't mind saying I believe she did it on purpose. I thought so at the time. It's the sort of thing a woman would do, you know, sir. I jumped in and rescued her, according to the best traditions of British manhood, and we sat in our wet clothes and talked. She told me her name and that her father was a South Kensington dentist. And all the time I had a most peculiar feeling. I'd had it once before and thought I knew what it was. But I didn't say anything at the time." He paused and fell into deep thought.

"You know, sir, I don't know what purpose all this impedimenta of yours serves, but I imagine you're some sort of nature-lover. When I tell you there were larks overhead, and that the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and that the midges danced on the water, it may help you to understand. And when I tell you she was beautiful and clever—I found she had written that book *Sad Winnowing* that I reviewed so caustically in the *Isis*. For hours we sat and talked, while our clothes dried on our bodies, and we ate the food I had in my punt and drank the beer."

"You fell in love?" I suggested.

He shook his head slowly and stared

into the dark interior of the boathouse. "I wish I knew. I don't think I shall ever know. I thought I did, but I didn't say anything because I wanted to be sure. Love, marriage—I'm afraid I take them seriously. But I went away and for three days forgot, or thought I did." He turned round and looked me in the face. "Have you ever suffered from indigestion, sir?" he demanded.

"Well, upon my soul, I—"

He interrupted my astonishment, this very astonishing young man. "Those three days were agony. It's an extraordinary thing how love seems to go to all the parts of one's body. My food seemed to get to about here" (he made a gesture high up on his chest) "and no farther. I got curious little beatings in different bits of me. I felt like death. This must be love, I thought. I thought I was sure. I wish I had been." His pipe had gone out, and he lighted it, with a flickering flame that bounced in and out of the bowl of it. The last twilight faded from the sky, and the distant wheezing of the gramophone went on.

"So on the fourth day I told her. I called at Lady Margaret's and asked for her. They put me in a little white room, and after a bit she came. 'Angelica,' I said, 'Miss Crawford, I didn't want to say anything about it, but the most extraordinary things have been happening to me, and the fact is I believe I've fallen in love with you.' Well, she looked at me, and said, 'What sort of things?' 'Oh!' I told her, 'indigestion, and all sorts of funny little twitchings.' Then I thought of something. 'I suppose,' I said, 'you haven't had anything of the same sort?' And I waited, absolutely wilting, for what she answered. She hesitated a long time, and then said, 'Yes, I have.'" (He imitated a lady speaking.) "'Then,' I said, 'this must be love. I felt like this only once before, and it was that time.' 'I suppose it must,' she answered."

It was almost dark. "Please don't tell me all this," I interrupted him, "unless you want to."

"I do want to. I find it comforting to tell a stranger who comes up out of the twilight with a lantern and a fishing net. I don't suppose I shall ever see you again. I must tell someone."

He still had hold of my arm and he shook it suddenly, so that the net waved before the sky.

"We became engaged. But not without provisos. We were sensible about it. We agreed that we were intelligent people. Marriage was something we didn't embark on lightly, don't you know? It's extraordinary how alike we thought. Looking back on it, I don't see how we could have acted other than we did. We agreed to impose a series of tests. I think it must have been Angelica's idea, but I thought it so good I'm inclined to take the credit of it for myself. . . . Why do these wretched people play the gramophone? We never did that."

"My dear young man, when you've attained to the very great age of the person you're addressing, you'll realize that no one will ever arrive at an explanation of the peculiar behavior of youth, short of the grave."

"Good for you, sir! Well, the first test we imposed was that we mustn't see each other for a month, just to see how we felt at the end of it. We came through that with flying colors. I never felt so ill in my life. I couldn't do any work. I had the most ghastly rows with my tutor, that devastating fellow Ritchie" (I made a mental note of the description for future reference), "and my interior utterly declined to function. I might have swallowed a mugful of atropine. And poetry! my hat, what yards of poetry, what reams of ectoplasmic muck! I thought I was in love all right. And as for Angelica, when we met again and fell on each other's neck and wept, I gathered she felt pretty much the same way. Worse if anything, what with one thing and another.

"Then we agreed to see each other for at least five hours every day for a month." He laughed. "That was easy.

We discussed every subject on earth and always came back to ourselves. We struggled desperately with boredom and couldn't find it. We were in love and yet not in love. We couldn't make up our minds. It was a silly situation. Does this interest you at all, sir?"

I determined to get in my word. "Do you mind in the slightest whether it does or not?" I asked.

"Not a bit!" he answered at once. And his voice went on quietly telling me, with a strange kind of tragedy in its tone. I am not accustomed to tragedy in the tones of undergraduates, and in an absurd way I resented it. It was quite dark now, and his voice droned on a little soporific in the solitude. The gramophone had gone.

"We're too blasted intelligent these days. I should think one has to be a little stupid to love in the good old way, nine parts of anæsthesia to one of hyperæsthesia, love makes the world go round and all that. What do you feel, sir?"

"Really I can't say," I protested.

"No—" he said thoughtfully. "Suppose not. Anyhow we had a third test, and got rather done in over that one. We thought perhaps it might be a good idea to practice up for married life, to fix a sort of foretaste of the joys to come, just to see if we could stick the sort of thing we might be let in for later." He gripped my arm harder and the net waved in the darkness. "It was a terrible business. We thought hard of the most difficult thing we should have to survive. Breakfast together, calling on rich aunts, we did them all. Then inspiration came to Angelica. It often did. She was cleverer than I was." He paused. "She read me her new novel," he said and groaned.

"It was a frightful novel. If it had been a better novel I might have endured it. *Sad Winnowing* was bad enough, but I might have tolerated even that. But this thing was insufferable. Chapter seven!" His grip stiffened at the thought. "We broke. I couldn't face a novel a year for fifty years. That was too much. 'My good thing,' I said, 'my Angelica, there is a limit. As your reviewer in the *Isis* I'm afraid I cannot stand for the psychology of chapter seven. No young woman would behave like that in those circumstances. It's not consistent with her character.'

"'I know that, Bartelmy,' she admitted. 'But I had to abandon some slight consistency of characterization for consistency of plot.'

"'It's too obvious,' I told her. 'Any conscientious reviewer could spot what you're doing instantly. It's not good Art.'

"'But all Art must submit to a certain extent to the convention of the Art-form.'

"'That's nonsense,' I told her, 'and you know it. All decent Art rises superior to the limitations of the Art-form. Take Pagliacci.' So we argued."

He sighed profoundly. "And in that argument our love was lost. We hated to see it go. We struggled most desperately to cling to its remains, but the thing fled through our fingers. Tragedy—oh, tragedy!" He gazed intently at the black, oily surface of the Cherwell.

"Put your torch," he said, "so that it shows there. No, a little farther, so as to get in the edge of the houseboat. That's the scheme. We talked for hours, for days, for weeks. We lived again through all the times we had had together, the fatuous little tests we had put upon ourselves, the sophisticated absurdity of our engagement. We laughed, and we even cried a little. But we couldn't get love back. 'Can that have been love at all?' we demanded, and there was no answer from the sky.

"Then I had my great idea, born of that little thing by Yeats. You know—'I will live again . . .'

"I decided the only thing to do was to begin again at the beginning, to go right back to where we started, for me to park my punt just round that bend, and for Angelica to fall into the river."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"It was an absurd idea, but it was fun. We were amused at the quaintness of the conception. Angelica agreed to do it, always provided it was a warm day. And we thought that by an appeal to the elemental emotions, by the anguish of the wrecked, the noble reassuring shout of the rescuer, the bruised femininity of the pursued, the straining masculinity of the pursuer, we might recapture love, or at any rate discover the answer to that question, 'Can this be love?'

"We chose a day a week ago. A day like this. I came with languor and a limp volume. I tied myself to the roots of a tree. It was very good. Suddenly I heard a cry. It was a maiden in the river. I scrambled to my feet. I leaped to the end of my punt and shaded my eyes against the sun. I saw her as before. And I tried to capture the sensations of that moment, to find by searching inwardly whether I really wanted to save this lady for my wife."

"And did you?" I inquired.

The young man shook his head. "Angelica was drowned," said Richard Bartelmy Rivers.

SAY THAT HE LOVED OLD SHIPS

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

SAY that he loved old ships; write nothing more
Upon the stone above his resting place;
And they who read will know he loved the roar
Of breakers white as starlight, shadow lace
Of purple twilights on a quiet sea,
First ridge of daybreaks in a waiting sky,
The wings of gulls that beat eternally
And haunt old harbors with their silver cry.
Speak softly now, his heart has earned its rest,
This heart that knew each alien star by name,
Knew passion of the waves against his breast
When clouds swept down the sea and lightning's flame
Tore skies asunder with swift finger tips;
Write nothing more; say that he loved old ships.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE elusiveness of religion is puzzling many people. In their early and provincial days they may have been able to describe religion with definiteness and finality: it was identical with their creed and their church. With widening horizons, however, their dogmatism has dwindled. Religion, they see, is an ambiguous affair. It includes Christ and Buddha, Lao Tse and Mary Baker G. Eddy. It takes in polytheist, monotheist, and humanist. Bishop Manning, Billy Sunday, Professor Whitehead at Harvard, and Voliva of Zion City are all religious. Many, therefore, who began by believing in religion have first fallen into doubt about it, and now are not so much either believing or doubting as wondering what it is.

Science has recently been described as the art of giving the same name to different things: by which is meant that considering black coal, white paper, red apples, green leaves, and colorless gasoline, it requires science to reveal that they all are chiefly carbon. What, then, shall be said about the strange incongruities which comprehensively are called religion? Fetish-worship in Africa and fundamentalism in the United States; Hindus chanting "Om" before the vast impersonal Absolute, and Christians seeking gifts from a highly individualized Father; Shinto priests and Mohammedan mahdies; Quakers and popes; John Roach Straton and John Haynes Holmes—what common element can make one thing, religion, of such a salmagundi?

When the intelligentsia try to clarify this situation by their definitions they only confound it the more. If anyone, confused about religion's meaning, wishes to make his utter bewilderment more utter still, let him become a connoisseur in definitions of religion. Matthew Arnold called it "morality tinged with emotion"; Professor Tylor, "a belief in Spiritual Beings." Professor Whitehead describes it as "what the individual does with his own solitariness"; but Professor Ames calls it "the pursuit on the part of the community or the individual member of the community, of what are thought to be the highest social values." Professor Stratton defines it as "man's whole bearing toward whatever seems to him the best or greatest"; while Professor Lowie sees its essence in the "sense of something transcending the expected or natural, a sense of the Extraordinary, Mysterious, or Supernatural." Salomon Reinach thinks it is "a body of scruples which impede the free exercise of our faculties"; but Professor Haydon exalts it as "the co-operative quest for a completely satisfying life." To George Bernard Shaw religion is "that which binds men to one another and irreligion that which sunders"; while Havelock Ellis writes, "Now and again we must draw a deep breath of relief, and that is religion." After which, and a great deal more of the same sort, one moves the previous question: What is religion?

That this inquiry, so far from being merely theoretical, is of practical importance, anyone acquainted with the younger generation in its lucid and serious intervals will testify. You can-

not sell them a foregone conclusion in religion any more. They will not repeat theological shibboleths or accept partisan church loyalties, supposing them to be religion. They do not any longer believe, to use one girl's phrase, that "God is a Baptist." They know too much about the protean exhibitions of religion in history, and the immense and sometimes splendid reaches of spiritual life that the historic Jesus never influenced, to have the old denominational patriotisms or even the old Christian formulas passed off on them as necessarily bona fide religion. Yet they are religious; at least, they are intensely interested in religion; and as they face the world's potpourri of faiths, above their mingled belief and doubt one feels their increasing wonder as to what, after all, religion is.

This paper does not propose further to confuse the tangled situation by another endeavor to define religion. Nor shall I seek, as so many have sought, some irreducible minimum that, like carbon in sweet sugar and in bitter strychnine, makes one substance of all faiths from Shintoism to Christian Science. What I should like to do is to describe the approach to religion's meaning which especially characterizes our own time and which is bound to have an important influence upon the religious thought and life of our children.

II

Religion is increasingly dealt with to-day not in ecclesiastical or theological terms, but in psychological terms. Increasing numbers of people mean by religion, not first of all a true church or an orthodox system of theology, but a psychological experience. There, they think, lies the germinal nucleus of the matter; and this conviction makes a serious difference between them and many historic definers of religion.

The whole discussion, for example, whose bitterness makes a controversial waste of so much so-called Christian history, as to which is the true church, seems to this school of thought a poor expenditure of time because there is no such thing as a true church. All religious organizations, like all secular organizations, are approximate endeavors to meet changing human needs; and one of the best things about them is that, in spite of themselves, they cannot remain as they are.

The envenomed controversy also as to which is the true theology, which for centuries has kept Christianity, in general, and Protestantism, in particular, fighting mad, seems largely futile, not because the discovery of the truth about God is unimportant, but because the idea that anybody has so discovered and defined God that he should controversially desire to enforce his opinion on another is absurd. All theology tentatively phrases in current thought and language the best that, up to date, thinkers on religion have achieved; and the most hopeful thing about any system of theology is that it will not last.

This does not mean that we are indifferentists about the church and skeptics about philosophy. To belittle the organization of religion will not do. As a bad trellis can ruin a good vine, or a poor government bedevil a civic community, so ecclesiastical institutions can either work havoc with religion or give it support and opportunity. As for doctrine, that always is important. Let a physician get his doctrine about scarlet fever right or he will bungle his task. So in religion we want the best churches and the truest thinking we can get. There are some kinds of theology and ecclesiastical practice in which most certainly we do not believe, and some kinds that seem to us wise, useful, and true. But religion is deeper than these. It created these in the first place, and it will persist long after their present forms have passed. Religion, therefore, cannot be essentially described in terms of its temporary clothes, its churches, and its creeds. Religion at its fountainhead is an individual, psychological experience.

III

Between religion conceived primarily in terms of churches and theologies, and religion conceived primarily as a psychological experience, at least one distinction is apparent. Churches and theologies can be inherited; from generation to generation they can be handed on, their doctrines written in books and their institutions passed from the custody of fathers to the custody of sons. Almost inevitably, therefore, churches and theologies become in time objects which believing people try to preserve. How much contemporary religion consists in the earnest, sometimes militant, frequently desperate, endeavor to save the churches and their theologies!

When, however, religion is looked at and sought for primarily as an individual, psychological experience, it at once becomes not so much something which the possessor must save as something which saves him. This distinction is fundamental. We may have a religion toward which the preservative attitude prevails, as though our supreme concern were somehow to save it, or we may have a religion which we do not worry much about saving, because it so vitally and visibly saves us.

Multitudes of people to-day are trying to preserve the organizations and thought-forms of religion. They are habitual steadiers of the Ark. Often with feverish militancy, always with deadly earnestness, they have made up their minds that religion must be saved. Such an attitude is a sure sign of religion's senility; it has uniformly preceded the downfall of those historic faiths that have grown old and passed away. In a religion's vigorous youth, however, its devotees are not anxious about saving it, because it so powerfully saves them. And this is true because a young religion is not yet a static church nor a settled theology to be preserved, but a psychological experience to be enjoyed.

This difference between a youthful and a senescent faith is evident in Christianity. While the early Christians battled stoutly for the things they believed, their major stress was not somehow to save their faith, anxiously defend it, and see it through. Their faith saved them, defended them, and saw them through. It carried them. It was to them health, peace, joy, and moral power. And whenever men thus have a religion which vitally saves them they have a religion which they need not worry much about saving.

The difference to-day between prevalent attitudes toward science on the one side and religion on the other ought to give us serious pause. Nobody solicitously is trying to save science for the simple reason that in its own sphere science is saving us. That is to say, it saves us from taking a covered wagon to San Francisco when we wish to consult a friend—we can use a telephone. It saves us from being isolated at sea—we can keep in touch with the whole world by radio. It may even save us from bothering about the sea at all when we go to Europe through the air. From many a disease, disability, and fear science is positively saving us; and so long as science can go on saving us scientists need not worry much about saving it. Science is not yet primarily an organization to be maintained or a final creed to be preserved; it is still in the creative vigor of individual venturesomeness and exploration.

Turn, however, to religion! Read the books! Listen to the sermons! Multitudes of people are out with props trying to shore up religion. Theology endeavors it with new arguments; religious rotarians with new methods of salesmanship; practical ecclesiastics with new policies and programs, until the impression widely prevails that the major business of churchmen is somehow to keep religion going. That, however, was not the way Christianity started. The impression those first Christians made was that religion kept them going. What a pity when a religion that once was young and saved people now becomes old and has to be saved!

The school of thought, therefore, which this paper represents has no interest in the senile attitude represented by trying to save religion. The real task is to achieve a religion that saves people; and such religion must be primarily an individual, psychological experience.

We defend religion too much. Vital religion, like good music, needs not defense but rendition. A wrangling controversy in support of religion is precisely as if the members of an orchestra should beat folk over the head with their violins to prove that music is beautiful. But such procedure is no way to prove that music is beautiful. Play it! That, however, is a matter of spiritual creativity resident primarily in individuals.

IV

No brief paper can adequately describe the content of such a creative religious experience as we have in mind. Moreover, if it takes various folk from Havelock Ellis to Saint John to make plain what love is, anything that one man writes about religion will surely be segmental. We may note, however, that whenever one finds people enjoying a religion which they do not worry about saving, because it saves them, there are two aspects to their experience, one active, the other receptive.

The gist of the active aspect lies in a basic fact: life faces us not only with things which give themselves to us and serve our interests but also with things to which we must give ourselves and which we must serve. Some elements in life are our slaves. We harness, bridle, and drive them. They are our hewers of wood and drawers of water. But so far is this from being the whole of life, it is not even the principal part.

In this scientific age when we commonly command law-abiding forces to our practical advantage, we are tempted to suppose that life's glory lies in the things that we master. The fact is, however, that our greatest hours never are associated with the things that we master but with the things that master us. Let a man compare the time when he learned to drive an automobile and felt the thrill of command over harnessed energy, with the day he first heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and was carried out of himself by something greater than himself, to which he gave himself!

Whenever anybody thus finds any goodness, truth, or beauty concerning which he feels not that it should give itself to him, but that he should give himself to it and be its loyal servant, that man has entered into an authentic religious experience.

That this approach to the meaning of religion is radically different from the common conventions of the churches is obvious. Here, for example, is a youth in straits about his religion. He has been reared in an inherited faith. It has consisted largely of a regimented system of religious opinions. He was drilled in them and consented to them as naturally as he consented to the fashion of his clothes or the articulation of his speech. Now, however, he has come to a university center. He is surrounded by new ways of thinking and fresh methods of dealing with knowledge. His religion begins perilously to disintegrate. At first he desperately tries to defend it, but it falls to pieces. For a long while he clings to the shreds, but now even these have gone. He has lost his religion.

The first thing to be said is that any religion which can be lost like that had something deeply the matter with it from the start, and that the youth would better not worry too much about losing it. What he would better do is to forget, at least for the time being, religion theologically defined and ecclesiastically organized, and go within himself to discover what religion means as a psychological experience. What if that youth, having lost an external and inherited religion, should discover that he is himself incurably religious and so

come through to a religion that he will not need to defend, because it defends him, nor laboriously carry, because it carries him, no longer weight to him but wings!

Try, then, saying to such a youth, "Your religion lost! Nothing more to live for!" Only recently a fine young fellow, in precisely this situation that I have described, came swiftly back at me when I spoke to him like that. "Nothing to live for?" he said in effect. "Upon the contrary, plenty to live for! Life is rich in things to give oneself to, truth to be discovered, beauty to create, social causes to serve, friendship to claim one's loyalty. I am in love with life because there is so much to be devoted to."

Then I laughed at that youth. Lost his religion! Yet there at the center of his real life he was being carried out of himself by something greater than himself to which he had given himself; and he did not recognize that wherever anyone finds any worthy thing concerning which he does not ask that it give itself to him but that he may give himself to it, he has discovered a genuine religious experience. It may not yet have got an adequate theological formulation, it may need clarification and development; but so far as it goes it is authentic religion and, because it is part and parcel of the man, not appended to him or merely inherited by him, but spontaneously in him and an integral portion of him, it is often more vital and morally dynamic than any conventionally formulated stuff.

Doctor Noguchi, for example, is our latest martyr in science. He isolated the germ of South American yellow fever and discovered the serum that would cure it. But the South American serum would not work in Africa. Some hidden differentiation eluded the investigators. So, against the protests of his colleagues, Doctor Noguchi went to the fever belt of Africa. It was his business, he said, and he was going to the heart of it. There, as his colleagues feared, he caught the disease, lay for weeks with the infection, continuously experimenting the while with his own blood, until the end. He had found his loyalty and with rejoicing self-abnegation had given himself to it.

What Doctor Noguchi's formal religion was, if any, I do not know. But whatever it may have been, a life which thus had discovered its true meaning in self-committal to the more-than-self was in so far genuinely religious.

This approach to the meaning of religion is characteristic of many schools of thought to-day. Some put the matter one way, some another, but the diversity of expression only emphasizes the unity of intent.

Some say that the essence of religion is the sense of sacredness. Even the most carnal and insensitive mind must sometime have proved its human quality by feeling the presence of something sacred that ought not to be desecrated. Those things in human history of which the race has most reason to be proud spring from this sense of sacredness at its best. Truth for the scientist is sacred—to violate it is the unpardonable sin. Beauty to the artist is sacred—to wrong it is blasphemy. The rights of personality are to the man of moral insight sacred, and our economic exploitations are sacrilege. Why should man have emerged into this strange, compelling sense of the "holy," possessing rights over us so imperative that at our best we find our glory in serving it to the death? Huxley, the agnostic, flailed conventional religion but provided no substitute. Now his grandson, also eminent in science, rediscovers religion. "It is a way of life," he says, "which follows necessarily from a man holding certain things in reverence, from his feeling and believing them to be sacred."

This, however, is only to put into other words what we have just been saying. The sacred elements in life are those concerning which we feel, not so much that they belong to us as that we belong to them. They are not our

servants, but we theirs. They have a right to our utter loyalty, and we find life's true meaning in giving it.

Others say that the essence of religion is worship. We truly live, they insist, not by virtue of those things that are beneath us but by virtue of those things that are above us. Our appreciations, admirations, and worships liberate life and give it worth. We spiritually are freed, not by what we enslave and use, but by what we adore. Therefore, the practical mastery over nature's law-abiding forces, which science confers, never can solve our human problem in its depths. Not what we command but what commands us determines destiny. The things we look down upon and merely utilize are less influential than the things we look up to and adore.

Religion so considered is essentially worship, and many a modern mind is rediscovering this central meaning of the worshiper's attitude. "Worship is the only possible way," says Professor Wieman, "to form those most subtle and complex habits of the heart and mind which organize and mobilize the total personality . . . there is no other form of human endeavor by which so much can be accomplished." This approach to religion obviously agrees with what we have been saying, that religion is essentially the release of life through its committal to the highest that we know.

Professor Royce of Harvard used to express this truth in terms of loyalty. That to him was the center and soul of religion. Whoever finds his loyalty, so that life means not grasping what the self can get but giving to some worthy end what the self can expend, has found an authentic religious experience.

Such in our day is the characteristic approach to religion's meaning. It is primarily concerned not with formal creed and church but with inner experience. It should go without saying that from such individual experience of devotion to spiritual values comes the most sustained, tireless, and dependable service for social causes that the world knows.

V

Alongside this attitude of active self-committal, a receptive aspect is always present in a vitally saving faith. Inward communion from which come peace and power is characteristic of genuine religion. No one who has followed the work of religious psychology from William James to Starbuck and Coe will doubt the reality of such experiences. They are not matters of faith but of fact. They do actually occur. Phenomena such as conversion, transformation of character, and integration of personality through prayer can be studied objectively; and while some may think it possible to explain them on non-religious grounds no one thinks it possible to explain them away.

Indeed, a great deal of the unconventional religion of our day that has broken free from the orthodox churches is motived mainly by a desire to recover religion as a resource of power, health, peace, and vitality in daily life. The explanation of the rise of cults like Christian Science and New Thought is obvious. While the old-line churches were largely concerning themselves with dogma, ritual, and organization, multitudes of folk were starving for available spiritual power with which to live. These cults arose to meet this need; and with all their mistaken attitudes toward scientific medicine, and their metaphysics, that to some of us is quite incredible, they have genuinely served millions of people by translating religion into terms of power available for daily use.

The preachers would better spare the breath they use in assailing such cults. What the Irishman said about the Socialists—"The only way to beat them is to beat them to it"—can be said also of these vitalistic movements in religion.

Indeed, here lies one of the major reasons why many youths to-day, weaned away from orthodox religion, if ever they were suckled on it, still know that religion

itself is real. A typical young woman from the university, reared out of touch with organized Christianity and untrained in dogmatic faith, sought membership in the church. I wondered what the religion of this highly intelligent and unconventional young person was like, and was interested to discover that it consisted almost exclusively in the practice of affirmative prayer. That is, prayer did not mean to her reminding an individual called God to do something he had forgotten or urging him to bestow a blessing that otherwise he would not have been good enough to give. Prayer meant fulfilling inward conditions of attitude and receptivity and getting appropriate results in heightened insight, stability, peace, and self-control. Prayer was not magic, but the meeting of real conditions in a law-abiding, spiritual world and getting real results.

When religion means such commerce of the spirit it becomes as indispensable as food and drink. It is the vital center from which life's energies proceed. The possessor of this secret does not live from the teeth out, but taps resources of power that seem at least, as William James put it, to come up through the subconscious into consciousness from origins that are cosmic and not merely individual.

Such an experience secures power for daily living not by struggling after it but by inwardly releasing it. So driving a horse may be hard work, driving a spirited team very strenuous indeed, and handling a tally-ho and six an absorbing expenditure of energy. There is, however, a small room near Niagara Falls where a man sits quietly, speaks quietly, and at times walks quietly from dial to dial, and he is controlling five hundred thousand horse-power. When one knows how to do it, it is easier to release five hundred thousand horse-power than it is to drive one horse. Such is the secret of the spiritual adepts. They have achieved, not by the method of hard driving, but by the release of interior power adequate for life.

This experience is of the very essence of religion. It substitutes confidence for fear, a sense of security for a life lived on the ragged edge; it takes people who thought they had to lift twenty pounds with only strength enough to lift ten, and transforms them into people who tackle life as a ten-pound load with strength to handle twenty. It inevitably affects health. Said one of the world's most famous psychologists to a friend of mine, "For complete psychological health mankind requires, either a religion or some substitute for religion which has not yet been discovered." Certainly this experience makes a difference to the integration of personality, to the moral drive of character, and to the radiance, tranquillity, hopefulness, and power with which men live.

VI

Take such a truncated description of personal religion for what it is worth! Let it stand as merely an indication of the major fact that multiplying numbers of people, when they think of religion, mean not a church, nor a system of theology, but a saving experience of inner spiritual devotion and daily spiritual power!

If now the reader is impressed by the vagueness of all this, its disembodied churchlessness and its intellectual vacuity, lacking often the bones of idea and, therefore, likely to go flabby and impotent, he doubtless is right. To try to have "experience," like a homeless waif, abstracted from intellectual setting and unincorporated in a social group, is to endeavor the impossible.

That, however, is the very nub of the theological and ecclesiastical problem as the school of thought from which this paper comes apprehends it. The present churches and the present theologies have too little to do with this saving experience of genuine spiritual devotion and daily spiritual power. Upon the contrary, a great deal of this vital religious experience has already fled from

the churches and shaken off the dust of orthodoxy in order to get air to breathe and room to move about in. What have the differences between Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians to do with such an experience of religion as we have been describing? Moreover, when the modern mind hears the creeds upon which many of the churches still insist, with all the corollaries brought out by controversy and urged as indispensables of religious truth—old cosmologies, doctrines of Biblical infallibility, miracles like virgin birth or physical resurrection—the reaction is not simply incredulity, although incredulity is undoubtedly emphatic—but wonder as to what such things have to do with religion.

As things are now, we cannot gather an ecumenical conference of Christians on church union without having three questions at once walk up stage as major matters of concern: the correct definition of the sacraments, the correct phrasing of ancient dogmas, the correct understanding of apostolic succession—before all of which an increasing number of religious people stand marveling that such things are supposed to be of interest to religion.

What we are driving at, therefore, is not what one writer scornfully calls "gossamer platitudes about the distinction between dogma and experience." We are insisting, rather, that the sort of dogma now enjoying ecclesiastical ascendency has no vital relation with the best spiritual life of our time, and that the sort of churches now existent are often stifling the life out of real religion.

As a matter of fact, we are deeply interested in theology. So far from thinking, for example, that humanism is right in supposing that religion, being basically a psychological experience, can get on without God, many of us are vigorous contenders for the opposite. Moreover, we find God very near at hand and visibly operative. Consider the experience, whose individual aspects we have been discussing—a life carried out of itself by something greater than itself, to which it gives itself. That experience is not merely individual; it is racial. Something greater than humanity has laid hold upon humanity.

Richard Wagner wrote once to a friend, "If there were such a thing as a will capable of overruling the necessity of one's own being, I should assuredly will *not* to be an artist any longer. . . . Unhappily, though, there is no way of escape for me, and anything I could do to flee from art would be more artificial than art itself." Here was a man committed in spite of himself to something greater than himself, which commanded him as the necessity of his own being. That same thing has been true of humanity as a whole.

From our apelike progenitors in the forest we have come to our modern era of international hopes and, as the stars count time, we have done it in a few ticks of the astral clock. To say that we did it of ourselves is nonsense. It was the necessity of our being, as art was the necessity of Wagner's. Something in the marrow of the cosmic life from which we came laid this necessity upon us. We have been under a drastic mastery greater than our own. Looked at in the large, man, with his stupidities, his cruelties, his wanton frivolities and wars, appears across the ages desperately struggling to escape from an imperious necessity which will not let him go. That necessity has lifted us up from the ape-man to the present day, although no ape-man ever dreamed of planning such a consequence. It has swung us up the long spiral of human ascent, bringing us ever back to old problems, but forcing us to face them upon higher levels, and driving us out, whether we would or not, to larger co-operations and more inclusive human fellowships. At times one can fairly see man digging in his heels as though resolutely refusing to go on. Something stronger than humanity—call it what you will, necessity, fate, God—has laid hold on humanity and will not loose its grasp.

To be sure, even the leaders of the race have often been tempted to discouragement. Man has given them hemlock to drink, crucified them, burned them at the stake. But always the falling torch has been caught by another hand, and somehow the light has gone on. Wagner in the relentless grip of his art did not more truly face the necessity of his own being than humanity as a whole has faced it.

Moreover, having with infinite cost come so far from the Neanderthal man to modern society, from stone-age huts to Chartres Cathedral, from primitive tom-toms to Beethoven, from the savage right of tooth and claw to the outlawry of war, we know well that, no matter what the cost, we must keep on going. No more than Wagner can we "will *not* to be an artist any longer." Something stronger than mankind has laid hold upon mankind.

Squirm and twist as we will, we cannot be rid of this experiential fact which, of old, theologians phrased as the sovereignty of God, and which a poet like Francis Thompson calls the Hound of Heaven.

The materialists in all their various degrees and kinds are forced to attempt the explanation of this fact as due to the fortuitous organization of matter. But that, as an explanation, means nothing. For matter, to which has thus been ascribed the potency to become love and beauty, truth and honor, creative science and human brotherhood, is no longer matter at all but something else. All materialism labors under this fatal disability, that in order to get the actual human world explained as a material creation, it must endow matter with such potencies as make it no longer matter but a spiritual force gifted with the attributes of God.

If, then, materialism cannot even be materialistic without conferring on matter spiritual powers necessary to do what actually has been done, we need not be hesitant about using the word God. Indeed, it is precisely this factual and realistic approach to the idea of God which is characteristic of our time. Less and less do we want a God who is merely a matter of faith. More and more we want a God who is a matter of fact.

Of this demand in present-day theology, men like Professor Whitehead of Harvard and Professor Wieman of Chicago are typical. Wieman, in particular, is weary of the conventional God of "sugar and spice and all things nice." He understands, as any psychologist must, that the too comfortable God of our saccharine hymns is not real but a "defense mechanism" by which weak souls ward off disturbing contacts with this vast and often ruthless universe. But thus to perceive the falseness and futility of current ideas of God is not to have done with God. As one of our most radical college presidents has lately put it, the word "atheism" has passed from the vocabulary of the intelligent, and the real question now is, How shall we frame a true concept of God?

Such a concept must indubitably stop, as David Starr Jordan says about science, "where the facts stop, or thereabouts." But if this narrows its boundaries it also increases its reality. There is a Creative Factor in this universe favorable to personality, or else personality never would have arrived. A Cosmic Power is operative here, propitious to enlarging truth, creative beauty, and expanding goodness, or else they never would have existed. If by the term God one means this, then one does most certainly mean something real and efficient in this universe whereof the picture-thinking of our religious symbolism is only the partial representative.

Some such confidence in God as this, to-day as always, is characteristic of religion. From Lotze and Höffding on, the interpretation of religion as faith in the conservation of life's spiritual values has been powerfully influential. Indeed, this would better be included in our description of religion as a psychological experience. That experience begins with devotion to spiritual values; it goes

on to confidence in their Conserver; it issues in such communion with him as brings peace and power.

VII

One immediate effect of such an approach to religious experience as we have been describing is to make its possessor sympathetic and tolerant. Within the framework of many creeds and rituals the inner realities of this experience thrive and grow; and one who cares primarily about the reality is generous toward its diverse and often incongruous settings. In a Buddhist temple I have heard a Japanese peasant praying with passionate devotion to Amida; in a Mohammedan mosque I have worshipped with a vast throng who bowed toward Mecca; at Assisi I have knelt long at the tomb of St. Francis; and in more than one Protestant church, with sermons and hymns representing ways of thinking almost as strange to me as the worship of the Aztecs, I have found God. The very fact that one cares most about genuine devotion to moral values, confidence in their Conserver, and personal communion that brings peace and power, makes one sensitive to the presence of these factors in all sorts of places, and generous toward all environments that may contain them.

On shipboard we say "eight bells," on land, "twelve o'clock"; but if a man is interested in the essential matter he will not feel quarrelsome about the difference in terminology. So the approach to religion as a psychological experience undercuts ecclesiastical and theological diversities and makes its possessor at home in many religious settings from which otherwise his opinions would banish him.

Nevertheless, while the true possessor of this approach will be irenic and tolerant, he cannot be blind to the revolution that is involved in his major emphasis. For when one thinks of the present churches, the lines along which they are divided, and the theological doctrines on which many of them still insist, it is clear that our existent ecclesiastical establishments are in their effect largely alien to, and sometimes antagonistic to, this inner meaning of religion. They are insisting on things that do not matter to it. Their major emphases, controversies, rituals, and customs often draw attention away from it until one is not surprised to find some of the best religion of our time leaving the churches altogether and regarding them as hostile rather than friendly toward vital, spiritual life. Homiletical assault upon this attitude will do no good. This attitude has too much solid ground beneath it.

I expect no sudden revolution—history does not usually turn sharp corners. Dogmatic authoritativeness meets the need of confiding and unadventurous human nature too well to peter out soon. Denominationalism, although lacking a leg to stand on so far as common sense or serious care for the Kingdom of God is concerned, has too many strong loyalties associated with it to topple speedily. But if religion essentially is what we have said, then it cannot permanently be encumbered with the irrelevant sectarianism and antagonistic world-views in many of our contemporary churches.

Meanwhile, some of us, so far from deserting the churches, are redoubled in our devotion, like citizens who choose difficult days as the time when it most is necessary not to despair of the republic. We will not reduce ourselves to any denomination's lowest common denominator; we will not put our necks into the yoke of any official creed; we will try to see straight and say honestly what we see. To call young men of this spirit to the ministry, as though to be a Christian preacher meant not to enter a conventional profession but to undertake an adventurous prophethood, is the great desideratum. The need of the churches is leadership.

The tragedy of American religion to-day is that multitudes, hungry amid the conventionalities of our ecclesiasticism, are wandering homeless, like Kip-

ling's cat "by his wild lone." Wanting religion as a saving experience, one sees them on all sides getting help by nibbles, lacking intellectual articulation for their thought or any sense of human companionship in seeking what they desire. They want spiritual homes to which they can belong. They want intellectual justification for a sustaining faith. And up through all this uncertain welter come at times sure signs of bona fide religion—folk within the churches and without them who know what is meant by genuine spiritual devotion, confidence in the Conserver of life's spiritual values, and communion with him that brings peace and power.

The one thing that backward, sectarian, and obscurantist churches need most to fear is such religion. They need not in the least fear the attacks of the irreligious. Religion can whip irreligion on any field at any time. But from the days of Buddha in India and Christ in the Roman Empire, an aged and decrepit religion clinging to its crutches has always needed to fear a youthful movement of the spirit, a vigorous and spontaneous emergence of religious experience in its essential meanings.

The only thing that ever yet has been able to reform religion is religion.

THE ISLAND

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

GOD was an artisan
Working away,
Eager his fingers were,
Covered with clay,

Making a world
Out of ice and desire,
Agony, innocence,
Secrecy, fire.

God snapped his fingers,
Caked with all these,
Down fell a particle
On the high seas.

Island so casually
Through ether hurled,
Flecked from God's weariness,
Dust of the world!

SOCIETY, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

BY MARY BORDEN

THE word "Society," the single word, unaccompanied by an article or qualified by an adjective, not a society of some sort of crank or the society of an intimate friend, or good, bad, or polite society, but simply society with a capital S, and meaning roughly the world of fashion, has become almost exclusively an American term. One seldom hears it in England.

In England, people occasionally mention an undefined yet absolutely definite thing called good society which people do or do not belong to, and they speak of this or that set, and call someone "an awful outsider" or "a frightful bounder," but the life of the great world is not referred to as "society," partly because it is not centered in a town where street lamps and the lighted doors of restaurants give the man or woman in the street the chance to gape and gossip, but goes on mostly in the country, behind park gates, and is hidden from view by hedges, glades of oak, beech or ash, paddocks and stables, and a drifting mist of rain. Everything that really matters in England is shrouded and misty and pursues its course without noise or fuss. Not London, but the big country house, or the pack of foxhounds, or the race meeting is the social center of England. There are hundreds of centers, not one; and the good society of England is based on county society. But again the phrase is not used. The word county is enough. The word society doesn't figure. It is almost as if there was something slightly vulgar about it. Those who are in it take it for granted; those who are not, don't talk about getting into it. For the social system of England is more like a mountain than a ladder, and to be taken up by a smart set in London is quite a different thing from being accepted by England as a gentleman.

The world of fashion and good society are not synonymous in England. No one takes London's social life seriously. Socially, one may say, London has no society of its own. It is too big, too human, too good-humored and slovenly and generous. But people use it, the grand people, as a meeting ground. They come up to town for six weeks or a month, or a couple of nights, to attend committee meetings and board meetings or debates in Parliament, to go to a play, or attend a function or give one, to bring a girl out and take her to Buckingham Palace, and have the children's teeth seen to, and so on. Perhaps they have a house in town, perhaps not. The house in town, in any case, is merely a convenience. One of its chief attractions is that it is easy to get away from, to Ascot or Epsom, to Ranelagh or Hurlingham, or home again from Saturday to Monday. However that may be, for a couple of months in the summer the sublimely inconsistent English County pours into London, leaves its gardens in full glorious bloom, puts geraniums in the window boxes of Mayfair, and lends its presence to the town, filling Bond Street with flowered chiffon frocks, parasols, and garden hats; and big grimy indifferent London partakes for a moment of the glamour of the country and is touched with magic. The Quality in frivolous mood gives London every year an elegant appearance.

It takes, roughly, fifty years, or three generations, for a family of intelligent and determined outsiders to climb up the English mountainside as far as that high plateau where leisured folk securely rooted in rustic class-prejudice stand aloof above the smoky valley of the industrial world. It is a slow process in England, this climbing, yet not so slow as some would like to believe. There are people scattered all over lovely England who would turn pale with horror at the idea that a county family or a gentleman's house could be built in three generations. Nevertheless, if one has the aptitude, and is serious about it, it can be done. Indeed, one can watch the process. It is going on all the time.

One can observe the three generations living out their lives simultaneously on the three levels, sometimes all under the same roof. It isn't a case of buying family portraits or a Rolls and clothes from Paris. Clothes have nothing to do with it. It is all much more drastic. It is a case of uprooting and transplanting, geographically, of moving in fact into the country. The workman's cottage gives way to the big house on the outskirts of the town. It is here that the old people stick, with a view of the family's factory chimneys from the windows. They are rather lost, the old people, in the big house. They are shy in the presence of the butler and the footman and very lonely. They have no friends, and secretly long for the old days, when they had high tea in the cottage kitchen; and because she has nothing to do, the old lady trots timidly round the rooms upstairs after the competent housemaids with a duster in her hand. Not so the young married couple. The son divides his time between the factory and the hunting field. He plays bridge and dines out in a dinner jacket and goes to hunt balls. He has married a sporting girl from some other part of the country and is determined, once the old people are gone, to move away from the sight of those chimneys. Perhaps he doesn't wait. It is important to get away from streets and trams before one's children are out of the nursery. He gets himself a hunting box or a farm in a good hunting district. The boys are put down for Eton or Harrow the week they are born; and by the time the children take notice the scene has changed, the third generation is surrounded by horses and dogs, a home farm and a garden, women in tweeds or riding clothes, men in pink coats or men with guns. The talk in the autumn is all of partridges, pheasants, and grouse, in winter of foxes and hounds, in spring of cricket and salmon. And, lo! an English gentleman is in the making.

It all goes on in the country, the real thing, the real process of transmutation. The ranks of the gentry are filled up slowly by people who have had the patience to mold themselves to type, to the required rustic type, the type of the country squire. London has nothing to do with it.

Self-made Englishmen with ambitious wives don't descend upon London from Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, or Leeds to get into society. They don't think about society and never hear the word. They merely know that they want something from life for their children which they did not have themselves; and so they move into the country, buy horses and dogs, cows and pigs, take to farming and gardening, and presently their children's children have become gentlefolk. The way up the social mountain in England is through the animal and vegetable kingdom. A house in town, a season in London, being put up for this or that club, going to smart parties, presenting the girls, putting the boys into the Army, all that automatically follows. It is the horses and cows and pheasants and partridges that lead the way.

II

But America, someone objects, is a young country and a democratic country and takes no interest in all these old English customs. America doesn't be-

lieve in leisure. It believes in work. The hundred-per-cent American has no use for Society. He has other things to do than go to lunch parties, dinner parties, and tea-fights. He has his business, and at night he is tired. All the society he wants is the society of his family. His idea of social life is the family circle. He gets all the excitement he wants in the office; when he leaves it he wants to be quiet, to loosen his collar, to sit in his shirt sleeves if he feels like it.

Unfortunately his wife does not agree with him. She has social ambitions and plenty of time to indulge in dreams of their realization. The poor man is forced into a tail coat and dragged out to dinner parties, theater parties, and dances. He goes meekly enough, for he is a submissive male and too tired to fight, but inwardly he swears and rebels. Secretly he despises Society and Society women. If his wife is one he secretly despises her too. He hates all that English class rot. He loathes loafers and fears leisure. A man who doesn't work is a waster. He has no use for him. The privileges and responsibilities of birth, breeding, or culture? Nonsense. All men are equal or should be in the eyes of the Lady who stands at the entrance to New York Harbor. "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" He has a vague impression that the French Revolution was a movement which would have commanded his sympathy. It was a revolt against privilege and snobbery, a protest against the right of a class to cultivate idleness and an elaborate technic of pleasure. Our hundred-per-cent American believes in simple pleasures. In spite of his contempt for society he is a gregarious sociable creature who doesn't like to be alone, and he has the habit of crowds, of noise, of hustle and bustle more than anyone; but his pleasures are the pleasures of children. He likes games and he likes toys. A motor car and a gramophone and a pal who plays golf are the only companions he needs outside his family. He is, moreover, the descendant of men with moral convictions somewhat similar to those of the revolutionaries in France, and who sailed to America, carrying an outfit of stern ideals with them in the *Mayflower*. These ideals of our Pilgrim Fathers are still powerful and they have made the normal development of polite society difficult. For worldliness is still considered rather wicked in America.

The fact is that a great many people in the United States who are most fitted by tradition and instinct to lend grace, dignity, and elegance to American Society will have little or nothing to do with it. They don't, as the saying is, go out. Well, the world is the poorer and they perhaps are too. Who can tell? In any case without them social life can never be what it should be. For it should be an art and, if it is to be taken seriously at all, should be judged as architecture, music, or painting are judged. The social life of a nation, or the art of human intercourse as it is practiced in any given country, is the index of its civilization.

Our hundred-per-cent American would not admit this. Most likely he despises art too. Painting, music, poetry, these belong to the woman's world. He knows nothing about them. He has no time to listen to music or look at pictures. If I told him that one of my friends, an officer in the Life Guards, did beautiful needlework, he would immediately jump to the conclusion that the man was an idiot or a milksop and that the British Army would be routed the next time it went into battle. It has not yet occurred to him that variety is the spice of life, and that it is worth while to adorn life with as many beauties, interests, and graces as possible.

But climbing and the social climber have always been words of opprobrium. I wonder why? Except in the nostrils of saints or hermits, why should they have such a nasty odor? Why not admit that snobbery is one of the very greatest forces for refinement in the world? Surely, it is an excellent thing that men and women should learn to discriminate between good food and food, for instance,

or between a loud noise and wit. Surely, unless one is going to withdraw from the world altogether, it is desirable that the men and women in it should treat one another with gentleness, and know how to make themselves agreeable. Compare for a moment the chattering of the monkeys in the zoo with the repartee of a French dinner party. There you have the measure of the dynamic energy contained in the force of snobbery. Snobbery or, in other words, the striving to imitate one's betters, is the humble housemaid in the house of evolution.

The French, who are the great artists in life, have always looked upon social intercourse as one of the fine arts. The manners and modes of the *beau monde* have always seemed to Frenchmen of intelligence worthy of critical attention. The French are stylists. They adore elegance of form; and the style of a social group, perhaps because it is an ephemeral thing and can leave behind it no monument in stone nor portrait on canvas, has for them a special precious interest. The Eighteenth Century in France marked for the Western world the culmination of a social technic that was a creative achievement. Its creation was a thing called taste. It took some hundred years to develop, and it imposed itself as something of absolute value in a world where men were in the habit of massacring one another by thousands for a religious idea or a moral prejudice.

This question of taste is the crux of the whole matter. The function of Society is to make the life of a community agreeable and to add to it grace, beauty, and dignity. The fact is that life in the raw is a dreary business for most people, or an exciting nerve-racking business, an exhausting struggle full of disappointments, failures, hard knocks, and heartbreaks; and men demand relief from this and sympathy, and they want pleasure. They go to one another for these things because they cannot supply them to themselves. They huddle together and band together in the search for pleasure, and this huddling is Society in embryo. Society is simply a community of pleasure-seekers. Its quality and its style depend upon the taste shown by its members in their choice of pleasures. Eighteenth-century France produced the "salon" and the art of conversation and chose wit as its special form of amusement. England evolved the elaborate comfort of the great country house and its lavish decorous hospitality. America—well, America is still choosing. It imitates the French sometimes and sometimes the English. It has built palaces on Palm Beach and has organized many magic cities where stunts and thrills abound. It depends for its enjoyment very largely upon jazz and cocktails and games of contest.

The more subtle pleasures of social life are as yet, for the most part, unknown in America; for they grow on very old vines like bunches of purple grapes that ripen very slowly; and he who would taste their delicate flavor must go gently, else the fragile glass house will come down on his head with a crash, vanish like a dream, and he will find himself stranded in a resort very like Coney Island. There are a great many Coney Islands in the world, but there is very little good society; for taste and a sense of the proper use of leisure are not acquired in a day. Merry-go-rounds and joy barrels, jazz bands and football have nothing to do with the social life of civilized people. They are merely a sign of its non-existence. Children do not know what social intercourse means. Charming little savages, each isolated in his own bounding and eager ego, they meet to engage in make-believe death-struggles, just as all barbarians do. Social life is the antithesis of the football scrimmage. Yet in America many people have not yet learned the difference between the two. The American as a social being is still a child.

III

Good society is like a pudding. It requires certain ingredients. Its founda-

tion must first of all consist of well-bred people. They are the eggs and they must be real. You cannot fake eggs. No one that I've heard of has invented a substitute. There are no patent machine-laid eggs that I know of. By well-bred people I mean gentlefolk, people who by instinct and tradition are gentle with one another and who know that the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would be done by"—is a very good guide to agreeable intercourse with one's neighbors. If the majority in any social group is not gentle, then society breaks down, and you have the football scrimmage and the joy barrel. The second ingredient in the social pudding is intelligence, the third is leisure, and the fourth, alas, is money. Some of the group must have money. Not very much, not too much. If there is too much money about the tendency is to pay professional entertainers and cease to exert yourself; but there must be enough to insure that margin of freedom from toil and worry which is necessary for the elaboration of a technic of enjoyment. These things are absolutely necessary if the pudding is not to go flat and soggy.

Gentleness produces tact and all those ways of showing that you are more interested in other people than in yourself. Gentlefolk may be hypocrites and villains. They may be complete egotists, but they don't show it; and in society it is what appears that is important. Morals are of no importance in society so long as they don't protrude. This is a cynical saying perhaps, but it is true. The young woman who is out to reform the world is not a social creature. The people who feel bound to make a display of intolerance have no place in good society. They are bores. They may be infinitely more worth while to the State and the body politic; that has nothing to do with it. They are out of place in the drawing-room; and society won't tolerate them, not polite society, unless they can drop off their militant bonnets and warlike weapons when they go out to enjoy themselves.

As for intelligence, without intelligence there can be no conversation, and without conversation society again lapses into barbarism. It has so lapsed to a great extent everywhere. Why talk when one can dance? The jazz bands do the talking. Why be witty when one can go to a play? Why, in fact, think or use one's wits at all, when there is so much cheerful noise going on and the champagne is flowing?

Too much alcohol will of course ruin any social pudding. Those who are under its influence are no doubt persuaded that they are conversing. I have sat at dinner tables in America where the men on either side of me, knowing dimly that they wished to say something about the weather or the latest play, went on repeating it again and again till the end of the meal and then were not certain that they had said it. I have also been to an entertainment given in a home for the mentally deficient. The patients sat together watching a comic film, laughing and sniggering. No one was aware of anyone else, though they all talked and babbled, nodded and grimaced to one another. Each was talking to himself, blowing vague sounds from his throat into the great vague shapeless world. A group of tipsy folk are in an exactly similar case. If any of the convives are sober and sane they must necessarily suffer the extremity of boredom.

There are other less important ingredients than those I have mentioned, that give the pudding an extra fine flavor. Indeed, the more spices there are, the richer it will be. Beauty of women is one; though the French can do without this. They prefer above all else that their pudding should be flavored with a caustic and elegant wit. Erudition as something apart from intelligence is good too, but in small doses, lest it give heaviness to the dish. Nothing must be overdone. All the elements must be carefully proportioned and lightly mixed.

The result should be as succulent and complicated as a plum pudding or mince pie and as light as a soufflé. Incidentally, the male and female ingredients must balance. Whatever people say to the contrary, you can't have a society worth the name made up all of women or all of men. A society composed entirely of women becomes in the end hysterical and silly. Men, left in a bunch and told to enjoy themselves, play games for a bit, talk shop for a bit, then go to sleep like so many hibernating bears. One of the great drawbacks to social life in America is that society is almost entirely a woman's affair.

The truth is that, if good society is like a good pudding, American society is more like a popover. It looks like a soufflé. It is a lovely golden color but it is empty inside. There is no body to it and no substance. It contains nothing but air and, since the air of America is very electric, it is likely to explode in your face as you bite. Seriously, who has not noticed it, there is a certain feeling of danger in the air at parties in America—I mean of course respectable and conventional parties—that is quite lacking at similar entertainments in London or Paris. As one enters the great blazing portals of a ballroom one is aware of a peculiar excitement, a menacing vibration in the atmosphere. One is not quite certain what is going to happen. Something strange and unexpected, some wild burst of jubilant energy or some exhibition of primitive passion, seems to promise a thrilling diversion, perhaps even a tragic disruption of the elaborate scheme. The party seems not quite real. It appears to be stretched in midair like a net in a circus, over a rushing torrent of reality that is tremendous and magnificent in itself, but as menacing to the tranquillity of polite society as the Mississippi River in flood.

As one looks about at the faces, listens to the voices, watches the movements of the beautiful girls and lithe young men, one becomes less and less convinced that these people have met together for the sake of the rare pleasure of social intercourse. What they seem to be after is something quite different and much more exciting. Adventure perhaps, or perhaps oblivion. There are, at any rate, always two strong elements at an American ball: those who seek adventure and those who seek oblivion at the bar or in the supper room; and of course the cocktail party—that most famous concoction of American society—is a truly dangerously clever mixture of the two.

It is all very exciting of course and very strange. One is asked out to dinner and gets nothing to eat. I have come home from dinner dances in America faint with hunger because food was put at my place at table while I danced and taken away when I sat down. And I have been to lunch parties of women where the table groaned with good things and no one but myself was indelicate enough to partake of them. The joys of the palate are evidently unknown and completely neglected.

I have also been to dinner parties given in clubs where wine could not be served at table, with the result that the men did not remain at the table two minutes on end, and I spent most of my evening between two empty chairs. And all this takes place in the most elaborate setting. Everything looks quite too lovely. The women are beautiful as exotic birds, their frocks are even more so. The table decorations would make Kew Gardens pale with envy. The silver, the damask, the carpets, the tables and chairs, everything is superlative. It is all golden and glowing. Infinite pains have been taken, thousands of dollars have been spent upon food that no one eats, flowers that no one sniffs, frocks that no one can see, at least that the men don't see. Ah, the men! They are bored. Their attention is elsewhere. If not too exhausted, or too filled with the fumes of alcohol, they are dreaming of oil wells, of machinery, of fields of grain, and prairies dotted with cattle. They are off to Texas, or

Chicago, or Pittsburgh, or Mexico. They are simply not there.

If the poor things had a chance—if the women would only listen to tales of Wall Street or a description of the latest thing in steel girders. . . . But the women won't listen. Talk of business bores them so they do the talking; they chatter on while the men beside them escape behind the semblance of an admiring if somewhat sleepy grin.

The ingredients of the social pudding in America are not right and they are badly mixed. There is too much of one thing and not enough of another, and some essentials are almost completely lacking, while other extraneous astringent substances that have no right to be there are very evident. There is too much money and too much femininity. The amount of money lavished on entertaining is bad because it creates an illusion of brilliance where there is none and makes people socially lazy. The preponderance of the female element, as we've said before, makes for silliness and hysteria and general abnormality. Then, there are not enough gentlefolk and, in fact, not enough Americans. There are too many savages and too many half-breeds and too many questionable foreign adventurers. This makes, particularly in New York, for confusion and chaos in matters of taste and it drives the well-bred people out. They know what they want of Society and, not getting it, they keep away. Finally, there is very little intelligence displayed and almost no wit. The masculine intelligence of America cannot be bothered with social things, and the feminine intelligence, forced in upon itself, becomes an elaborate narcissism which is inimical to the very basis of social intercourse. If every woman at a party has gone there in order to force admiration from an envious world of other women, or from a reluctant and exhausted world of men the chances are that she will go home feeling "peevish."

The whole thing has on the other hand a barbaric splendor. There is a wealth of beauty and of natural bounding animal spirits. It is this that saves it. These wild children have something, they have youth. They are ardent and fiery and electric. They have brains too, some of them, and an inordinate capacity for enjoyment. All the raw materials of social life are theirs, when they choose to use them. At present they don't. At present this great big show called Society in America is a farce, in spite of the emphasis laid upon it, because no one really cares about the pleasures of social life, they only care about fun, adventure, love, money, work, and the biggest country on God's earth that has the future in its grip.

The American voice comes to my ears as I write. "There's plenty of time. Wait a bit. In another couple of hundred years when we're middle-aged and settled down, we'll go in for those hothouse grapes of yours. Just now we're in too much of a hurry. And look here, our popover's all right. Don't make any mistake. If it explodes, well, we like excitement. Fried chicken with waffles and maple syrup is a lot better than any of your French messes. As for parties, gee whiz! what do you know about that? Do you think anyone can teach us how to throw a party or mix a cocktail? And don't be too down on Coney Island either. Our Coney Island's a great place. What I mean is that Coney Island's good enough for us and will be, till we're a lot more tired than we are now."

IV

There is an American story in verse called "The Wild Party" which is creating something of a sensation in London. It is a vivid, ice-cold description, inspired by hatred, of the boozing animal idiocy of a certain savage New York set. The same set was described in a weaker and more frivolous temper by Anita Loos. Mr. Carl Van Vechten would perhaps be surprised did anyone tell him that he often writes of the same sort of people in a slightly different dress.

Mr. Van Vechten's sophisticated social figures are the savages of the Wild Party imitating what they think is the civilization of Europe and cramming themselves with culture as dyspeptic youths cram down undigested facts for exams. Mrs. Wharton gives us something different. Her *Age of Innocence* is a portrait of the polite world of New York as it used to be, and it has something of the same charm that breathes in Henry James's *Washington Square*. But no one writes like that of New York nowadays. How can they? If they did, few would read their stories. The gentle ghost of Washington Square is not interesting to the American public. The skyscrapers have obliterated the old landscape, and the roar of the city drowns the sound of these mild voices and tinkling tea cups.

The lazy charm of the laden tea table, the deep chairs by the drowsy fireside, and the half-dozen men, some hoary-headed and distinguished by achievements in the world of great affairs, talking quietly and without hurry or emphasis of the absurdities of life, to the charming woman whom they have known for twenty years—this sort of thing is, I fancy, unknown in New York. It is English—the stodgy, comfortable, enduring English version of the French salon. New York has no time for it and is antagonistic to what it stands for, since New York, the great machine, is inhuman, and this is the quintessence of human intercourse. The truth is that New York is the enemy of social life just as machines are the enemies of human beings, but it will come all the same. Americans will escape from the machines and build themselves human habitations out of reach of skyscrapers, subways, elevateds, and bars. They will build in the country just as the English have done. They are doing it now. The aristocrats of America are already consciously or unconsciously adopting the English Idea.

Imitation? Yes, why not? Call it rather adaptation, by the knowing, of the very best that an older country has achieved. For the best is the best and endures because it is the best. The Wild Party is having its day and will drop out of sight. There will always be wild parties just as there always have been in any Nero's Rome or Ancient Babylon, but they will be ignored in time by artists in life, or noted merely as the freakish expression of men's capacity for beastliness. It is not, after all, the drunken orgy that makes an epoch or stamps a civilization.

Leisure will come to American life and the knowledge of how to enjoy it. Frenzied youth will be put in its place by wise old age and middle age. The mellow qualities of old port will win out against the kick of the cocktail, and the life of the country house will become the center of social life. It won't be, of course, so very like England. The climate and the soil and the geography of the United States will mold it. It will be wider and more magnificent. It will always contain greater contrasts and more excitement. The summers will be hotter, and winters will bring sharper frosts. Distances won't count. Airplanes will whirl men for hundreds of miles back and forth from offices in American towns to their homes in Carolina or the Catskills, to ranches in Colorado or on plantations in Kentucky and Tennessee. The point is that the mountains and the prairies, the forests and the rivers will impose themselves upon the life of men. And the talk will be of shooting and foxhunting, of racing and fishing, of cattle breeding and horse breeding. And the animal and vegetable kingdoms will reign just as in England because horses and dogs and prize cattle and pigs will be the real luxuries of life, not machines. Machines will be cheap and will lose their fascination. Even New York will be ignored by indifferent men of leisure. They will use it just as the great families of England use London. It may even be that, in time, in a very long time, they will make it human.

THE NEW VISION OF SCIENCE

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THE attitude which the man in the street unconsciously adopts toward science is capricious and varied. At one moment he scorns the scientist for a highbrow, at another anathematizes him for blasphemously undermining his religion; but at the mention of a name like Edison he falls into a coma of veneration. When he stops to think, he does recognize, however, that the whole atmosphere of the world in which he lives is tinged by science, as is shown most immediately and strikingly by our modern conveniences and material resources. A little deeper thinking shows him that the influence of science goes much farther and colors the entire mental outlook of modern civilized man on the world about him. Perhaps one of the most telling evidences of this is his growing freedom from superstition. Freedom from superstition is the result of the conviction that the world is not governed by caprice, but that it is a world of order and can be understood by man if he will only try hard enough and be clever enough. This conviction that the world is understandable is, doubtless, the most important single gift of science to civilization. The widespread acceptance of this view can be dated to the discovery by Newton of the universal sway of the law of gravitation; and for this reason Newton may be justly regarded as the most important single contributor to modern life.

The point of view for which Newton is responsible is well exemplified by the remark often made that every particle of matter in the universe attracts to some extent every other particle, even though the attraction is almost inconceivably minute. There is thus presented to the mind a sublime picture of the interrelatedness of all things; all things are subject to law, and the universe is in this respect a unit. As a corollary to this conviction about the structure of the universe, an equally important conviction as to man's place in the universe has been growing up; man feels more and more that he is in a congenial universe, that he is part and parcel of everything around him, that the same laws that make things outside him go also make him go, and that, therefore, he can, by taking sufficient pains, understand these laws. These two theses so closely related—that the world is a world of order and that man can find the guiding motif of this order—have come to be the tacit cardinal articles of faith of the man of science, and from him have diffused through the entire social structure, so that now some such conviction essentially colors the thinking of every educated person. It is to be emphasized that the justification for this conviction is entirely in experience; it is true that, as man has grown older and acquired more extensive acquaintance with nature and pondered more deeply, he has been increasingly successful in reducing the world about him to order and understandability. It has been most natural to generalize this experience into the conviction that

this sort of thing will always be possible, and to believe that as we delve constantly deeper we shall always be able to give a rational account of what we find, although very probably the difficulties will become continually greater.

The thesis of this article is that the age of Newton is now coming to a close, and that recent scientific discoveries have in store an even greater revolution in our entire outlook than the revolution effected by the discovery of universal gravitation by Newton. The revolution that now confronts us arises from the recent discovery of new facts, the only interpretation of which is that our conviction that nature is understandable and subject to law arose from the narrowness of our horizons, and that if we sufficiently extend our range we shall find that nature is intrinsically and in its elements neither understandable nor subject to law.

The task of the rest of this article is twofold. In the first place I shall try to give some suggestion of the nature of the physical evidence and of the reasoning that has forced the physicist to the conclusion that nature is constituted in this way. This task is by no means easy; for not only is it impossible to indicate more than very partially the physical evidence, but it is often necessary to compress into a few sentences steps in the reasoning that can be completely justified only by long and difficult mathematical or logical analysis. The second part of the task is to envisage a few of the far-reaching consequences on the whole outlook of mankind of the acceptance of the view that this is actually the structure of nature. This aspect of the situation can be appreciated without a detailed grasp of the preliminary analysis.

II

The new experimental facts are in the realm of quantum phenomena. Comparatively little has been written for popular consumption about this new realm which has opened in the last fifteen years. The man in the street has been much more interested in relativity, which to him has seemed extremely interesting and revolutionary. Occasionally, however, there has filtered down to him the news that nearly all the theoretical physicists are occupied with a new order of phenomena which they find very much more exciting and revolutionary than any in the realm of relativity. For after all is said and done, the practical effects of relativity, measured in dollars and cents or in centimeters and grams, are exceedingly small, and require specially designed experiments executed by men of the highest skill to show their existence at all. The phenomena with which quantum theory deals, on the other hand, are of the greatest practical importance and involve the simplest aspects of everyday life. For example, before the advent of quantum theory no one could explain why a tea kettle of water boiling on the stove should not give out enough light in virtue of its temperature to be visible in the dark; the accepted theories of optics demanded that it should be visible, but every burned child knew that it was not.

One reason that the man in the street has not sensed this new domain is that it is much more difficult to explain than relativity; this is partly due to the nature of the subject, and partly also to the fact that the physicist himself does not understand the subject as well. I shall not in this article rush in where the angels have not ventured, but it is, nevertheless, necessary to try to give a glimmering of an idea of what it is all about.

Although all the phenomena of ordinary life are really quantum phenomena, they do not begin to stand out unequivocally in their quantum aspect and admit of no other interpretation until we have penetrated very far down into the realm of small things and have arrived at the atoms and electrons themselves. It must not be pretended that the nature of the quantum phenomena met

in this realm of small things is by any means completely understood; but a suggestive characterization of the general situation is that atomicity or discontinuity is an even more pervading characteristic of the structure of the universe than had been previously supposed. In fact the name, "quantum," was suggested by the atomicity.

We were a long time in convincing ourselves of the atomic structure of ordinary matter; although this was guessed by the poets as early as the beginning of the Christian era, it was not generally accepted as proved, even by physicists, until the beginning of this century. The next step was the discovery of the atomic structure of electricity; there are indivisible units of positive and negative electricity, and the atoms of matter are constructed of atoms of electricity. This situation was not even guessed until about 1890; the proof and acceptance of the doctrine have taken place within the memory of the majority of the readers of this article. Finally comes the discovery that, not only is matter doubly atomic in its structure, but that there is an atomicity in the way in which one piece of matter acts on another. This is perhaps best understood in the case of optical phenomena. It used to be thought that light was infinitely subdivisible—that I could, for example, receive at pleasure on the film of my camera either the full intensity of the sun's radiation, or, by interposing a sufficiently small stop, that I could cut the intensity of the light down to anything this side of nothing at all. This is now known not to be true; but the light which we receive from the sun is atomic in structure, like an almost inconceivably fine rain composed of indivisible individual drops, rather than like the continuous flood of infinitely subdivisible radiation that we had supposed. If I close the stop of my camera too much I may receive nothing at all on the film, or I may receive a single one of the drops in the rain of radiation, but there is no step between one drop and nothing. The recognition that radiation has this property means that in some respects we have come back very close to Newton's ideas about light.

The proof that this is the structure of light can be given in many ways. Perhaps the most illuminating for our purpose is that discovered by Arthur Compton, for which he received the Nobel prize. Compton's discovery consisted in finding that the drops of radiation behave in certain ways like the material drops of ordinary rain; they have energy and mass and momentum, which means that when they collide with matter they behave in some respects very much as ordinary bodies do. The laws which govern the interaction or collision of ordinary bodies are known to any graduate of a high-school course in physics; he could calculate what would happen after two billiard balls had collided provided we would tell him exactly how each of the balls was moving before the collision, and what were the elastic properties of the materials of which the balls are composed. In making the calculation he would use, among other things, the two fundamental principles of the conservation of energy and the conservation of momentum. Now Compton showed that what happens when a drop, or better a bullet, of radiation collides with an electron is also governed by the same two fundamental principles. The proof consisted in showing that the way in which the electron rebounds is connected with the way in which the bullet rebounds by equations deduced from these principles; this is one of the features which makes Compton's discovery of such a fundamental importance.

But Compton's experiment contains another feature, and it is this which seems destined to revolutionize the thinking of civilization. Go back to the billiard-ball analogy: An expert billiard player can, by proper manipulation of the cue ball, make the two balls rebound from the collision as he wishes; this

involves the ability to predict how the balls will move after collision from their behavior before collision. We should expect by analogy to be able to do the same thing for a collision between a bullet of radiation and an electron; but the fact is that it never has been done and, if our present theories are correct, in the nature of things never can be done. It is true that, if someone will tell me how the electron bounces away, I can tell, on the basis of the equations given by Compton's theory, how the bullet of radiation bounces away, or conversely; but no one has ever been able to tell how both will bounce away. Billiards, played with balls like this, even by a player of infinite skill, would degenerate into a game of pure chance.

This unpredictable feature has been seized and incorporated as one of the corner stones in the new theory of quantum mechanics, which has so stirred the world of physicists in the last three years. It has received implicit formulation in the "Principle of Uncertainty" of Heisenberg, a principle which I believe is fraught with the possibility of greater change in mental outlook than was ever packed into an equal number of words. The exact formulation of the principle, which is very brief, is framed in too technical language to reproduce here, but I shall try to give the spirit of the principle. The essence of it is that there are certain inherent limitations to the accuracy with which a physical situation can be described. Of course we have always recognized that all our physical measurements are necessarily subject to error; but it has always been thought that, if we took pains enough and were sufficiently clever, no bounds could be set to the accuracy which we might some day achieve. Heisenberg's principle states, on the other hand, that the ultimately possible accuracy of our measurements is limited in a curious and unsuspected way. There is no limit to the accuracy with which we can describe (or measure) any one quality in a physical situation, but if we elect to measure one thing accurately we pay a price in our inability to measure some other thing accurately. Specifically, in Compton's experiment, the principle states that we can measure the position of the electron as accurately as we choose, but in so doing we must sacrifice by a compensating amount the possibility of accurately measuring its velocity. In particular, if we measure with perfect accuracy the position of the electron, we have thereby denied ourselves the possibility of making any measurement at all of its velocity.

The meaning of the fact that it is impossible to measure exactly both the position and velocity of the electron may be paradoxically stated to be that an electron cannot have both position and velocity. The justification of this is to be found in the logical analysis of the meaning of our physical concepts which has been stimulated by the relativity theory of Einstein. On careful examination the physicist finds that in the sense in which he uses language no meaning at all can be attached to a physical concept which cannot ultimately be described in terms of some sort of measurement. A body has position only in so far as its position can be measured; if its position cannot in principle be measured, the concept of position applied to the body is meaningless, or in other words, a position of the body does not exist. Hence if both the position and velocity of the electron cannot in principle be measured, the electron cannot have both position and velocity; position and velocity as expressions of properties which an electron can simultaneously have are meaningless. To carry the paradox one step farther, by choosing whether I shall measure the position or velocity of the electron I thereby determine whether the electron has position or velocity. The physical properties of the electron are not absolutely inherent in it, but involve also the choice of the observer.

Return to the analogy of the billiard ball. If we ask our high-school physicist

what he must be told before he can predict how the billiard balls will rebound after collision, he will say that, unless he is told both how fast the balls are traveling when they collide, and also what their relative positions are at the moment of collision he can do very little. But this is exactly the sort of thing that the Heisenberg principle says no one can ever tell; so that our high-school computer would never be able to predict how a bullet of radiation and an electron behave after collision, and no more could we. This means that in general when we get down to fine-scale phenomena the detailed results of interaction between the individual elements of which our physical world are composed are essentially unpredictable.

This principle has been built into a theory, and the theory has been checked in many ways against experiment, and always with complete success. One of the consequences of which the man in the street has heard a good deal is that an electron has some of the properties of waves, as shown so strikingly in the experiments of Davisson and Germer. Of course no one can say that some day a fact may not be discovered contrary to the principle, but up to the present there is no evidence of it; and it is certain that something very much like this principle, if not this principle exactly, covers an enormously wide range of phenomena. In fact the principle probably governs every known type of action between different parts of our physical universe. One reason that this principle has not been formulated before is that the error which it tells us is inherent in all measurement is so small that only recently have methods become accurate enough to detect it. The error is unimportant, and indeed immeasurably small when we are dealing with the things of ordinary life. The extreme minuteness of the effect can be illustrated again with the billiard balls. Suppose that at the instant of collision the position of the balls is known with an uncertainty no greater than the diameter of a single atom, a precision very much higher than has ever been attained. Then the principle says that it is impossible to measure the velocity of the balls without a related uncertainty; but on figuring it out we find that this uncertainty is so small that after the lapse of one hundred thousand years, assuming a billiard table large enough for the balls to continue rolling for one hundred thousand years, the additional uncertainty in the position of the balls arising from the uncertainty in the velocity would again be only the diameter of a single atom. The error becomes important only when we are concerned with the ultimately small constituents of things, such as the action between one atom and another or between an atom of radiation and an electron.

III

It is easy to see why the discovery that nature is constituted in this way, and in particular is essentially unpredictable, has been so enormously upsetting. For the ability to predict a happening is tied up with our ideas of cause and effect. When we say that the future is causally determined by the present we mean that if we are given a complete description of the present the future is completely determined, or in other words, the future is the effect of the present, which is the cause. This causal relation is a bilateral relation; given the cause, the effect is determined, or given the effect, the cause may be deduced. But this means, in the particular case that we have been considering of collision between a bullet of radiation and an electron, that the causal connection does not exist, for if it did the way in which the electron rebounds after the collision would be determined, that is, it could be predicted, in terms of what happens before the collision. Conversely, it is of course impossible to reconstruct from the way in which the electron and the radiation rebound the way in which they were moving before collision. Hence the

rebound of the electron is not causally connected with what goes before.

The same situation confronts the physicist everywhere; whenever he penetrates to the atomic or electronic level in his analysis, he finds things acting in a way for which he can assign no cause, for which he never can assign a cause, and for which the concept of cause has no meaning, if Heisenberg's principle is right. This means nothing more nor less than that the law of cause and effect must be given up. The precise reason that the law of cause and effect fails can be paradoxically stated; it is not that the future is not determined in terms of a complete description of the present, but that in the nature of things the present cannot be completely described.

The failure of the law of cause and effect has been exploited by a number of German physicists, who have emphasized the conclusion that we are thus driven to recognize that the universe is governed by pure chance; this conclusion does not, I believe, mean quite what appears on the surface, but in any event we need not trouble ourselves with the further implications of this statement, in spite of their evident interest.

One may be sure that a principle as revolutionary in its implications as this, which demands the sacrifice of what had become the cardinal article of faith of the physicist, has not been accepted easily, but there has been a great deal of pondering and searching of fundamentals.

The result of all this pondering has been to discover in the principle an inevitableness, which when once understood, is so convincing that we have already almost ceased to kick against the pricks. This inevitableness is rooted in the structure of knowledge. It is a commonplace that we can never know anything about anything without getting into some sort of connection with it, either direct or indirect. We, or someone else, must smell the object, or taste it, or touch it, or hear it, or see it, or it must affect some other object which can affect our senses either directly or indirectly, before we can know anything about it, even its existence. This means that no knowledge of any physical property or of even mere existence is possible without interaction; in fact these terms have no meaning apart from interaction. Formerly, if this aspect of the situation was thought of at all, it would have been dismissed as merely of academic interest, of no pertinence at all, and the justification of this would have been found in the supposed possibility of making the inevitable interaction as small as we pleased. The defender of the old point of view might have flippantly remarked that a cat may look at a king, by which he would have meant that the act of observation has no effect on the object. But even in the old days a captious critic might have objected to this easy self-satisfaction by pointing out that light exerts a pressure, so that light cannot pass from the king to the cat without the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical repulsion between them. This remark of the captious critic now ceases to be merely academic because of the discovery that light itself is atomic in structure, so that at least one bullet of radiation must pass if any light at all passes, and the king cannot be observed at all without the exertion of that minimum amount of mechanical repulsion which corresponds to a single bullet.

This evidently alters the entire situation. The mere act of giving meaning through observation to any physical property of a thing involves a certain minimum amount of interaction. Now if there are definite characteristics associated with the minimum interaction, it is conceivable that no observation of anything whatever can be made without entraining certain universal consequences, and this turns out to be the case. Let us return again to the useful billiard-ball analogy. What must our high-school calculator know in order completely to calculate the behavior of the balls after collision?

Evidently, if he is to give a complete description of the motion, that is, give in addition to direction and velocity of motion the exact time at which the balls are in any particular location, he must know how long the collision lasts. This means that the act of collision itself must be analyzed. This analysis is actually possible, and in fact rapid-moving pictures have been taken, showing in detail how the balls are deformed during their contact together.

Returning now to the collision between a bullet of radiation and an electron, in order to determine completely the behavior after collision we must similarly analyze the details of the process of collision. In particular, if we want to predict where the electron is after collision we must analyze the collision sufficiently to be able to say how fast the electron is moving at each instant of the collision. But how shall this analysis be made? If the analysis means anything, it must involve the possibility of observation; and observation involves interaction; and interaction cannot be reduced below a minimum. But the collision, or interaction, between the electron and radiation that we are analyzing is itself the minimum interaction. It is obvious that we cannot discover fine details with an instrument as coarse as the thing that we are trying to analyze, so that the necessary analysis of the minimum interaction can never be made, and hence has no meaning, because of our fundamental dictum that things which cannot in principle be measured have no meaning. Therefore, the act of collision cannot be analyzed, the electron and radiation during collision have no measurable properties, and the ordinary concepts, which depend on these properties, do not apply during collision, and have no meaning. In particular, the ordinary concept of velocity does not apply to the act of collision, and we are prepared to expect something curious as the result of the collision. In fact, the detailed working out of the theory shows that the meaninglessness of velocity during the act of collision carries with it the consequence that the electron emerges from the collision with a certain nebulosity or indefiniteness in properties such as position, which according to the old point of view depend on the velocity, and it is precisely this nebulosity which is described in Heisenberg's principle.

The infinitesimal world thus takes on a completely new aspect, and it will doubtless be a long while before the average human mind finds a way of dealing satisfactorily with a situation so foreign to ordinary experience. Almost the first necessity is a renunciation of our present verbal habits and of their implications. It is extraordinarily difficult to deal with this new situation with our present forms of expression, and the exposition of this paper is no exception. The temptation is almost irresistible to say and to think that the electron *really* has *both* position and velocity, only the trouble is that our methods of measurement are subject to some limitation which prevents us from measuring both simultaneously. An attitude like this is justified by all the experience of the past, because we have always been able hitherto to continue to refine our methods of measurement after we had apparently reached the end. But here we are confronted by a situation which in principle contains something entirely novel, and the old expectations are no longer valid. The new situation cannot be adequately dealt with until long-continued familiarity with the new facts produces in our subconsciousness as instinctive a grasp as that which we now have of the familiar relations of everyday experience.

IV

The implications of this discovery are evidently most far-reaching. Let us first consider the scientific implications and, in particular, the implications for physics. The physicist is here brought to the end of his domain. The record of

physics up to the present has been one of continued expansion, ever penetrating deeper and deeper, and always finding structure on a finer and finer scale beyond previous achievement. Several times in the past even eminent physicists have permitted themselves the complacent announcement that we were in sight of the end, and that the explanation of all things was in our hands. But such predictions have always been set at naught by the discovery of finer details, until the average physicist feels an instinctive horror of the folly of prediction. But here is a situation new and unthought of. We have reached the point where knowledge must stop because of the nature of knowledge itself: beyond this point meaning ceases.

It may seem that we are getting back pretty close to the good Bishop Berkeley, but I think that actually nothing could be wider of the mark. We are not saying that nothing exists where there is no consciousness to perceive it; we are saying that existence has meaning only when there is interaction with other existence, but direct contact with consciousness need not come until the end of a long chain. The logician will have no trouble in showing that this description of the situation is internally self-contradictory and does not make sense; but I believe that, nevertheless, the sympathetic reader will be able to see what the situation is, and will perhaps subscribe to the opinion that to describe it the development of a new language is necessary.

The physicist thus finds himself in a world from which the bottom has dropped clean out; as he penetrates deeper and deeper it eludes him and fades away by the highly unsportsmanlike device of just becoming meaningless. No refinement of measurement will avail to carry him beyond the portals of this shadowy domain which he cannot even mention without logical inconsistency. A bound is thus forever set to the curiosity of the physicist. What is more, the mere existence of this bound means that he must give up his most cherished convictions and faith. The world is not a world of reason, understandable by the intellect of man, but as we penetrate ever deeper, the very law of cause and effect, which we had thought to be a formula to which we could force God Himself to subscribe, ceases to have meaning. The world is not intrinsically reasonable or understandable; it acquires these properties in ever-increasing degree as we ascend from the realm of the very little to the realm of everyday things; here we may eventually hope for an understanding sufficiently good for all practical purposes, but no more.

The thesis that this is the structure of the world was not reached by armchair meditation, but it is the interpretation of direct experiment. Now all experiment is subject to error, and no one can say that some day new experimental facts may not be found incompatible with our present interpretation; all we can say is that at present we have no glimmering of such a situation. But whether or not the present interpretation will survive, a vision has come to the physicist in this experience which he will never forget; the possibility that the world may fade away, elude him, and become meaningless because of the nature of knowledge itself, has never been envisaged before, at least by the physicist, and this possibility must forever keep him humble.

When this view of the structure of nature has once been accepted by physicists after a sufficiently searching experimental probe, it is evident that there will be a complete revolution in the aspect of all the other physical sciences. The mental outlook will change; the mere feeling that boundaries are set to man's inquiry will produce a subtle change of attitude no less comprehensive in its effects than the feeling, engendered by Newton's conquest of celestial mechanics, that the universe was a universe of order accessible to the mind of man. The immediate effect on scientific inquiry will be to divert effort away from

the more obviously physical fields back to the fields of greater complication, which have been passed over by the physicist in his progress toward the ultimately little, especially the field of biology.

Another important result of the realization of the structure of the world is that the scientist will see that his program is finite. The scientist is perhaps only a passing phase in the evolution of man; after unguessable years it is not impossible that his work will be done, and the problems of mankind will become for each individual the problem of best ordering his own life. Or it may be that the program of the scientist, although finite, will turn out to need more time than the life of the world itself.

But doubtless by far the most important effect of this revolution will not be on the scientist, but on the man in the street. The immediate effect will be to let loose a veritable intellectual spree of licentious and debauched thinking. This will come from the refusal to take at its true value the statement that it is meaningless to penetrate much deeper than the electron, and will have the thesis that there *is really* a domain beyond, only that man with his present limitations is not fitted to enter this domain. The temptation to deal with the situation in this way is one that not many who have not been trained in careful methods of thinking will be able to resist—one reason is in the structure of language. Thought has a predisposition to certain tendencies merely because of the necessity of expressing itself in words. This has already been brought out sufficiently by the discussion above; we have seen how difficult it is to express in words the fact that the universe fades away from us by becoming meaningless without the implication that there really is something beyond the verge of meaning.

The man in the street will, therefore, twist the statement that the scientist has come to the end of meaning into the statement that the scientist has penetrated as far as he can with the tools at his command, and that there is something beyond the ken of the scientist. This imagined beyond, which the scientist has proved he cannot penetrate, will become the playground of the imagination of every mystic and dreamer. The existence of such a domain will be made the basis of an orgy of rationalizing. It will be made the substance of the soul; the spirits of the dead will populate it; God will lurk in its shadows; the principle of vital processes will have its seat here; and it will be the medium of telepathic communication. One group will find in the failure of the physical law of cause and effect the solution of the age-long problem of the freedom of the will; and on the other hand the atheist will find the justification of his contention that chance rules the universe.

Doubtless generations will be needed to adjust our thinking so that it will spontaneously and freely conform to our knowledge of the actual structure of the world. It is probable that new methods of education will have to be painfully developed and applied to very young children in order to inculcate the instinctive and successful use of habits of thought so contrary to those which have been naturally acquired in meeting the limited situations of everyday life. This does not mean at all that the new methods of thought will be less well adapted than those we now have to meet the situations of everyday life, but on the contrary, since thought will conform to reality, understanding and conquest of the world about us will proceed at an accelerated pace. I venture to think that there will also eventually be a favorable effect on man's character; the mean man will react with pessimism, but a certain courageous nobility is needed to look a situation like this in the face. And in the end, when man has fully partaken of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, there will be this difference between the first Eden and the last, that man will not become as a god, but will remain forever humble.

HIS SUNSETS

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT WAS just the way he had wanted to die, when dying should become a necessary gesture. Even the pain was not unwelcome, for those attacks were rare and brief, and the intervals between them were clearer, more useful to him, than days and hours of painless increasing weakness could have been. He seemed to recuperate when the pain went, to be quite himself for a little time. Yet he was aware that the intervals between his acute attacks, though they were growing longer, and the pain itself, when it came, less bad, were becoming less valid, less clear. He was going to muddle down to the grave like everyone else, in the end. But it wasn't going to be much longer now. The worthless heart was ready to stop, any time.

No, it hadn't been bad at all, this "last illness," once he had accepted it. Of course Miles Carruth had not wanted to die; but from the moment he knew that death and invalidism were his alternatives, he was passionately on the side of death. He had never wished to die suddenly, as most of us do: he had wanted a warning. The warning had antedated his dissolution by just the right period. He had had time enough to savor his memories, and not time enough to brood, to acquire the dreadful moribund habit. He hadn't lost his personality; he could feel his "faculties" still stirring within him; he had only to cock an eye at the nurses to realize that his charm still worked. He would have hated to go out as a continuing glassy stare.

It was full spring, before the year had grown up to savage summer. The sun flowed through his windows magnanimously and tenderly, and the delicate flowers—not too many—brought him the perfumes he liked best. Angela, the perfect wife, was the perfect companion. He did mind losing Angela—yet what, in heaven's name, would he do with Angela if he could take her with him? She belonged in this home they had so casually and charmingly made; belonged in their full, exciting life; belonged with him, wherever he took his grace and power among men—his shield and amulet. She certainly did not belong in a grave. And, by the way, she would be in a grave if she didn't leave him more, get some air and exercise. Already she was paling, getting patches of wan flesh under her eyes and wrinkles round a mouth too often compressed. He couldn't have her losing her looks before he died—he needed them to the very end. He would insist on her going out for a walk or a drive this very afternoon. He wasn't going to crack for a few days yet. He wanted her to look her best at his deathbed, even at the funeral. He wouldn't see her in St. Stephen's, but the others would.

Besides, he had an increasing, comfortable desire to express himself once more in a familiar gesture. This dying before you died, living among mortuary lilies and saying supreme and ultimate things to your wife, composing your features to face eternity, wasn't his way. When he didn't feel himself Miles Carruth, to his finger tips, he would shut his eyes and

lock his lips. Just to prove to himself that he was Miles Carruth, he would play, once more, on sensibilities that didn't matter; get his effect (and know that he was getting it) though he couldn't see the poor dears register. He didn't have to see them; he knew their tears and flushes by heart. Though no one mattered to him but Angela, it was a necessary part of his life to play on these other women and note the perfection of his own technic. Cruel to the women? Why, like all *virtuosi*, he loved his instrument while he played it, wouldn't have hurt it for the world. Can you imagine Kreisler stamping on his Strad?

Having disposed of what they ridiculously called his luncheon, he broached it to Angela.

"You are pale as anything. You must get out into this ripping weather this afternoon. A long walk would be best, but if you don't feel like that, there's the car."

Angela smiled upon him. She did not need to phrase anything, for they understood each other marvellously well.

"Miss Holbrook." He crooked a finger at the day nurse. "She's looking rottenly ill. Tell her there's no reason on earth why she shouldn't."

"But, Miles," Angela Carruth began.

"Yes, I know. I might crack any time, and you want to be there. I don't know that I want you there, anyhow, when that happens, darling. I imagine one always looks—and is—an awful fool at the very last. But if you have a gruesome desire to witness it—"

She shed no tears, only smiled deeper and deeper into his eyes.

"My darling child," he went on, "you mustn't thwart an invalid. I'm not going to die to-day. I know I'm not. Cross my heart!" He took her fingers to make the childish gesture with. "I want you fit, dear. You don't know how I need your fitness."

Angela Carruth knew every intonation of that voice. She had heard him plead a hundred times; seen human beings sway and succumb like grain before a wind. She herself had always succumbed.

"I'm quite all right, Miles. Truly."

"You're not. You're turning into an old woman. The beastly soul eats up the only less beastly body. I can't have it. Out you go. Doesn't she, Miss Holbrook?"

"I really think, for an hour or two, you might as well, Mrs. Carruth."

"You haven't stuck your blessed nose out for days and days. And you show it. Oh, Angie dear, how you do show it!"

"I'm sorry I show it, Miles. But I'd rather stay." She knew, as she spoke, that she would have to go. She couldn't risk even the mildest altercation. If her pallor and weariness were worrying him, that settled it. Nothing must worry him—for every reason. "I thought we'd begin Mellowes' new book."

"'Springes to catch woodcocks'!" He laughed outright. "Mellowes, who is a silly ass, shall charm us later. I'm feeling very well, and I have other fish to fry."

"You are *not* going to make another will," Angela Carruth said firmly. "You've made so many already that Mr. Asch is desperate. You never change anything essential. If there are any new frills, you can tell me about them, and I'll make a note of them. But I am quite outdone with your wills."

Carruth laughed, and the sun was in his throat as he laughed. It always had been.

"Oh, no, that game is played out. I don't care who has what. You can change all the tags on all the mementoes if you want to. Only, don't you give Asch Sarah Bernhardt's corset."

"I'll give Sarah Bernhardt's corset to your Aunt Fanny, if you aren't reasonable. And tell her just how and when you got it."

"Ah, don't," he pleaded. "Then she wouldn't wear black for me, and I do want Aunt Fanny to mourn. You've never seen her mourn. I have. I'm fond of New York—it's been good to me.

It deserves to see Aunt Fanny in mourning. . . . My precious"—she heard the sun set splendidly in his voice, as she had so often heard it before—"I truly want you to get a breath of air. It worries me as nothing else could, your being so pale . . . my lovely darling." It went off to a silver whisper.

She bent over him. "All right—Miles. For a little while. But what is it you want to do? Couldn't I help?"

"When you come in, yes. Not now. Miss Holbrook will do what I want."

He was not only concerned for her, she saw; he had some plan for which her absence was necessary: something Miss Holbrook could do better than she—something, perhaps, that she would interfere with by staying. On every score, she must go—and she went, quietly.

"Now, Miss Holbrook," said Carruth, "I want some letter paper, please, and my bed table, and that beastly fountain pen. It's all right—this is the time you let me sit up in bed, you know. I won't be long at it."

She propped him up slightly and gave him what he wanted; but before taking the pen in his hand, he thought for a little, knitting his brows. "Which?" he whispered to himself. "It's hard to choose. I must be eclectic." He raised his voice. "My address book, please, Miss Holbrook. No, not that one—it's all business. The purple one in the second drawer. Thank you."

He addressed the envelopes and laid them aside, then pulled a sheet of note paper towards him. The first sentences were easy—the fact that you are going to die almost immediately is the best of light gambits. Then, too, a dying man may uncover any memories he pleases, and twist them as he likes. After the very first it was not so easy. He must find words that would ring true for any woman since his strength would not suffice to the creation of more than one formula. That, in itself, was a pretty problem.

Carruth closed his eyes, remembering their faces, their voices, the separate music of them, now conjoined and flowing towards him, over him, soothing him with an old assurance. He would be dead presently, but from his grave he could still "start" something; from the grave, he could still give pleasure and pain. What was life worth except as it enabled you to deal pleasure and pain according to your desire? Couldn't he trust them (and a score of others) to mourn him sufficiently? Well: each would mourn more richly for the little hint that she was last in his thoughts. Not pain, but a richer regret—that was what he wanted to give.

Miles hit at last on the delicate grave sentences that would do for these so different women. He had never been heavy-handed; he was not heavy-handed now. The weight of the letters lay not in their phrasing, but in their being the last anyone would ever get from Miles Carruth. Just a breath of remembered scent across their gardens . . . no, you never really had me, but I never quite forgot, for you were different from all the rest. No denial of Angela, no magnifying of light loves, no departure, since he had indeed remembered them, from truth. Yes, the letters would do admirably. He signed them, placed them in their envelopes, let Miss Holbrook take away his apparatus, and waited, resting, for Angela.

She came, not long after, a little color in her face—not so much from the exercise she had painfully and obediently taken as from the excitement of coming back to Miles and finding him still there. He opened his eyes and smiled at her humorously. There was a deal of Puck in Miles Carruth, and Angela had always given Puck her hand. He counted on her doing so now.

"How do you feel, Miles?" She tried not to ask him that every five minutes, but surely, after an absence, it was permitted.

"Oh, the same old thing. It's getting time for the hypodermic."

"Did you do what you wanted to do?"

"Yes. Here they are." He stuffed

the letters into her hand. "See?" He expected her, evidently, to relish his little game.

Angela read the addresses swiftly. "Dear, if you want to see anyone, you'd better let me telephone. Not that I think the doctors would let you see anyone unnecessarily."

"Lord, Angie, if I'd wanted to see anyone I'd have told you. No, I should grin them out of the room if they came. Heavens, no! I just want you to put those in a safe place and post them the minute I'm gone."

Her face contracted, but she did not protest. "Don't you want to seal them?"

"Do I ever seal a letter if I can help it? I hate sealing letters. You seal them for me, dear."

It was true, she reflected. Miles always hated sealing and stamping things. "Very well. I'll seal them now."

"Aren't you going to read them?"

He sounded so like a child—a child who, in his egotism, confuses your curiosity with your affection—that she smiled pityingly, in spite of herself. "I don't doubt they're beautiful, Miles dear, but I think it would be kinder if I didn't."

"I don't think they could mind your reading these letters. They'd never know, anyhow."

"No, of course not. All the same, I think it's better manners if I don't. But, Miles dear," she went on, "are you sure you don't want them posted now? Won't the date make it seem as if—as if they'd been purposely held up?" If he wanted to do this kind of thing, she meant to tell him, he had better do it correctly.

"Oh, Angie!" He was reproachful. "Don't you trust my technic any better than that? If you had read them" ("as you should have done" his tone seemed to hint) "you would have seen there was no date. Each one is headed 'The last day, probably, that I shall be able to write.'"

"Miles, you are cruel!"

He knew what she meant—cruel to *her*. "Yes, darling, it was horrid of me. Forgive me. I've no reason to suppose it's true, physically. But I doubt if, ever again, I'd have had a strong enough impulse. So, in that way, it *is* true." He panted a little as the nurse entered. "Yes, Miss Holbrook, I'm quite ready for your errand of mercy." He gave one hand to Angela, who held it firmly while the needle went in.

Three days afterwards, when night fell on the house suddenly made masterless, Angela Carruth slipped out, under a heavy veil, and put the letters into the post-box at the street corner. The pile on the hall table she left for others to attend to. She had promised Miles, and she must needs keep her promise, but she was glad to have them out of her hands and to be done forever with Miles's many ladies. With Miles there, she had been able to share his amusement. With Miles gone, the joke was gone. They were really more than she could bear.

St. Stephen's had emptied at last. First, the swathed widow and her kin, then the honorary pall-bearers and the coffin with its great robe of woven roses and forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley; then all the friends, acquaintances, representatives of clubs, guilds, professions, and the general public that disliked to miss such a show of solemn magnificence. The organ had moaned out its last notes; the very echoes of "Jerusalem the Golden" were dead in nave and choir.

Viola Payne, still on her knees in the darkening transept, was waiting to leave the church alone. She had a fancy for going out in a sort of pious solitude, pretending that the memorial service was all for her, panoply of her sole sorrow, being, for a moment, chief mourner. Could anyone mourn more than she, even his wife? That was not for her to judge; yet Viola said to herself that Angela Carruth had at least loved Miles a shorter time than she. She antedated Angela.

It was hard to leave the place where,

for the last time in her life, she would have been near Miles Carruth; but she could not linger in an empty church. Moreover, he was gone. By no figment of reasoning was Miles Carruth giving her warrant to stay here longer. One forget-me-not had dropped near her from the catafalque, and she bent to pick it up and press it in her prayer book. Then she rose, to hurry through the empty church to her car.

A sobbing figure, half way down the nave, crouched in a pew, arrested her. Viola, belated and solitary, felt suddenly responsible. She had thought herself the sole survivor of that service; here was another, to be pulled to land.

"Can I do anything?" she murmured as she bent over the other woman.

The woman, in tailored black and white—Viola herself was in midnight blue and sables—only shook convulsively. Viola Payne bent nearer. To anyone who mourned like that for Miles Carruth she had a duty.

"No—no," the woman managed finally to say. The presence of another person slowed her sobs, and she did her best with a soaked handkerchief. It was only a useless wet ball, however, and she threw it down, uncovering her face.

Mrs. Payne felt in her bag, brought out a handkerchief, dry and delicately folded, and sat down beside the other. "Why, it's Miss Whiton! I'm Viola Payne. Take this, do."

Miss Whiton used the fresh handkerchief and looked up with sodden eyes.

"I suppose we shall have to go," said Viola, "but you must let me take you home. My car is here."

Miss Whiton rose. She seemed content to obey, to cast the difficult, daily, human burden of self-direction wholly upon Viola. Viola felt warmer within, her own sorrow comforted by this abandonment. Her duty, her right: her duty because of her right. As they walked down the nave together her mind worked on this unhappiness beside her. She remembered that Abby Whiton, after the Whiton fortune had gone, had relapsed to the suburbs, and of course she was not fit to take a train in her present condition. She, Viola, must take her home first, give her tea, ease her off. . . . From her heights, she could bend down to do that, and postpone the luxury of brooding solitude. Poor Abby Whiton: to suffer like that, without her, Viola's, secret balm. Some hint of her plan she whispered to Miss Whiton as they neared the great door, and Miss Whiton nodded as if hypnotized. She was too wretched and shaken to stand alone as yet.

They had but a few yards more to go when a third figure rose from one of the last pews and confronted them: a slim, painted woman in adventurous mauve. Viola looked round the great church. There were three of them, and three of them only. Her eyes, accustomed to the dimness, could see no other head or form. Three survivors—three women who had cared enough for Miles Carruth to cling to this gloom which he had not long since left. The painted face was familiar to her, yet Viola felt sure she had never met the woman. Abby Whiton was walking very slowly, and needing the gentle support of Mrs. Payne's arm: they could not have hurried by if they would. The third woman was using her powder-puff, not surreptitiously, but hastily, as if the mark of tears were unclean and intolerable. As they came abreast of her and half stopped, she stepped into the aisle and eyed them frankly. Identifications were not necessary; no one had lingered in that church from mere inadvertence or fatigue; the three women who had remained thus long to mourn were, in spite of themselves, a sisterhood. The third woman's manner cut across all this, taking it in the stride of her thought, disdaining to explain. She swept Abby and Viola with a keen stare.

"You, too?" she murmured. "Only three of us. Where are all the others, I wonder?"

The words were mocking, but with a

trained mockery that pierced every cranny of one's consciousness. This was mockery as it should be uttered, guarded, delicate, golden. However cheap or common her words and the emotion behind them, the expression would be perfect. "The stage, of course," Viola thought to herself; and she began to grope among memories.

The woman in mauve saved her the trouble. "I'm Beatrice Lake. I played in 'The Treasure-House.' They were great days."

Was it stage training, Viola wondered, or cold, remembered fact, that could so assert romantic adventure in one simple, slangy phrase? She straightened herself. It did not matter. Her seniority could not be questioned. She must needs pity Beatrice as she had pitied Abby.

"Of course I saw you, Miss Lake. Yes, there are three of us who cared for Miles Carruth. Miss Whiton, you, and I—Viola Payne. My car is here, and Miss Whiton says she will come back with me for some tea. Will you come?"

They were at the door now. Miss Lake took advantage of the harsh daylight to mend her face into perfection.

"I sent my car away," she said. "I don't like to be conspicuous." She looked the two women up and down. "Yes, thanks, I'd like some tea—" she cast about for a term of address.

"Mrs. Payne," Viola said quietly.

"Mrs. Payne," she finished. "There's sure to be a crowd at my place, and I don't feel like a crowd."

The three got into Viola's car, and very soon they were in her drawing-room, with tea before them and the parlor maid dismissed. Beatrice Lake had asked for a cigarette before tea, and while the others drank theirs—Miss Whiton still tearful, sunk into the deepest chair, and clattering her spoon, Viola Payne very straight and hostess-like behind the tea things—she ranged the room, moving from picture to window, window to chimney-piece, with motions that, less graceful, would have been nervous.

She turned at last and, still standing, took her teacup.

"Three of us," she repeated. "Three out of the hundreds. There must be some reason."

Viola smiled. She was not going to tell *her* reason. Queer, intimate, unprecedented as this gathering was, it was ordinary compared with her reason. A gush of sympathy carried her forward. "Doesn't it mean that we three valued him more than anyone else? It gives us a kind of dignity for one another. Isn't that why we're here? Don't we three feel a great respect for one another because we cared enough to stay on like that—with the memory of him?"

Abby Whiton frankly snuffled. "I can never hear 'Jerusalem the Golden' again!"

Miss Lake's glance appealed, over Abby's head, to her hostess, as one woman of the world to another. Then she spoke, with impatient frankness.

"This is all very queer . . . I don't mind saying that I had a bad hour, this afternoon. I knew I should have, somehow, so I told my man not to wait. I—" she looked from Abby's collapse to Viola's rapt control, "I guess I'd better admit that I'd written Miles off. I didn't exactly forget, you understand, but he wasn't for me, and I wasn't for him, as it turned out. Then—I had a letter from him, the day after he died, and it knocked me over, for the time being. I cried like a baby. It seemed to me I owed Miles Carruth an hour—if he had really cared."

Abby Whiton bent forward. She had had no advantage of mirror or powder, and her over-delicate fair features were blotched as if with disease.

"I had a letter, too," she said with an eagerness almost ugly. "The newspaper with the headlines lay on the table—and his letter to me lay beside it. But your letter can't have been like mine. Mine was the most beautiful letter in the world."

Beatrice Lake's face, for an instant, was like that of a detective reconstructing a crime: thought turned intensely inward and backward.

"Ah," she said quietly at last. "I thought mine was. That's why I made such a darned fool of myself." There was no malice in her perfect tone.

"Give Miles Carruth some credit!" Viola Payne's voice rang out. "Why shouldn't he have written two beautiful letters? He was beautiful, himself. He had the grace, the gift, the power."

Beatrice smiled at her kindly. "I don't doubt Miss Whiton's letter and mine were both beautiful. The point is that there were two of them. It sounds suspicious to me—knowing Miles. And yet"—her voice changed suddenly—"why shouldn't there have been two? Miles Carruth was deep. There was no limit to his capacity for experience. He could take in things—people—who were worlds apart. Every sort of person amused Miles—once, anyhow. And he was often very kind."

She did not seem annoyed; rather, she envisaged Abby Whiton with humorous pity, Viola thought. Obviously, Abby was, in Miss Lake's estimation, a case where he had been kind. Thank heaven, they didn't seem likely to quarrel, yet she felt for soothing words.

"Does anything matter except that we three cared and respect one another for caring? For my own part, I am very glad not to be the only one who stayed in church. I am glad you both had letters."

Beatrice Lake turned to her. "No woman who cared about Miles Carruth could be glad to have any other woman get *my* letter from him." She spoke impersonally, as a critic.

"Oh, or mine!" Abby Whiton murmured.

Viola said nothing, but Miss Lake turned to Abby, then to her hostess. "Look here . . . It's not a thing to boast about, and I know what discretion means as well as anybody. But our being here together isn't exactly a conventional situation, is it? And Miles Carruth is dead—with a widow to mourn him, by the way. Well, I shouldn't be here at all—I shouldn't have cracked, this afternoon—if Miles hadn't said things to me in his letter that he couldn't have said to anyone else. If he had said them five years ago, I might have smiled. But when a dying man uses up his little strength to tell you that, though he never really had you, he never forgot; that he seemed to be going down into the grave by the light of one long-extinguished sunset"—she dabbed at a tear—"in short, that you were different from all the rest—well, it gets you, and I'm not ashamed of having been got. I don't know what he may have said to you"—she turned to Abby—"but that is what he said to me on his deathbed. Perhaps the words aren't exact, but that's the idea. It's why I cracked—to know that across all the years he'd remembered a sunset."

"Did you ever watch a sunset with Miles Carruth?" Viola asked very slowly.

"I must have. It would be very strange if we hadn't, you know—some time or other. And he remembered it at the last. And I had thought, for years, he was light come, light go! It's my having misread him so that upset me."

"Perhaps," Abby Whiton cut in, her dulled eyes shining again, not pleasantly, "it was *my* sunset he remembered. Miles Carruth and I did watch the sun go down, more than once, those summers on Mount Desert. You're not even sure you ever saw a sunset with him. Did he say it was your sunset?"

"He did not. But would he write to me about *your* sunset, you stupid woman?"

Viola Payne was distressed by the growing acrimony. She put aside—supreme test of a hostess—the clashing confusion of her own thoughts. "Don't quarrel," she begged. "The man was dying. Whatever he said is sacred. Even if he had been wandering, it would have been sacred. Don't! Don't!"

Miss Lake, lighting another cigarette, walked to the window and stared down at the blue, gold-dotted canyons of the twilight city. In a moment she turned with a new air of resolution.

"Miles couldn't have foreseen our meeting like this." She spoke slowly. "So you couldn't say he planned it, exactly. But I'm not sure"—she seemed to reflect—"that he wouldn't have considered our quarreling over his sunsets the high spot of his career. Miss Whiton"—she took her bag from a sofa where she had flung it—"here is my letter. When I came in here, I'd as soon have missed a cue as show it to you or anyone else. Here it is," she repeated. "What I want to know, more than anything else in the world, just at the moment, is whether I've been stung. Miles Carruth never fooled me once in the old days. If he's fooled me on his deathbed I'd like to know it. Will you put your cards on the table?" She stood back, folding her arms.

"Don't, Miss Lake!" Viola cried. "Whatever they are, they're not letters to be shown—compared. He did write them when he was dying."

"It strikes me that that's perhaps just what they are—letters to be compared," Beatrice Lake answered coolly.

Abby Whiton rose, fumbling in her own bag. Her eyes were on Beatrice Lake. With her letter in her hand, she stopped, holding it back. "I don't think I can give you mine to read—yet. But if you'll let me read yours, I'll tell you, on my word of honor, if he said the same things to me."

Miss Lake shook her head. "Nothing doing. I want the facts. You read my letter and I read yours. Or—we both resume our own property."

"How can you, how *can* you?" Viola Payne wailed softly. If she could only get rid of these two, with their talk of letters and sunsets!

Neither woman noticed her. After an instant's doubt, Abby Whiton gave in. With the solemnity of lawyers, they exchanged letters; simultaneously opened them, turned the page, replaced them in the envelopes—nodded. Then each took back her own. Abby Whiton moved to the fireplace and, taking her letter neatly in the tongs, placed it on a flaming log and watched it burn. Her face was a stained white.

Beatrice Lake, her letter in her hand, spun it in her fingers for a moment, then laughed. "I don't even care to burn mine," she said. "Anyone may read it who wants to." She shrugged. "Mrs Payne, may someone telephone for my car?" She gave a number, and Viola rang for a maid to attend to the matter. "I can drop you wherever you like, Miss Whiton," Beatrice Lake went on. "I fancy this party has lasted long enough. It was awfully good of you, Mrs. Payne, but you see it has fizzled out now." She smiled.

Miss Lake dropped into a chair, and the mauve folds of her dress draped themselves cunningly about her slimness. She drew on her gloves slowly. Her smile deepened as she smoothed them, became at last frankly, richly ironic.

"I'm immensely grateful to you all the same, Mrs. Payne," she went on. "I might have had a sore spot in my heart for weeks if I hadn't come here. To think how we three left St. Stephen's, and all it has amounted to is to show Miles Carruth up for what he was! Poor old Miles—he wouldn't have liked that curtain."

"I don't consider that Miles Carruth has been shown up," Viola answered frigidly. Her delicate emphasis on his name left inferences to be drawn at will.

"For what he was, I said, woman! Miles didn't do anything but express himself. Those deathbed letters—alike, to the last comma—were Miles Carruth, all over. I wonder how they got past his wife. Some darn fool of an efficient secretary, probably."

"I was a friend of Miles Carruth's," Viola said faintly. "I can't let you speak of him here without respect."

Miss Lake rose. "Don't you see, Mrs. Payne, the gorgeous joke of it?

Of course Miles Carruth never expected this extraordinary thing to happen, but if he could have seen himself, this afternoon, beaten at his own game, his laughter would have been the loudest of all. And *such* laughter"—she sobered an instant—"better than any on the stage to-day. I always loved Miles, after a fashion, and I'm not sure I don't love him better than ever, to know that he never changed. It was splendid of him to go out, philandering, in the same old way. But he very nearly caught me, this time. I'm glad he didn't, and I forgive him everything. *Ave atque vale*, Miles Carruth!" The perfect modulation of the voice made the words ache intolerably in Viola's ears.

"Me, too." Abby Whiton also rose for departure. "I had got over Miles Carruth—and then this letter came, and I thought my whole life was destroyed. I mean: if Miles Carruth had really cared for me, all the time, it would have brought back everything. It would have meant something was real I had come to think wasn't. It would have meant I had to take up the old love and go on with it. . . . I'm engaged to another man. I couldn't have married him. Now I can . . . You see?"

Viola Payne bowed her head: yes, she saw. She wished they would both go. As if to answer her wish, the maid announced Miss Lake's car. Both women walked to the door, and Viola Payne rose. They did not shake hands. At the door Miss Lake turned.

"Thanks again, Mrs. Payne. It's the queerest party I ever was at, but I fancy it has saved the lives of all of us. That's the way I feel about it."

"And I, too, Mrs. Payne," Abby seconded her. "Aren't you glad it happened? For now *you* see what he was like, too."

Viola shook her head and smiled faintly in farewell. "I am glad for you if you are glad," she said gently.

Beatrice Lake shot one keen glance back at her as she stood in the dim doorway. "I'd be willing to bet you had a letter, too!" For one dreadful instant Viola thought she was coming back, and she waved her off, pretending not to have heard.

From the window she watched them enter the car and watched it drive away. She could not begin to think until she saw them go. The queerest party that Beatrice Lake had ever attended was now over. Standing by the table whereon Miss Lake had flung her letter, Mrs. Payne took out hers, from within her dress. She looked long and hard at each. The other two had been identical—that had been the meaning of their solemn nods; and hers, she could not doubt, was the same. Certainly, the phrases she had heard quoted were out of her own letter. She knew them by heart as they came from the other women's lips. For a few moments she pondered. Then she took Beatrice Lake's letter in her hand and walked to the fireplace, where she thrust it into the embers. Still she fingered her own letter, but finally she shook her head. She could not doubt it was the same, to the last comma. Therefore, it was nothing for her to keep. She was not, as she had flattered herself, uplifted above these others. She had no secret balm for death. Miles Carruth had circularized three women of his acquaintance. . . . You don't keep circulars. Viola bent down to the fire and, after Beatrice Lake's epistle had fallen to black tinder, she burned her own.

She brushed her hands delicately together as she rose and stood leaning against the chimney-piece, thinking hard. She was different from all the rest, Miles had said. He had said the same thing to the others. How very accurate of Miles! Among them, they ran the gamut of possible reactions to his little experiment. Beatrice Lake, hard hit and gasping, had been the first to recover and forgive; she saw the joke, and even, by some miracle, enjoyed it. The Miles Carruth Miss Lake had known was the Miles who did such things—probably she had never known, or cared

for, any other Miles. Abby Whiton, poor creature, had floundered and staggered in her bog of sentiment, and then thanked Providence for pulling her out. She had really hated Miles's tender clutch upon her heart. It had threatened to keep her from arranging her future.

Oh, they hadn't loved him! Their flame shone or slackened only as he fanned it. She had felt, when she left the church, so strong, so well able, from her pre-eminence, to be kind to the less fortunate, since heart had come back to heart at the last, all wayside inns forgotten. If she had not stopped, in her pride, to pity and succor these other women, she need never have known . . . for hers was a perfect letter. No one could have guessed, not even that hard and frivolous Beatrice Lake, that Miles did not mean it. Nor could Viola say that he had "meant" hers and not the others, since, if he had "meant" even a word of it, he could not have—mimeographed it. There was comfort nowhere.

Beatrice Lake, who did not even know whether she had seen a sunset with Miles Carruth; Abby Whiton, who had seen so many, one summer, that one of them must have been sacred! She, Viola, had had only one, and Miles Carruth had not gone down to death in its remembered light. It was left for her to do that, even as she had lived in its reflection these many years—never deprived, wherever she perched, however she wandered, of a western window. She sighed. Sunsets, she supposed, were an easy guess, for a man who couldn't have had much time or strength to search for formulas. But why had he had to ruin for her her one moment when she had stood beside him and been, with him, engulfed in the light that never was on sea or land? Oh, Miles hadn't meant to ruin it. If she had not stopped, in her pride, to pity and succor . . .

Viola Payne went into her bedroom, took off her hat, and loosened her hair with her fingers to ease her tired head. No, they had not really loved Miles, for they could stop loving him. When they thought they knew what he was really like, they threw him over. Yet you loved people, if you loved them at all, for what they really were. At least, it was the only way she had ever been able to love. Whatever Miles did, it could only make another reason for loving him. Perhaps some day she would enter into his high humor and love him even more. Viola groaned—she did not desire that. Her job was to love him less, if possible, since she couldn't face herself vulgarly dying of love.

To begin with, she would give up her lease, which she had been on the point of renewing. She would take up the subject to-morrow, and tell the agent, first of all, that she must have an eastern exposure, and the morning sunlight.

"I'M HUNTING FOR A JOB"

BY PAUL PETERS

THERE was no employment office. We stood outside the iron gates which were fastened with a padlock as big as a fist. To look inside—past the time-clock, past the racks of time-cards, into the twilight of the factory—made us feel like convicts waiting for a cell. Still we were all anxious to get in.

The sun was hot. If you got tired you could go back and sit down on the levee, but then you might miss your chance. So we waited and fidgeted and eyed one another furtively, and talked as strangers talk who are not especially interested in one another; or stood with our hands in our pockets, staring up at the water tank inscribed in prim, schoolma'am's script "Ford."

By nine o'clock there were two hundred of us. Then a man came to the iron gate, opened the lock, and stepped before us. He had a steel-trap mouth and the eyes of a petty boss. The mob grew silent. Those in the back tried to push forward. The eyes slipped over us: everybody tried to catch their attention.

He couldn't possibly choose with any discrimination. He didn't try to. He pointed his finger at random, saying, "All right. You . . . you." Half a dozen others stepped out, smiling, extending their hands. He recognized three, beckoned to them, cried, "That's all!" and led the lucky five behind the bars. The lock snapped. Outside, we stood looking fixedly into the blue haze of the plant: cranes swinging, belts whirling, a chassis floating through the air, a completed car rolling by. The blue haze seemed cool, seductive. To be in it would mean to have a job. To have a job . . . !

The mob began to drift apart. Single file and double they trooped down the levee. A stubborn dozen remained.

One turned to me with bitterness. "If you knowed somebody, if you could hand 'em the big mitt . . . that's the way to get in." He clasped and shook his own hand.

"Is it like this every morning?" I asked.

"Worse. Hell, they ain't no use of comin' back. You can stand here all day for six months, and they don't know you're livin'. You'd think you was lucky if you got in, wouldn't you? Well, believe me, kid, old man Ford don't give you nothin' for nothin'. Five bucks a day, but he works sweatin' hell out of you. You got to go round like this."

He twirled his arm in the air till he was out of breath.

"You worked in there before?"

"Eighteen months. At the end of that time I was gettin' five and a half. I guess if I'd a stayed on for ten years more, I'd be gettin' six—maybe. The hell with 'em. I wouldn't be comin' out here if they was somethin' else. Jeez, everythin's dead."

We parted at the levee.

Half a mile down the river a sugar refinery rose in a jungle of towers, smokestacks, elevators, silos. At the gate I met one of those shabby gatekeepers, the toothless old watchdogs of factories all over the world.

"They taking any hands on here, dad?" I asked.

"Mebbe. A few, I reckon."

"What're they paying?"

"They ain't payin' you much, I'll tell you that. Twenty-five to thirty cents an hour."

I grunted in disdain. Once I had worked in the machine shop of a cotton mill in Tennessee: ten hours a day, the most gruelling kind of labor that wore me down, tore at my muscles, burned into my feet, so that I could barely grit my teeth and keep going; could barely crawl home at night, swallow my food, stumble into bed. For thirty cents an hour, sixteen-fifty a week: no, not that again. I'd sooner . . . but I'm not *going* to starve.

"If I was you, bud," said the old man, leaning closer, "I'd go down and get me a job with Henry Ford. When you work there you're makin' somethin'. You're from the North, ain't you? Yeh, I kinda thought so by the way you talked. Me too. These factories down here, they don't pay you nothin'. You better go get yourself a job with Henry Ford."

It was good to feel the grass underfoot on the levee, with the river heavy and brown below, and the ships riding down to sea, silent, like big black cats, their noses in the air, their haunches curled back. The sky was deep water, and the Louisiana sun penetrated everything, drenched your clothes and stung your skin. It was hard to keep the feet going. The sun simmered in the mind. It would have been sweet to lie down, to sink in the flood of sunlight.

"You've got to get a job. You've got to get a job. A job . . . job . . . job. . . ."

Br-r-r-rap! came the iron voice of a compressed-air rivet hammer. I had drifted into a drydock yard. Ships hoisted out of the water, their secret parts laid bare and strange; scaffolds swung under overhanging iron cliffs; tugs butting boats about, leaning against them like a man throwing all his weight into one shoulder; booms dipping and swinging in a drunken waltz; locomotives, tractors, trucks: grotesque dancers in a ballet. . . one step forward, now one back, this side, that side, whoa! whoa! And everywhere, on the ships, on the tugs, on the drydocks, on the booms and locomotives swarmed men. Here they were tearing the roof off a bridge; there, far below, with brushes on yards of rod, they were curving paint down a keel. In and out of hatches they crawled, grimy, sweaty, dragging wrenches, pipes, hammers. Foremen stood in little circles on the bowdecks and bulkheads, shoving their hats back, arguing.

I breathed it in, sucked up its movement and energy. It whipped away my despondency. Several years ago I had said farewell to the little clique of New York artists with whom I had long shared a padded isolation. I had grown tired of theories; art; interminable arguments about the working classes between æsthetes who despised them and radicals who sentimentalized over them, while neither knew anything about them. I felt a need for air, for rough-and-tumble experience, for wholesome dirt and hard work. Above all, as a writer, I needed to get back to masses of people, to touch hands with laborers, to eat the food and share the thoughts of fully three-quarters of America. Oh, the disgust I had felt for the sterility of our writers, their precious aloofness, their faint-heartedness, their toadying to fashion and society! Fear—that's what eats them up. They're afraid. They huddle together—out of fear; feverishly they hug their unimportant little personalities—out of fear, fear. And this fear they call being civilized, sophisticated. To cut yourself voluntarily off from the great human life current is to belong to "the civilized minority." No wonder Whitman cried you must run, run for your life, from "the civilized minority."

And in those years I had touched the earth I was famished for. I drew incalculable strength from it. There were weeks when I could feel myself grow: tougher outside so that I could be more

tender at heart; surer of myself, so that with a world of faith, I could yet be freer in mind. It was not always easy. I have no illusions about working men; I don't believe I ever had any. I never expected to find in them as a class the grandeur which the *New Masses* exhales about them like a cloud of gold. And there have been days when I wanted to howl for the friends I really loved, for my old books, my old comforts, the *security* of my old life: days when I lay on my belly in an undershot seam of a coal mine; days in blazing Californian canyons when my wrists swelled from swinging a shovel; days of sweltering under the steel decks of ships in tropic waters; and of long-drawn-out agonized fatigue in factories and stores.

Has it been worth it? I can't say. As I write these lines I am still in the woods, perhaps deeper than ever before. But this much I know: that among poor and toil-ridden people I have seen unthinkable heroism in the face of suffering which was shattering them, body and soul; and now and then I have touched the grandeur of those "strong uneducated persons" who were for Whitman the flower of the nation.

II

Here on the river front of New Orleans I saw again the soil I was after.

Climbing over several drydocks and two or three ships tied side by side, dodging workmen and booms, I found the foreman.

"I'm hunting for a job," I began.

He was a big man with blunt features and a skin like a cooked tomato. Like so many sub-bosses in American industry, he was obviously chosen for bulk and brutality—a born driver of men. He shot me a glance of colossal contempt as he snarled, "Ain't got no time to fool with you now, boy." But a few minutes later, seeing that I hadn't moved, he shouted, "What can you do?"

What can you do, what can you do? How often they had slung that barb into me! Barb, because I cannot do *anything*. I was brought up on books; I never learned a trade. I'm ingenious enough. I love to putter around. And by puttering around I have won some deftness for my hands. I'm half a carpenter, half an electrician, half a painter, half a pipe-fitter. Actually I'm nothing: I couldn't hold down a first-class workman's job for five minutes. If I ever have a boy, before he's out of high school he's going to know a trade and be ready for a union. Then, if he has any dreams, any talents: "All right, kid . . . you've got your feet on the ground now: you'll never starve to death. The rest of the world and all of heaven is yours if you can get it."

I felt the man's eyes travel over me. Always that same slow, incredulous, measuring look. God, why wasn't I cut out a husky and tough? Why, in spite of everything, do I look so young—always dubbed "boy," "bud," "kid," "son"—years younger than I really am? Why am I saddled, to my despair and chagrin, with what my friends call "the honest face of an Alger hero"? My face has cost me a score of jobs.

"Well, what are you? Carpenter? Mechanic? Painter?"

I lied. I told him I was a pipe-fitter. Once for a month I had been a pipe-fitter's helper. At least I could make a bluff with a wrench. I had to get a job.

"See Marks. He's got charge of all the pipe-fitting."

A wild search brought me face to face with Marks in the engine room, up to his ankles in grease; a tall, dry, stringy man squirting tobacco juice and obscenity. He didn't stop for me. He didn't even look back. I ran along beside him, stumbling over valves and coils of pipe.

"Ain't got nothing," he shouted.

"Anything going to open soon?" I shouted back.

"Can't tell. May be busy as hell to-morrow." Then, as he ducked through a door, he paused for a moment. "There's a ship coming in any time now. Come around in the morning, early." He was gone.

The ship hadn't come in the morning. But Marks was in better humor and less haste. I learned that master workmen got a dollar an hour, helpers only forty-eight cents. We didn't discuss my status, but I should have been satisfied with forty-eight. That was twenty-one dollars a week, and I can live on ten or twelve. I managed to win his interest. In the end he gave me his telephone number and told me to call him up at night. The world began to look more rosy. All the way home I figured how much I could lay aside by cutting down on food and tobacco; and how many weeks would pass before I had scraped together the two hundred dollars it costs me to live while I write a play.

The ship, for all I know, never came in.

The next night he told me to-morrow; to-morrow he told me next week. "I'll tell you the truth, bud. There ain't nothin' doin' out here. Shippin' ought to be pickin' up now. This is the season. But it ain't. It's dead. The whole harbor's dead."

All New Orleans was dead. For days, for weeks, I tramped from one office to another, from shop to factory to store. Nothing. Endless chases after elusive bosses. Endless waits to see them. Curt no's. Churlish rejections. Sometimes a flicker of hope, telephone calls, promises. They all smoldered out into smudge.

"Business is dull." "We just laid off a bunch of men." "We haven't enough work to keep our old hands going." "Well, the election's over now; come around again." "This *is* the season, things ought to be picking up now, but times are hard." "New Orleans is shot. It's the same everywhere, I guess."

Unemployment, unemployment: when I went hunting for a job that was all I heard. Wails and groans and discouragement. Yet down on Canal Street people laugh and prod one another with costly sleeves, and flash bills, and keep the shop-doors swinging. Windows roar with beads and bracelets, spangles and furs, red shoes, brown hats, striped pajamas. French restaurants splash music through lace curtains. Automobile gears grind mighty choruses to the pr-r-ring of traffic signals. The "largest phonograph in the world" blares "I loved you then as I love you now." Two lovers kiss in hundred-watt bulbs over the million-dollar lobby. The new eighteen-story hotel spins its headlight through the sky. Money, perfume, light, luxury, a torrential sweep of life: where does it all come from? Who *pays* for it all?

"You're broke. You've got to get a job. What's to become of you? Starve? That's absurb. In America nobody ever starves. You've got to get a job.

"How many out in the middle of this stream, all smooth, all dapper like you are broke like you? How many *thousands* are hunting for jobs like you? Jobs . . . jobs. . . ."

I would walk the streets for hour on hour, aimless, turning corners at random, hands in pockets, half sunk in morose thoughts, yet all eyes, all ears. (A hundred cities in America, from New York to Minneapolis, from Chicago to New Orleans, from Omaha to San Francisco have known the pound of my aimless feet on their sidewalks. Not altogether aimless, for always there are notes, pages and pages of minute notes. Most of them I never look at again. It is as if the overcharged senses were easing off their burden.) Then I would drift into the old French Quarter. Its somber mood would dovetail mine. How furtive the narrow streets slink away down lace-iron balconies! How bitter is its forlorn grace, the resignation of its age! It has no tinsel, no bright-lights, no loud-speakers: it isn't go-getter enough: it's been left behind. Like me it is down-at-the-heels.

"Say, mister, can you stake me to a cup of coffee?"

From the arch of a courtyard, "Ssss. Come 'ere, baby. Come on, baby, I want to tell you somethin'."

An imitation Greenwich Village tea-room.

"Got a spare butt on, Jack?" The match flares against his face.

A taxicab driver, huddled against the damp, smooths out a crumpled newspaper under his spotlight. An old man munches his gums, staring into a show-case full of doughnuts. New Orleans, gay, fabulous New Orleans, city of Mardi Gras and romance!

Crushed, shuddering with pity, vicious under the smart of injustice, I would crawl up the steps to my room, crawl into bed. God, how good it was to sleep!

And in the morning: away with pity, away with moods. Action, action. You've got to have courage. I would make out lists from the classified telephone directory: contractors, electricians, plumbers, oil companies, railroad yards, shipping agents. At first I would make six to eight calls a day. By nature I am shy. I've never been able to overcome a shrinking from meeting people; and for each interview I had to screw up my will. Sometimes I would walk up and down outside the door fighting with myself. Grown tougher, I extended the number to ten or twelve. One day I made fifteen. If a man were at all sympathetic I asked for suggestions. At the next office I brazenly introduced myself as sent from the last. I lied monstrously. Sometimes I tripped over my own lies and fled, burning with confusion. I wrote numberless applications. Oh, the senselessness of those applications! "What did you do as a boy outside of school hours?" "What was your father?" (What's that to you?) "What makes you think you will succeed with us?" (Rubbish. I want a job.) "State fully . . . " "List completely . . . " "Do you use liquor or narcotics in any form?" (What idiot would admit it?)

Nothing ever came of it.

"New Orleans is dead. Everything's dead." I can still remember my rage when I read one morning in the newspaper a report by the Louisiana bureau of the Department of Labor on the employment situation. Factories everywhere operating at full blast; everybody working; everybody happy. Well . . . here and there a slight surfeit in unskilled labor (that means negroes in the South, and any Southerner will assure you that "niggers can get along on nothing"). But in general, prosperity: that great American mirage, prosperity! All our wealth spins slowly down a vortex into the diamonded hands of a few, and we bellow, Prosperity. The more arid the desert, the more shimmering the mirage.

And our newspapers, what pusillanimous rags they are! How the good quick brains that write them cringe before the money that pays for the advertisements! One day you are warned against the calamity-howlers, the professional belly-achers. The next day—oh, discreetly, discreetly—you are urged to push your business enterprises, to build and ship and buy so that "the slight slack in employment may for the health of the community be absorbed."

III

My last dollar was gone. I acquired a hang-dog air. I saw insults where none was intended. And this I knew was disastrous: above all, you must keep up a front. I borrowed ten dollars from my landlord, a homely old French doctor who radiated benignity; and with a terrible surrender of pride, I wrote back home for more. I have a blind horror of debt. To be in debt: that means that even when I get a job, what I can lay aside above my living costs I must pay out again instead of saving for the next play. The next play is always the big thing. I live, I work, I skimp, I dream always for the next play. How I clung to those borrowed nickels as they slipped away! I made budgets which, to my anguish, I never kept. I washed my own linen. I avoided street cars as a plague, plodding through endless broiling streets. For breakfast coffee and doughnuts for a dime. For lunch a ten-cent sandwich.

At night, for a quarter, a dozen raw oysters over a bar and a cup of coffee. Thank God for Bayou Cook oysters. But I was hungry, always hungry. My stomach clamored for more food. My hard, restless body balked against this shortage of fuel. I would weaken and give way: first an apple, then some dates, a bunch of carrots, a cluster of raisins. In the end, for the same money, I could have had meat and satiety. Instead, all I had was a stomach-ache and that agonized remorse which follows my lapses of will. In despair I would then throw my money away, a whole half-dollar at a time on a miserable movie or a magazine which, an hour later, I would hurl in disgust across my room.

My room was my one solace. It was small, dark, bare. Its besmirched white walls added to its bleakness. Its only window opened into a hallway, which in turn led to a balcony overlooking a half dilapidated Creole courtyard. Yet here after the chagrin and futility of the day, was peace and solitude. On the way upstairs I would sometimes stop to greet the doctor, who would talk to me about his early years of globe-trotting, or about French books and writers, or his slant on life, shrewd, still somewhat French-provincial, yet big-hearted, warm. His wife would join him, plump, gray, laughing like a little girl. "You find something? No? Oh!" She understood, she and the doctor had had hard times too. "You find something yet, you see." And her laugh was full of comfort.

How good it was to feel their affection around me! How good it was to talk to somebody without the need of "selling yourself." "Selling yourself" . . . that gorgeous American phrase.

On the dresser she had placed a piece of fruit cake for me or a slice of *pâté de foie gras* with homemade French bread.

Then I would lie on my belly in bed and read. From the library I had drawn Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*. Poverty, joblessness, rebuffs, hunger, despair, everything melted away. Only Christophe existed. How I suffered with him through those first weeks in Paris! Wasn't New Orleans for me the gehenna that Paris had seemed at first to him? How I rejoiced with him when he found the charming and melancholy Olivier, whom I too grew to love! And when, at midnight, I laid the book tenderly aside, what courage to face the next day I had absorbed from Christophe's stormy courage! It was not only my emotions and my mind that were aroused. The book bolstered up my will, steeled my determination. "Let's see, to-morrow —to-morrow I'll look up the rest of those shipping agents and those contractors I jotted down from that sign on St. Charles, where they're driving the piles."

Ah, to have had a friend like Christophe or Olivier.

Only in your blackest hours does the strength of the books you read really become apparent. It is then that a great book takes you away from a bruising world, and yet brings you back to it, refreshed and strengthened. Weary, despondent, lost in a swamp, you see the sudden miraculous glow of a lantern; and with a fierce joy you know that someone else has wandered that wilderness before you, someone with surer step to find his way. You take new heart. You will find your way out too.

Letters began to come. Friends to whom I had written of my troubles sent money and, better yet, that priceless aid known as contacts. There used to be a time when I scorned contacts. What, cast my pride, my independence to the wind, go toadying for patronage? My pet illusion was that I could blow into a strange city and convince the first-comer (anyhow, the second) that here was a man of intelligence and ability who ought to get a job. I am wiser now. I know now that not one man in a hundred thousand has even the faintest flair for judging at first-hand brains or character or skill or any quality except the most superficial. Ability has to be pointed out to the ordinary man. His real genius lies in steering a bee line for

the unmistakably tenth-rate. I suppose that explains why Mozart died of poverty and Beethoven looked like a tramp; while Puccini and Verdi splashed in wealth and fame. What the average business man needs is for his customer or his friend to write, "Look, here's your man. He's good. Besides, he's So-and-So's friend. Hire him." Then, if he needs you, you're hired.

So armed with letters announcing to the world of influence that I was a "promising young writer," I marched out to see the first of the contacts. This was the head of an importing concern, a large man, round, smooth, soft, pompous. He leaned back in his chair and talked about art. How business men these days love to talk about art! And what asses they make of themselves when they do! "At a luncheon club the other day," he said, "we got to talking about the plight of artists in New Orleans, and do you know, one fellow got up and moved that we give them our 'moral support.' That made my blood boil. I got up and said that that was just the chief trouble with us business men: we are always giving artists our moral support when what they need is something more tangible, something to butter their bread with. Moral support!" he snorted.

Then I asked him to help me find a job. He was taken back, visibly annoyed. With the smoothest kind of insolence he answered that "artists are always taking advantage of business men. They think because they're artists everything ought to be handed them on a platter."

I tore up the names he wrote down for me when I reached the street. I realized that to him, as to most people who toy at culture, the patronage of arts is a social accomplishment, something linked up with luncheons, clubs, tuxedos, above all: good taste. To ask a man for a job isn't good taste.

At a second and a third office, finding men even more unctuous than the first, I left without mentioning the purpose of my visit. Compared to their polished emptiness, the curt rebuffs of foremen seemed the height of compassion. Disheartened, I called it a day.

Another to whom my list took me was the head of a large food-shipping company. From my old French doctor I learned beforehand that he was a big man in the city, prominent in public affairs and clubs, as sharp as a whip in business. I was kept waiting an hour. Then I found myself in an office with the light full in my eyes. At first I could see only a mountain of flesh blocking out the window. Later I discerned features, sensual, bald, coarse, full of ruthless energy. You could sense at once the man's Gargantuan appetites for food and drink and women. Lust, acquisitiveness, love of power and display were stamped all over his face. Yet here this man sat before me as solemn and intractable as a Buddha on a dais, not opening his mouth, *staring at me out of one eye*. Ill at ease, I stammered out an explanation. He let me tangle myself up in knots (would to God I had some smoothness); then interrupted with a question, asked it again; and when I began to repeat my original answer, snapped, "You told me that." He pondered for several minutes. "Come back in couple of days, and I'll see what I can do for you," he uttered. When I did he sent out an application blank with his office boy.

The man was under no obligation to give me work or even to see me. I could have understood his being annoyed or his saying bluntly, "I haven't a thing for you," or, "I don't like your face." But why this pose of the demigod, the strong and silent superman swaying a vast domain from a flat-topped throne—a pose I have seen struck time and again in business men? Whom do they think to deceive besides their office boys? I used to be disgusted with Greenwich Village artists because of that air of bonhomie and reckless living which in most of them is humbug. But back of bohemia there is at least a kind of re-

nunciation, a fine revolt, even if only weakly carried out. Like the monk, the bohemian lives by poverty and faith —if not by chastity and obedience. The business man's only faith is his faith in money. His pose is simply small-time hokum.

I had one name left. This proved to be a young Jewish lawyer whom I shall call Marcus Schulman. At first he seemed odd, even grotesque. While I talked he kept fumbling through the papers on his desk. Then he would stop, open his mouth wide, and study me minutely. The letter my friend promised to write him about me had failed to come, and Schulman was puzzled; he couldn't make me out. Little by little his distrust faded together with my confusion. A warmth sprang up between us. His eyes, alert and clear with a beautiful candor, stopped edging off and came to rest on my face. I could feel that he was interested, though I suspected his was a straw-fire interest which to-morrow would be burned out. Still, for the first time in New Orleans— no, for the first time in the South, I bumped into a really fine mind. It flashed swiftly and without fear over personalities, ideas, books, places. What a joy it is to run headlong into a man's free mind! I felt unbound; I laughed; I talked in a rush of words. For months I had been alone, utterly locked in. Now it seemed as if I had come up from the bottom of a deep pool and was sucking in fresh air.

Oh, I liked this man with a burst of impulsive affection. And my affection found an echo in him: he couldn't help liking me too.

IV

Two days later he got me a job on the freight docks in the harbor. The cold wind whips the damp through my clothes. I rise in the dark at five and it is dark when I come home, bristling with dust and cotton lint. Yet how good it is to work again, to know at the end of day that you have earned your bread! Already the mists of depression begin to lift from my mind. Look, at night I even start writing again.

But the sword of Damocles hangs over my head. "It's a bad year. Shipping is dull. Naw, sir, it ain't what it ought to be this time of the year." Any day it may shrink till my job is gone.

Then the ordeal will start over again.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

"HAVE you a room for the night?" ask the Americans in pure Connecticut German as they drive up to the door of a promising hotel in Nikshich on the way from Dubrovnik to Cettinje.

"I sure have," replies the keen-eyed Slav in correct Missouri English. "I can make you as comfortable as in St. Louis where I used to live."

This is symbolic, symptomatic of the great American invasion of Europe. Go where you will—behold, Americans are there, native-born and returned immigrants. Tramp to Gréville, tarry at old Gruchy, linger dreamily in the churchyard, and admire lovingly the statue of Millet in the open road; and before you have composed your soul, a limousine full of bustling compatriots will sweep up in a cloud of dust and away again, "doing" the sacred spot—between train and boat. On rubber wheels they dash along the Roman roads that Cæsar's legions trod. Try the Forum where Cicero poured out his sonorous periods and there they are, the youth in the full strength of years, matron and maid, the speechless babe and the gray-headed man, not dead but quick and in a hurry. Climb the Acropolis (or go up in a Ford for a few drachmas with a Greek chauffeur who knows Third Avenue), and you are lucky if a boat load of Mediterranean tourists does not descend upon its "ruinous perfection," to view what is left after the British carried away choice things for their famous Museum. Sweep northward on the express toward the land of Philip and Alexander and as you approach Olympus read this sign: "Irrigation work carried on by the Foundation Company of New York."

II

And these invading Americans are of every kind and description. Bespectacled students, male and female, thin and gaunt, long and short, looking wise and acquisitive. Cheery mothers with their daughters, just about to enter college, neat, smart, and young—all busy with lip sticks. Professors on sabbaticals, with their wives, hard at work stretching a few dollars over much space. Artists to copy old masters, when their turn comes. Musicians hunting more technic with living masters—who certainly are glad to get these "good old dollars." Singers to swell the chorus of Vienna. Bedraggled fathers in knickers, secretly wishing for the mahogany desk or the greensward while trying to look impressed by paintings full of meaning for those who live in the great land of illusion. Gay flappers from Miss Prim's School for Girls, painting their faces while the teacher of the fine arts does a rhapsody on Phidias. Sales agents and hustling boys from the Department of Commerce, hoping to unload an automobile here or a gross of razor blades there or longing to cable home to Washington news of a juicy "trade opportunity." Diplomatic and consular agents, military and naval attachés, on vacation or engaged in observation. Social workers, winding up old relief enterprises while pining for new occasions. Scholars, fellows, researchers spending the money of foundations in

the hope of "the larger service." Shrewd financial agents watching government revenues with eagle eyes and certifying that deposits are made to meet coupon payments and amortization obligations. Certainly, the American who goes to Europe does not go alone.

Descending from persons to things, the symbols and symptoms of the American invasion of Europe are not less obvious or impressive. Blazing billboards in Berlin announce the comforts of our favorite chewing gum—*Kau-bon-bon*. A whole street in London is lined with shops displaying American office supplies and efficiency machines. Paris is plastered with American signs. Great crowds in Munich desert the beer halls to see the long-awaited new model of Mr. Ford's machine for transporting people quickly from one place to another. Members of the Jugoslav Parliament, dismissed by a military dictator, stop in front of a near-by shop to gaze with admiration on Packards and Cadillacs. Our highly democratic five-and-ten-cent men boast that they have stores in nearly every British city, about three hundred in John Bull's tight little island. In Hotel Bristol in distant Skoplye, ardent gypsy musicians pour out wailing and groaning jazz, from the U. S. A., fairly rattling the bones of the Turks who sleep in the mosque yard not far away. In Budapest, the American plutocrat is portrayed as a silly and futile fool in a comic opera which for smear and smut passes comment under the American press law—amid great enthusiasm on the part of Magyars of rich old culture. Blazing electric advertising, in American style, illuminates the Ringstrasse of Vienna, and bourgeois newspapers approve the "advance." From Stockholm to the Golden Horn, crowds are thrilled by American movies—ninety per cent of the world's film business is controlled by American directors, boast the kings and princes of the screen realm. Straws in the wind—symptoms of a cataclysm akin to that which shook down the Rome of Orosius, Salvianus, and Sidonius.

Less visible to the naked eye, but signs of a more significant power, are the American investments abroad. At the close of 1927, the Department of Commerce announced that American foreign loans had reached a total of $13,000,000,000 exclusive of the $10,000,000,000 odd owed by the governments of the Allied and Associated Powers, with prospects for bigger and better business. American capital builds railways, electric light plants, factories, and municipal utilities, finances agricultural banks, supports governments, and underwrites churches in Europe. With fine impartiality, our capitalists lend money to whites in Budapest and reds in Vienna, counting seven or eight per cent interest abroad, protected by the flag, better than four-and-a-half farm loan mortgages at home. If there is any government in Europe that has not borrowed in New York, it is no fault of aspiring officials or energetic financial agents.

In connection with these loans frequently runs a certain degree of American fiscal supervision. By way of security specific revenues are often pledged, and representatives of the creditors are sent to see that the terms are daily executed. When, for example, in 1927, the great Polish loan was floated, the finances of that republic were simply nailed down and copper riveted, much to the discomfiture of General Pilsudski and to the amusement of financial editors in Berlin. To make sure that the money was applied as stipulated and the revenues were collected as provided, a general staff of American experts was installed in Warsaw—heavy expenses to be met as a part of the "service" of the loan. With a great deal of anguish a Polish correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* lamented that the daily cable bill of the American fiscal experts was more than the sum annually received by a working class family in the land of Pulaski and Kosciusko! As the loans increase and the burdens multiply, the necessity of close supervision will become more imperative. Political sovereignty, pale re-

flection of kingly majesty, is no doubt touchy and resents control; but governments cannot live without cash, and it is easier to swallow pride than to endure revolution. If American bankers buy up the new billions to be floated to liquidate the World War and restore "normalcy" along the Rhine, will they be content to accept green and yellow pieces of paper without specifications as to revenues to meet debt charges when they fall due? Scarcely. Then the American invasion will take a still more formidable shape.

Three other features intensify the realism of the American invasion, involving the government of the United States with its military and naval power. Nearly all the late belligerents owe money directly to the Treasury in Washington, and Congress looks to the executive department to collect as written in the bond. That is item number one. More complex is the second item. A very large part of the securities floated by Europe in the United States is bought back by European capitalists; what proportion no one knows, but in totals it doubtless runs into the billions. Now the European holders of dollar paper have paid a high price for it because they believe that the government of the United States will give ample diplomatic protection (and something more) to creditors who have risked their cash in the European game, thus automatically conferring benefits upon investors on both sides of the water.

It is this assurance of protection that constitutes the third aspect of the American invasion. True, the State Department has been very cautious in its public declarations respecting the rights of investors to call for the marines to make collections. But Secretary Wilbur and President Coolidge have spoken in tones as clear as a bell on a frosty Vermont morning: American citizens and American dollars are followed by the flag wherever they go on the broad surface of the earth. Their language has varied from time to time, but such is the upshot of their ukases. Latin America has already a taste of the medicine. China caught a glimpse of the bottle not long ago. Europe, acquainted with its own pawnbroking methods, thinks America hard; while squirming a little, it takes cognizance of the unseen specter of power that sits at every green council table. What Alaric did to Rome is a matter of debate still among antiquarians; what a Coolidge or a Hoover might do to a recalcitrant European debtor is a fair certainty.

III

It is not only the part of America transported abroad—travelers, goods, and money—that invades the Old World. The part that sits firmly at home, strange as it may seem, makes a still more profound impression on Europe. Seen through the haze of romance as the land of promise, or through the murk of poverty as the capitalist tyrant that murders Sacco and Vanzetti, reported in the press, and described by travelers in a hundred new books, America in the guise of mirage or vision invades Europe as a hope or menace, in either case looming immensely on the western horizon. Whether considered as an economic system or as a type of civilization, it rises ominously in the minds of Europe's thinkers. In the dervish whirl of ideas and realities, America as a land of things and as an abstraction bores it way into European consciousness. Those who praise and those who scorn agree on the fact. Superior persons pretend, of course, to ignore the presence of the transatlantic Leviathan at every diplomatic council and conversation in Europe dealing with world affairs or the tendencies of the age; but they know that they are deluding themselves. Even the very superior, aware that all things will pass and looking upon America as a symptom of temporary fever previous to a return upon the Church and Legitimacy, are frightened lest their wishes may betray their fears. If anyone has doubts on this

point let him read fifty of the French and German books on America that have appeared since the World War and spend a few weeks with the newspapers of Paris, Berlin, Prague, and Vienna.

Readers familiar with European literature about America—from Peter Kalm and Chastelleux in the eighteenth century, to Siegfried and Bonnin in the twentieth—know that, broadly speaking, it all divides into two departments—one favorable and the other critical, with an occasional freak like Bryce's *American Commonwealth* which wears the air of description. Until political democracy overtook western Europe, most of the written attacks on the United States were made by Tories and clearly designed, whatever the guise, for home consumption, while the praise was from Liberals, likewise with reference to domestic uses. In other words, travelers saw what was behind their eyes and reported for or against American democracy according to their previous social affiliations and predilections. What is Harriet Martineau's book without Harriet herself? Or De Tocqueville's classic without Alexis himself? Or either of them without respect to the political storms then raging in England and France?

About 1870, even before the democratic and republican menace of America had ceased to disturb the dreams of Excellencies in Europe, another item, more realistic, entered into the calculations of the Old World, that is, American competition in the sale of pork and steel and in the grand scramble for imperial possessions in the Caribbean, in the mid-Pacific, and the Far East. Recognizing the potentialities of the new economic drive, the British Foreign Office, somewhere near the middle of the nineteenth century, deliberately sought to soften the ancient antagonism and to steer the American giant into quarters less dangerous to British interests, finally substituting conciliation and flattery for hostility and reaping a grand reward for foresight in 1917.

In Germany, likewise, the same economic competition was keenly felt but with different results. With extraordinary rapidity it changed ancient sympathy into coldness and then active hostility, driving German capitalists and agriculturalists into a nationalistic combination equipped with armies, a navy, and protective tariffs. When ambassadors were exchanged, of course, there were the customary phrases about Frederick the Great and his friendship during the American Revolution; but the tone of the press became angry, and the intellectual climate for the discussion of issues was utterly transformed. American pork could undo in the districts east of the Elbe all the cultural work of American students who took their doctor's degrees at German universities. If the conduct of the German government was more circumspect and generous than British news agencies allowed Americans to believe, the air was heavily charged with electricity and did not clear until after the great thunder storm passed in 1918. Since that time, Germany, an industrial republic needing American capital, has acquired a new intellectual medium through which to look at the transatlantic colossus.

Similar economic considerations, and others also, have entered into French thinking about the American republic, in spite of all the stage business about La Fayette and Rochambeau. Besides hatred and contempt for the American republic, the crowd around Napoleon III, who shared his political opinions with zest, had economic as well as political interests in the invasion of Mexico and the attempt to establish a Hapsburg empire there during our Civil War. Even Napoleon's illegitimate half-brother, the Duc de Morny, who ardently supported the enterprise, held shares in the banking house of Jecker, the notorious financial pirate whose maneuvers helped to bring about that ill-fated expedition. Until the overthrow of the third Napoleon, the relations of France and America were more

than strained. Then for a time the tension was relaxed, only to be renewed when the competition of the United States as an imperial power was felt in every world market. Illuminating glimpses into French mentality during these years are afforded by Professor Rippy in his important work, *Latin America in World Politics;* but the clue to the whole business is given in a single passage from Comte d'Haussonville, written after his travels in America in 1905:

> When crossing large rivers by which I knew wheat, cattle, and fruit were carried to the sea for export to Europe; or when I saw the glare of mighty furnaces and the accumulation at the depots of great vats of petroleum, I became conscious that a powerful rival was preparing himself to deal terrible blows to our agriculture and our industries and that it would be necessary to defend ourselves against the invasion of his products.

To the friction created by direct economic competition was added the heat generated in 1898 when "Latin civilization" girded itself to resist "Yankee barbarism," in the Spanish-American War. "All that could be done by criticism, denunciation, and propaganda," says Professor Rippy, "Frenchmen did; and they proved themselves the more able in this line of effort because there was little else they could do." But for reasons explicit to those who have studied propaganda, the people of the United States heard a great deal more about German ill-will and the adventures of Dewey and Diederichs than they did about the atmosphere thus created in France by the press. And as the Entente steadily prepared for its Day, British friendship for France became contagious, and more was heard about La Fayette again than about Napoleon III. At last in 1917, friendship bore fruit, but there were thistles with the figs.

Wilson's renunciation of spoils and his denunciation of the very kind of imperialism that the French government was fighting for raised the ire of the French bourgeois almost to the bursting point. If in the end they got all they demanded or nearly all, the ideology of the subtraction and division was sadly messed up by the Presbyterian dreamer from Washington—ironically enough a distant follower of John Calvin, the great French theologian. Moreover, after Wilson had gone home and sunk into his grave, the debt owed by the French government to the treasury of the United States remained to plague the rentiers and the politicians and editors of Paris. Paying the fiddler after the mad dance proved to be painful. Hence everything American seen by French eyes is seen through Wilsonism and through the stream of good gold francs flowing over the sea to pay for the work of MM. Poincaré and Delcassé. At this very hour M. Fabre-Luce, with his engaging clarity, proposes a Franco-German rapprochement to offset American economic power and facilitate the sponging of the debts. So great is French mental tension.

IV

Continental writers, especially French and German, who treat of the American invasion, usually see in the American colossus either a friend or a foe. Now what is it they see or think they see in American civilization? And especially what feature of the American complex alarms Europeans as a menace to their civilization? It is evident from their writings that an antithesis is discovered. Can that antithesis be grasped as a whole or resolved into indubitable elements? Though European books on the American invasion continue to flow from the presses in an increasing stream and reviewers report them in luxuriant verbiage, no considerable effort has been made to reduce the great dispute to wieldy and convenient terms. The attempt, if perilous, should be made.

Of the antithesis there can be no doubt, elusive as it seems at times.

The chief contrast between Europe and America (writes M. Siegfried) is not so much one of geography as a fundamental difference between two epochs in the history of mankind, each with its own conception of life. We have the contrast between industrial mass production, which absorbs the individual for its material conquests, as against the individual considered not merely as a means of production and progress but as an independent ego. From this unusual aspect we perceive certain traits that are common to the psychology of both Europe and the Orient. So the discussion broadens until it becomes a dialogue, as it were, between Ford and Gandhi.

Taking up the same thread, M. Romier finds an apparently irreconcilable antagonism in attitudes to life's basic values.

Microscopically examined, European books on American civilization reveal the antithesis in the following words characterizing the European side of the contrast:

Continental civilization
European mentality
Our irreducible moral qualities
Our individualism
Our psychology
Our particular civilization
Quality production
Our less docile consumers
The soul of France
The soul of Germany
Holiness and heroes
The spiritual unity of the Latin race
European thought
Artistic and creative power
Disinterested intelligence
Our spiritual values
Man triumphant over the machine
The superior and preferable past
The refuge of the family circle
Meditation and culture
Moral insight

The America which Europe's ethereal mortals appear to fear, if not despise, is a land of mass production, mob uniformity, artistic and intellectual passivity—a people dedicated to the pursuit of materialistic ends, such as comfort and luxury, indifferent to moral and spiritual values, cold to culture and *Kultur*, hard and selfish, utilizing religion for practical ends, without capacity for disinterested exaltation, trampling individual rights under collectivist tyranny, insensible to mystic thought and spiritual joys. Prose against poetry; dollars against sacrifice; calculation against artistic abandon. Perhaps the contrariety may be fitly summed up in the words of a Latin-American critic in characterizing the civilization of the United States: "The apex of its ethics is the ethics of Franklin. . . . Dominated by a philosophy of conduct which ends in the mediocrity of honesty, in the utility of prudence, which never surges with holiness or heroism . . . it is only a dull and fragile creature whenever it attempts to ascend the dizzy heights."

Of course it is probable that Americans, owing to the very nature of their mentality, can never comprehend the true inwardness of European spirituality. Moreover, considering the difficulties involved in securing a neutral court for the trial of the issues, it is possible that the great case of America *vs.* Europe can never be fairly adjudicated. Still an effort ought to be made in that direction even though it serves no practical ends and is designed merely to advance the unprofitable business of understanding. When, without reference to ancient grudges and present advantages, the whole literary output is analyzed, sorted, and classified, what features in the European bill of indictment seem to bulk largest and most continuously in the stream of words?

First of all, beyond question, is the declaration that America is frankly materialistic. "It is a materialistic society," says M. Siegfried, "organized to produce things rather than people, with output set up as a god. . . . Anyone who turns aside to dabble in research or dilettantism is regarded as almost mentally perverted." By this a good many Americans will be shocked. "What," they will ask, "do we not give more money to schools, playgrounds, hospitals, universities, charities, fellowships, and

European relief than any other country in the world?" To this the critic will reply, "Ah, in your very question you reveal your materialist mentality by calculating your so-called spiritual work in terms of dollars." Staggered a bit by this, the American comes back with the query, "How do you know that a larger proportion of European people devote a larger proportion of their energies and thought to unrewarded activities and imponderable themes?" Up to the present moment the critics have made no statistical answer.

If materialism and idealism, America and Europe, are to be considered in philosophical terms, the case may be more definite though difficult still. The materialist, as John Morley remarks, looks "for the sources of knowledge, the sanction of morals, the inspiring fountain and standard of æsthetics to the outside of men, to matter, to the impressions made by matter on the corporeal senses." The idealist, on the other hand, turns to "divine revelation, authority, and the traditions of the church." Without stopping to consider that modern physics has made the old dispute between materialist and idealist appear to be nonsense, we may ask, "Is it possible to discover by any process of research or thought whether a larger proportion of Europeans are in truth idealists in the philosophic sense?" Up to the present moment the critics have made no statistical answer.

Taking materialism in the narrow sense—pursuit of goods—is it possible always to find the motive in the action or the attitude in the gesture? Is an American business man who pursues dollars until he gets a million and then gives half to a Catholic hospital more materialist than a French bourgeois who pursues francs until he gets a small competence and sits down to enjoy it? Is a peasant vigorously praying for rain (with an eye to his crops) more idealistic than an American farmer who goes in for irrigation? Is a mechanic in Ford's factory who works overtime so that he can buy his wife a washing machine less idealistic than an Italian artisan who whiles away his afternoons with a lute, leaving his wife to break her knees washing clothes on the stones of a neighboring brook? The business of balancing matter and spirit is not easy for the best mentalities.

Closely associated with the charge of materialism brought against America is the phrase, "brutality of the machine," employed in contrast to the "humanism of Europe." This too invites an excursion into the shadowy realm of psychology and philosophy. By way of a parry, it might be asked, "What Europe?" The Europe of Oxford, Potsdam, Avignon, and Venice, or the Europe of Manchester, Essen, and Creusot? Are those who speak of the brutality of the machine thinking of masters or workmen? Are they comparing American masters with landed families or seasoned bourgeois at home—American workmen with the skilled craftsmen of Europe's artistic industries, which are largely sustained by the new plutocracy? Are they leaving out of account England, with her mass production for an empire bigger than the United States?

Immense difficulties are raised by such questions, at least for those who know a little history and have seen the two continents with their own eyes. If machine industry is more brutalizing than agriculture and handicrafts—and this is what the charge amounts to—then there ought to be some measurement other than guesswork and assertion. No one who has read the history of slavery in ancient Egypt, in Greece, on the latifundia of Rome will lightheartedly contend that man under the machine in America is more cruelly treated or more brutalized by his labor and the conditions of his life. No one who has studied the history of premachine England and her hanging judges (nearly all country gentlemen) and her two hundred capital penalties carried into execution without mercy can possibly maintain that machine

England, bad as it is, let us say, is more brutal and brutalizing than feudal England. Then there is pre-machine Europe as a whole, agricultural and handicraft Europe, with its witchcraft manias, its terrible criminal laws, its galling serfdom, its mass slaughter of peasants, its floggings, inquisitions, tortures, and religious wars. Old Russia certainly did not have a machine civilization; it was agricultural, handicraft, pious, a firm believer in mysteries, a foe of materialism and skepticism; was that civilization less brutalizing than machine America, conceding without mitigation all the evils of our great crowded cities? Before anyone answers in the negative, let him read, for example, "The Appeal to the Civilized World," printed on page 386 of Postgate's *Revolution, 1789–1906*. It is not easy to believe that if we had a perfect "brutometer" at hand the readings would show the machine system more de-humanizing than agriculture and handicrafts, beautiful as the latter may seem to dreamers who have never wielded a manure-fork or swung an axe. Until we have a measuring standard of judgment, we must hold the case against the machine still open for consideration. And in this verdict there is none of the childish optimism which ignores the terrible cruelties of the "civilizing" process.

Now there is no denying that there is a Europe richer in color, diversity, and romance than the standardized towns of the United States—the Europe of "dreaming spires," divine Gothic, moss-grown castles, quaint villages, special crafts, folk songs, gay peasant costumes, old landed families content from necessity or choice with inherited estates, workingmen who love Wagner with their beer, wayside shrines, easy-going clergy baptizing, marrying, burying, and praying for good crops, seasoned bourgeois retired to enjoy culture after hard years in the counting house, centers of music and art such as Paris, Munich, and Vienna, genial monks happy with things as they are, soldiers thinking of glory not cash, monarchists preferring pageantry to prosperity, cafés crowded with artists and makers of beautiful letters, universities where the classics are still studied if not read, hand-made gowns not immediately copied by the machine, lovely ladies and charming princes who flit more or less distressed from one cure to the next, philosophers who disdain the discussion of "problems," and many other things besides cabbages and kings. Only a philistine will flout the beauties and spiritualities inherent in that order. But only a blind man will contend that this is the creative, dynamic Europe of to-day. In the Old World, as well as in the New, capitalism marches swiftly over prostrate agriculture, and the machine rolls ruthlessly over the craftsmen. The truth is that Europe is at war with herself, and the American invasion only adds weight to the winning side.

V

On close examination, it will be found that what gives poignancy to European mentality of a certain type is the extension in Europe of the machine process, according to the American methods of mass-production, standardization, and rationalization—Taylorism, in short.

> If it is the aim of society to produce the greatest amount of comfort and luxury for the greatest number of people (says Siegfried) then the United States of America is in a fair way to succeed. And yet a house, a bath, and a car for every workman—so much luxury within the reach of all—can only be obtained at a tragic price, no less than the transformation of millions of workmen into automatons. . . . Artisanship, now out of date, has no place in the New World, but with it have disappeared certain conceptions of mankind which we in Europe consider the very basis of civilization. To express his own personality through his creative efforts is the ambition of every Frenchman, but it is incompatible with mass production.

Perhaps it is not proper in this relation to ask whether the thousands of low-paid women, basting and stitching long

hours in tuberculosis-infested rooms almost within a stone's throw of the Louvre are expressing their personalities more successfully and joyfully than American working women driving Fords. Nor is it any answer to point out the suburban houses by the mile all around Paris, hideous to look at and inconvenient to live in, presenting an interesting contrast to the same class of houses in Minneapolis or St. Louis, for example. Nor is it germane to cite "labor conditions" in the pearl industry of France, so artistic in results and so profitable to the merchant class.

M. Siegfried is right when he says that mass production inspired by the American example, heavily financed by American capital, and standardized on American models steadily expands in the Old World at the expense of handicrafts and diversity. From Russia to France the cult of *Rationalisierung* flourishes. Lenin had scarcely triumphed in the November revolution when he turned from Karl Marx to Frederick Winslow Taylor. One of the items in Trotsky's bill of indictment brought against the present Bolshevik regime is that the directors have carried rationalization too far or managed the process badly, inevitably filling the working mass "with a distrust of rationalization itself." The whole Russian system of production, admirably outlined by Professor Tugwell, in the *Political Science Quarterly* for June, 1928, is based upon the statistical and technological ideals of Taylor. "Each soviet," says Mr. Brailsford, "from Moscow to the remotest village, has one practical goal before it—to increase the output of industry and draw richer harvests from the soil."

In Germany, of course, rationalization spreads in every direction. It had begun to flourish there long before Taylor was ever heard of, but to-day it is stimulated by able advocates who have studied *Fordismus* at first hand. The bibliography of German books and articles on this subject runs into hundreds of titles. If some writers find the American economic tempo a menace to Europe and others write soberly on "the limits of rationalization," still there can be no doubt about the drift of German economy and thinking. Indeed M. Siegfried admits that Germany very much resembles America in the discipline of success, thus narrowing his Europe of true culture almost to the borders of France. German socialists discuss it; German trade unionists eagerly put questions on the subject to American visitors. Walter Rathenau, in his *Die Neue Wirtschaft*, frankly advocated: "(1) the unification and standardization of the whole of German industry and commerce in one great Trust, working under a State charter and armed with very extensive powers; (2) a great intensification of the application of science and mechanism to production." Since then the process has swung forward with startling rapidity—until to-day Doctor Schmalenbach, one of Germany's best informed technicians, declares that the goal is almost in sight.

Neither Austria nor France really escapes the invasion. Last winter Mr. Herbert N. Casson, an American high priest of the cult, lectured to a huge crowd of Viennese business men; grasping at straws they hope that *Rationalisierung* will accomplish for them the task which the Hapsburgs boggled. French industrialists, feeling the increasing pressure of German competition accelerated by the collection of reparations, survey their enterprises and burn incense before the symbols of Taylorism. They do more; they apply the philosophy in ever-enlarging areas of production, especially those affiliated with German industries through cartels, treaties, and conversations. In the minds of the frightened, worse than that: Le Corbusier frankly bases his new plan of Paris on the machine and Taylorism, boldly ranging himself on the side of these demons of unrest, these disturbers of classic beauty. He cries out that Paris is sick, is a ruin amid ruins, naming the dark holes of handicrafts and tuberculosis, and while pay-

ing tender tribute to the old heritage he announces the redemptive power of applied Taylorism—rapid transit, standardized factories, zoned areas, rationalized homes and gardens, machine-made apartments. Across the Channel, Mr. Casson carries on the propaganda. Commissions study American industry. English travelers warn John Bull against going to sleep on his industrial prestige, adding to the fright of "Made in Germany," the mathematical fright of "Made in America." And Sir Alfred Mond convinces organized labor that all hands had better close up their ranks under the banner of standardization and mass production. Farewell to "ca'canny"!

When we are informed that Europe looks upon all this "with grave doubts," it is only natural to ask, "What Europe?" Evidently there is a large part of thinking Europe that does nothing of the sort. Even the prosperity of the handicraft industries, so highly prized by the artistic, hangs principally upon the profits made by the new bourgeois in Taylorized enterprises; for example, the hand-weavers of Serajevo have their best customers in industrial Berlin. Those who make beautiful things, expressing their personality, usually get merely the pleasure of making, seldom the joy of possessing. Wherever European thinkers attempt to grapple with the problem of markets to keep wheels turning, they resort to Taylorism; and woe to all the artistic upper-classes, so puzzled and frightened, if they fail to adapt themselves to the pressure of competition. Indeed, one of the higher critics, M. Romier, admits that Americanism, another name for rationalization, will steadily extend its empire, perhaps to the point of total victory, but he takes refuge in the happy thought that Europe will have a different attitude toward the machine, will become its master rather than its servant.

Very good; how does one know just when one has become master? Better still is the suggestion of Lewis Mumford to the effect that we should concede the frightful evils of the machine, examine the potentials of beauty in it, and attempt to subdue it to æsthetic ideals. "Futile effort," replies the antiquarian from the dim vastness of his Gothic Cathedral erected in Presbyterian Princeton to impress rising business men. Perhaps. But less futile than the effort to reproduce with power and sincerity the art of Mont Saint Michel in the land of Henry Ford? Is it possible that the God of Thomas Aquinas broods not over the numerical democracy of the machine?

SLAVES OF THE MACHINE?

BY STUART CHASE

HAVE you joined the Frankenstein chorus? It is quite the thing to do nowadays. From pulpit, rostrum, editorial chair, the cadence comes, in swelling volume; and the burden of the song is to the effect that man has become the slave of his machines, even as Doctor Frankenstein was overwhelmed by the monster he created.

Here, for example, is the Rev. Henry P. Frost: "In this age of the machine, the shadow of the Frankenstein monster that we have made falls with sinister menace across the upward-reaching pathway of the race. We are all classified, standardized, regimented; while our human life and individuality are stifled and dwarfed." Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, while not a member in good standing, nevertheless foregathers with the boys from time to time: "Machines . . . either the greatest boon to humanity thus far achieved, or a Frankenstein monster ultimately destined to confuse and finally destroy his baffled creator." Mr. Austin Freeman holds that man without a working hand becomes a different and a lower organism. He loses independence and self-reliance; he is readily subjected to regimentation; his sense of personal liberty is abated, while his æsthetic sensibilities are blunted and debased. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, with his usual charming originality, will have nothing to do with the Frankenstein choir as such, but instead trots out for our inspection a Demogorgon: "Has mankind released from the womb of matter a Demogorgon which is already beginning to turn against him, and may at any moment hurl him into the bottomless void?" Sir Philip Gibbs allows us only the difficult choice between killing all scientists and completely reforming man's moral and intellectual nature.

I am not a machine tender, but first and last I encounter a good many mechanisms in a day's march. As the chorus swells, it occurs to me that, before beginning to analyze serfdom in the general body politic, it might be well to determine how far I am myself a slave.

The first thing that I hear in the morning is a machine—a patented alarm clock. It calls and I obey. But if I do not feel like obeying I touch its back, and it relapses humbly into silence. Thus we bully each other, with the clock normally leading by a wide margin. (Once, however, I threw a clock out of the window, and it never bullied anyone again.)

I arise and go into the bathroom. Here I take up a second mechanism and, after inserting a piece of leather between its rollers, move it briskly up and down before proceeding to scrape my face with it. I turn various handles, and a nickel dial studded with small holes showers me with water. Downstairs, if it chances to be either the first or the fifteenth day of the month, I take a can with a very long nose and oil an electric motor which blows petroleum into my furnace, a motor which runs the washing machine, and a motor which operates my refrigeration engine. Meanwhile an electrical range is cooking my breakfast, and on the table slices of bread are being browned by a toaster, which makes a buzzing sound in its vitals and then suddenly splits open when the correct shade of brown has been attained. Before I

leave the house the whine of the vacuum cleaner is already in my ears.

I go to the garage, start explosions in six cylinders of an internal-combustion engine, and proceed to pilot it to the station, passing or halting before three sets of automatic signal lights as I go. At the station I cease operating machinery and resign myself to another man's operation of an enormous secondary mover, fed by a third rail from a water turbine at Niagara Falls.

Arrived at the metropolitan terminal, I buy a package of cigarettes by depositing a coin in a machine which hands me matches and says, "Thank you; it's toasted." I then spend ten minutes walking just three blocks. If I tried to shorten this time appreciably I should most certainly be killed by a machine. Instead, I look down into an enormous pit where the day before yesterday, according to the best of my recollection, there stood a solid brownstone house. Now it is an inferno of swarming men, horses, trucks, pile drivers, rock drills run by pneumatic secondary movers, steam shovels, clacking pumps, and preparations for erecting a gigantic steel derrick. From across the street comes the deafening rat-tat-too of a score of riveters.

I enter my office building, and a machine shoots me vertically towards the roof. I step into a large room, stopping for a moment on the threshold to sort out the various machine noises that greet me, that lend a never-ending orchestral accompaniment to all my working days in town. The sputter of typewriters, the thud as the carriage is snapped back, the alternate rings and buzzes of the telephone switchboard, the rhythmic thumps of adding machines, the soft grind of a pencil sharpener, the remorseless clack of the addressograph.

To go downtown I use one of the three horizontal levels of transportation which the city affords. As a profound melancholia always accompanies a trip on the lowest, I endeavor to use the upper two exclusively. Many of my fellow citizens do the same, particularly since a score of them were killed at Times Square the other day. Killed in the rush hour, like beeves in the Chicago stockyards, except that the packers put no more animals into a pen than can go in.

In the evening I reverse the morning process. At home, I may sit for a few moments beneath a machine which gives off ultra-violet rays, or I may dance to strains of a machine which runs a steel needle over a circular, corrugated disc, and for the governor of whose delicate mechanism we are indebted to James Watt.

During the days I spend at home, my direct contact with machines is limited to running the motor car, making minor repairs upon it, answering the telephone, and using, hearing, and tinkering with the various household so-called labor savers—particularly the plumbing system. In the summer, by way of contrast, I may spend weeks in a mountain camp, where the only mechanisms are the motor car, the telephone, and a remarkably temperamental contrivance for pumping water. In short, year in year out, I doubt if my direct contact with machines averages much over two hours a day. When I go to town the ratio runs considerably higher; when I stay at home an hour would certainly cover it; in the summer an hour would be too much.

So far as I am aware, no permanently evil effects befall me by virtue of these two mechanical hours. I suffer from no prolonged monotonies, fatigues, or repressions. The worst moments are dodging street traffic and hearing its roar, riding in the subway, changing tires, and cleaning out the incinerator. All the depressions that I suffer from are certainly compensated for by the helping-hand machinery holds out to me—a calculator for figuring percentages, an oil heater which requires no stoking, a reading lamp which does not have to be trimmed and filled, an ocean liner in which to go to Europe (and I go), and a car for errands, together with the genuine

thrill which often comes from controlling its forty horses.

I do not feel like a slave, though, of course, I may be one all the same. Clocks and watches are hard masters but so they have always been—they worried many good men before the days of James Watt. No individual living in a social group is ever free, but I wonder if these two mechanized hours have put more chains on me than were to be found on the Roman citizen two thousand years ago, or an inland Chinaman to-day—cultures innocent of engines both. As I look about the United States, the most mechanized nation under the sun, I have reason to believe—and will shortly adduce the statistical proof—that the number of those bound intimately to the rhythm of the machine is a small percentage of the total population; while there are probably more people whose contacts are slenderer than mine, than there are those whose contacts are more pronounced. What with my household engines, my commuting, and my continual sorties along the sidewalks of New York, I am more mechanized than the majority of my fellow-citizens and, needless to say, far less mechanized than a minority thereof. Furthermore, let it be specifically understood that in this article I am analyzing direct contacts with machines—operating, touching, seeing, hearing, smelling, using them; rather than the more nebulous, though possibly more important, indirect effects of the power age on the general social structure. James Watt is certainly guilty of doing something to the divorce rate, but just what, nobody clearly knows. For the moment I prefer to cling to more objective phenomena.

II

While it is impossible to count all the common machines (there are about seventy common varieties, running into an aggregate of hundreds of millions of units—all the way from a watch the size of a dime, to a two-hundred-thousand-horse-power turbine) it is evident that a tremendous mass of metal is forever around us—a wall, which grows higher every day. But that it imprisons us tightly is not even open to question. It certainly does not, and cannot, for decades to come. It is still far too low a wall not to be readily jumped over. If my average daily contact with machines is two hours, the average for children and housewives is most certainly less. For farmers, store-keepers, office workers (except typists and calculating-machine operators), professional workers, and the bulk of unskilled construction and transportation workers, it is presumably about the same; leaving a higher ratio only in the case of factory employees and of certain groups, largely skilled, among the transportation, mine, and construction workers. If I am not undone by contacts with my quota, it stands to reason that most people are not undone.

But at this point it is necessary to probe deeper into the meaning of direct contact. I go from Times Square to Yonkers; in one case in the subway, in the other driving my own car. In both cases I am in direct contact with a machine, employing it over an identical area for transportation purposes. Are the psychological effects the same? Indeed they are not. In the one case I submit to bad air, poor light, discomfort, and control by somebody else. My role is entirely passive. In the other case, I dominate my own mechanism, guide it through complicated traffic patterns, speed it up along the fine vistas of Riverside Drive. My role is active and psychologically stimulating.

To say, then, that one confronts a machine, is to say something but not very much. The kind of behavior which results from that contact is a far more important consideration and, as an instant's thought will disclose, all manner of reactions are possible. Despite the diversity, it is possible to reduce these reactions to seven basic classes.

1. Operating machines with a large measure of individual responsibility in guidance and control. (Running a mo-

tor car, an airplane, or a locomotive.)

2. Operating stationary machines with responsibility only for speed or direction control. (Running a turret lathe, a vacuum cleaner, the engines of an ocean liner.)

3. Tending machines with no responsibility for control. Complete submission to the mechanism. (Feeding a punch, mending yarn on a loom, tightening bolts on an assembly line.)

4. Inventing, designing, repairing and inspecting machines. (The work of the planning and inspecting staffs of any large factory—say Ford's; the day by day work of a good garage man.)

5. Playing with machines. (A child with an electric train; his father tinkering with a radio; playing the saxophone, trap shooting.)

6. Being carried by a machine with no responsibility for its control. (Riding in a train, an elevator, a Ferris wheel.)

7. Submitting to a machine in someone else's control—a variation of 6. (Sitting in a dentist's chair, facing an enemy's barrage, dodging traffic.)

We touch here the roots of the whole problem of machinery and man. It is obvious that certain machine contacts are as lethal as others are wholesome and invigorating. To control a powerful mechanism such as a locomotive or an automobile is to give the ego a joy ride, the reverse of the slave psychology. Even to operate a stationary contrivance like a derrick, a steam shovel, or pneumatic rock drill, is often a stimulating experience. The chief engineer of the Mohawk Trail told me that "every man who comes on the job wants to go on the jack drills."

To make sweeping conclusions about any process so varied is downright nonsense. The Frankenstein chorus does not hesitate to make them, but we cannot share their certainties. The most devastating effects are undoubtedly found in category number seven, when men face the mechanisms of modern warfare. In the piping times of peace, however, the category of the most dubious aspect, humanly considered, is certainly number three—machine tending. In this class falls the regimented factory worker, the robot whose "sinister shadow" has been following us ever since the word was coined by a German dramatist.

III

Let us concentrate for the moment upon the case of this factory worker, for it is here if anywhere that the gloomy chorus is merited. How many robots are there? Is their number increasing relative to the total population? What is happening to them physiologically and psychologically? Is a race of sub-men really being created? Neither I, nor anyone else, can answer all these questions, because nobody has taken the trouble to collect the basic data; but I can answer some of them and suggest the available evidence in respect to others. First, as to the number of robots in America.

According to the 1920 Census of Occupations, the total persons gainfully employed were 41,615,000. Of this number, there were 7,972,000 in factories, not including officials. Outside of factories, theoretical robots are to be found in such occupations as running office machines, minding telephone switchboards, cutting coal with machinery, firing locomotives and stationary engines, running elevators, and so forth. The total of men and women in these outside jobs foots up to 827,000. If we add this figure to the factory workers, we have an aggregate of almost 9,000,000 potential robots—but we have not the faintest shadow of a right to do so. From the opinion of various engineers whom I have consulted, it is probable that less than one-half the factory workers are potential robots, in the sense that they are submitting to the rhythm of machines outside their own control, and hence, by implication, slaves. In other words, more than half of all factory employees are either not operating ma-

chines at all—but rather cleaning, carpentering, painting, handling materials, minding stock—or they are operating machines under their personal control—turning the lathe or the grinder on and off, speeding it up and slowing it down as they shape the wood or metal upon which they are working—or they are repairing and inspecting machines, which is a skilled and reasonably independent process.

If we allow one-half the factory workers as an outside figure for possible robots, and then add the non-factory occupations, we reach a total of a little over 5,000,000—5,338,000, to be exact. The population of the United States in 1920 was 105,711,000, and so our possible number of robots works out to five per cent of all men, women, and children, and about thirteen per cent of those gainfully employed. Greece in her great days had 5,000,000 freemen standing on the backs of 12,000,000 slaves. I dare you to conclude that a population seventy per cent slave is more wholesome than one possibly five per cent slave to the machine.

There are important additional considerations. The United States is more mechanized than Western Civilization generally and, therefore, we should expect to find the proportion of so-called robots at its maximum in this country (unless possibly in England or Germany). Second, factory population—our biggest item—has been steadily declining since 1920. There were 1,250,000 fewer employees in factories in 1928 than there were in 1923. Third, the whole course of modern technical development is in the direction of more automatic machinery. Mr. Televox now operates power stations with no living man inside of them. The automatic function relentlessly replaces machine tenders and feeders with skilled inspectors, and thus, together with a decline in numbers, there is a tendency for the remaining operatives to leave the robot class. My guess would be that the ratio to-day is less than four per cent of the total population, and that as the automatic function grows, the ratio will steadily decline.

IV

The fact that the robot ratio is small, and growing smaller, is not encouraging to the case of the gloomy philosophers, but it does not dispose of the case. Far from it. One does not need to be a sentimentalist to recoil from the thought of working in the stokehole of a liner, or of knotting broken threads in a textile mill all day; and five million human beings in chains remains a ghastly total if it can be established. Can it?

Mr. Ralph Borsodi gives us an excellent illustration of the many robot occupations which still surround us. In one of the great establishments manufacturing automobiles, he tells us, there is a room filled with punching machines. In front of each stands a worker, feeding it pieces of steel by hand. A lever is geared to the mechanism, and to this lever the man is chained by a handcuff locked to his wrist. As the punch comes down the lever moves back, taking the hand with it. To look down the long room is to see machines, levers, and men in unison—feed, punch, jerk back; feed, punch, jerk back. (Yet these workers were handcuffed partly out of pity for their flesh and blood. Before the articulated levers were installed, they were continually losing their fingers and their hands under the down thrust of the punch.)

It has been estimated that sixty-five per cent of all workers in automobile factories are on the assembly line or submitting to mechanical control. The percentage of potential robots is undoubtedly high in this industry—although a large mill for manufacturing motor-car frames has just been built which is completely automatic, the only labor employed being that of the skilled inspector.

But are all machine-tenders thus handcuffed, actually or figuratively? Here, on the other hand, is a "steel bird." He is the man who rivets skyscrapers together. He is restless, adventurous,

courageous, and gay. He earns big money, is a mighty spender, and a sporty dresser. He may be killed, but while he lives, he *lives*—and swaggers. The power age exalts his personality. Here is a locomotive engineer, indefatigably ministering to a vast black monster. The control of this beast is not always good for his health, but no finer body of men in the sense of character and dependability was ever grown in any culture than locomotive engineers. And here is Charles Lindbergh, minding a machine over three thousand miles of ocean. So closely was he bound to it, that he spoke of himself and it as "we." In a sense he loved it, and all the world loved him for that affection. I have not heard him called a robot. Nor yet such machine tenders as Chukhnovsky and Commander Byrd.

For countless centuries stone was cut with the chisel and the hammer. In 1880 the stone planer was invented, and by 1895 was in wide use. Stone cutters were reduced to half their former numbers, but for the men who remained, wages were increased, hours decreased, working conditions greatly improved—particularly in respect to dust, that greatest of all industrial killers. Because the machines were expensive, better sheds than any hitherto known were erected over them, which they magnanimously shared with the men—who found themselves working a power-driven planer in light, heat, and comfort instead of driving a chisel in a cold, dreary barn.

Or let us take another example. The linotype came in 1887. By 1903, 7,500 machines were in use in the United States and Canada, and the industry was completely revolutionized. Hours of labor were cut from ten to eight; wages were increased some twenty per cent, regularity of employment was greatly increased—the old "tramp printer" disappeared, shop conditions were improved. The machine brought greater strain, but not of the repetitive variety. "The amount produced on a linotype is directly proportional to the skill of the operator . . . he must think more quickly than a hand compositor." Machines increased the intelligence of printers and so lifted them farther from the robot class.

V

It is alleged that the modern industrial worker of the class we are considering suffers from injuries to the body and to the mind. The robot, we are told, is the victim of industrial diseases and accidents, and is subject to a growing burden of mental maladjustments resulting in nervous breakdowns, neuroses, and psychoses. He is becoming a subman, incapable of taking an intelligent interest in public affairs, and thus a liability upon the community.

In respect to his health, the available facts seem to be these. There is little question that the initial stages of the industrial revolution in England and elsewhere were lethal in their effects upon the workers. Robots were made and slain by the thousands. There was relatively far more machine tending, as the automatic process was unheard of, while shop conditions were universally bad. But in about 1850 in England, and with the turn of the century in the United States, conditions began to mend. It is probable that the health of the present-day worker is improving with that of the rest of the population. Take New Haven for instance—where pretty nearly everybody who does not go to Yale goes to work in the metal shops. In 1880, the New Haven death rate was 18.2 per thousand; in 1925 it had fallen to 12.5—a decrease of over 30 per cent. During the past half century, says Mr. C. E. A. Winslow, over one-third the total burden of disease and early death has been lifted from human life in the Western nations. We know from other studies that the health of certain industrial groups, particularly those where the factor of dust is high, does not measure up to the community average; but there is no evidence that industrial workers as a class are going backward in this respect, and a

good deal of evidence that they are going forward. Consider the single factor of the great improvement in factory air, light, heat, and sanitation in the past few decades.

The healthiest occupations in England, according to Mr. Haldane, are glue and manure manufacturing—"an interesting commentary on the widely held theory that bad smells cause bad health." Electrical workers and machine compositors, he finds, are also very healthy, with death rates less than 50 per cent of average. Then follow clergymen, gardeners, farm laborers, teachers, doctors, and lawyers. Lithography and soap making are very wholesome indoor trades.

In respect to industrial accidents, an exhaustive study just published by the American Engineering Council indicates that since 1920, while the accident rate per unit of output is declining, total accidents have increased. Production is growing faster than accidents, but more men are being hurt. The Council believes, however, that this is a temporary phenomenon, brought about by the new industrial revolution through which we are now passing (i.e. mass production), and that adjustment will presently be made. Meanwhile it cites many industries and plants in which organized safety work has greatly reduced the number of accidents, and argues for a great increase in such measures, not, if you please, so much because it means less men in the hospital, as because it means more profit to the employer. The Clark Thread Company has a record of ten million man-hours without an accident. If employers generally can get it through their heads that accident prevention pays them in dividends—and it will not be the fault of the Council if this does not happen—we may expect a sharp decline in the accident rate in the next decade.

In brief, I can see no support for the claim that modern industry is progressively ruining the bodies of its workers. Many are ruined, but as the longer life-span tables show, even more are saved.

VI

We turn now to the central charge of the Frankenstein chorus—the injurious effects of the machine upon the worker's mind. Here the evidence is scantier and less conclusive. Psychology is still an infant science, and as Professor W. F. Ogburn points out, we know little about what is happening to the central nervous system of the modern machine tender. A few facts are, however, available. One of the crying needs of the times is for more. The amount of sheer undocumented nonsense in this category is colossal. I have read most of it.

To begin with, nobody seems to know whether mental diseases are on the increase for the total population, let alone the machine workers as a class. What every medical man is agreed upon is that mental cases now require as many hospital beds as all other cases combined. This looks, and is, serious, but it tells us little about *trend*. Modern health practice insists more and more upon the segregation of the insane and the mentally defective. In past ages they mumbled in the chimney corner or begged upon the streets. Society now takes care of them—which speaks well for society, but gives no evidence that there are more to be nursed. Of all men examined for the American army in 1917, 1.5 per cent were found to be afflicted with mental diseases—while no less than 12 per cent were afflicted with bad feet; indicating that they were worse at the bottom than at the top. That great numbers of our fellow-citizens are slightly mad is only too painfully apparent; but how many were in similar sad condition in the Middle Ages, when the only engines were perpetual motion toys that would not work? When monks and nuns, cut off from the most normal of all human relations, filled their own asylums and overflowed upon the countryside? When the Holy Office was frightening the world out of its wits; and saints, devils, witches, magicians were as popular as the movies? When "all the forms of lunacy thrived,

even producing types peculiar to itself, such as lycanthropy, in which men transformed themselves into were-wolves"?

James Watt argued as early as 1785 that workers under the new regime "are to be considered in no other light than as mere mechanical powers . . . it is scarcely necessary that they should use their reason." Frederick W. Taylor, the father at once of high speed steel and Scientific Management, observed: "The ideal of efficiency in industry is to simplify the work to such a degree that it can be done by a trained gorilla." For many routine tasks it has been found that the feeble-minded make the best operatives.

Mr. Fred Colvin of the *American Machinist* admits that he has wept for the soul-destroying effects of the machine, and has urged the shifting of men from one routine job to another "to save their tottering reason." Indeed, he has tried it in sundry shops—only to be overwhelmed with the resulting riot! The poor robots did not want to change, and said so loudly and clearly. Here was a man lying upon a cradle on his back under the assembly line, screwing up a bolt. He had a comfortable position and an admirable rest for his head. When the management tried to shift his job, he threatened to quit. He was convinced he had the softest berth in the shop—"nothing to do but lie down all day, and getting good money for it." Repetitive work, if geared aright, makes for pleasant day dreams. "Most people do not want to 'express themselves,' and are much happier with somebody else taking the responsibility. The stolid look is a generic one. Such men are built stolid; they would be stolid on a farm."

Dr. C. S. Myers reports three classes of labor, psychologically speaking. There is a recognized type which takes no interest in his daily work but acts as if he were a machine. Such a one is apt to satisfy his longings by recourse to pleasant imagination or day dreaming. For him no repetitive task, however monotonous, is felt as such. So long as he is not asked to alter his methods or attend to new details, he remains happy. A second type resents his work, but strikes a psychic balance with sport or games. A third type is in continual revolt, and if kept at repetitive work too long, is likely to fly off the handle. He is invariably of higher intelligence than his mates in the other groups.

Federal and State Labor Departments in co-operation with Insurance Companies, recently studied industrial accidents in New York. They announce this warning—lest we grow over-optimistic about the happiness of gorillas: "Monotony of routine jobs is responsible for many fatal slips. It would be well for employers to make sure that the men and women assigned to routine work are temperamentally able to stand the monotony." A recent study of the Psychological Institute of Paris concludes that adding machines and other calculating devices constitute a distinct danger to the nervous system if operated for more than two hours a day.

Is it not reasonably evident from the evidence given above that there is no ground for writing off our five million so-called robots as psychologically a total loss? Does it not depend on the kind of man and the kind of machine? A large fraction of the whole group like their jobs; another fraction resent them, but compensate outside—by dominating their automobiles, let us say. The remainder, who hate their work and cannot compensate, constitute a real industrial tragedy, and no stone should be left unturned to free them. Fortunately a stone or two is already being moved.

Just as the safety movement is attempting to check industrial accidents, another and younger movement is marching out against conditions which make for industrial fatigue. Excessive fatigue sets up poisons, reduces efficiency and output, and thus injures profits. Elaborate systems have accordingly been worked out for its measurement. The Industrial Fatigue Research Board

of England puts special counters on looms, and special meters on their motors to measure power consumption. It finds that in this class of work, Tuesday morning between 8:15 and 10:15 is the hour when fatigue is at a minimum. Every Tuesday morning; always at this time. Efficiency drops after 10:15 to lunch time; picks up afterwards for an hour, sags downhill the balance of the afternoon, reaching its lowest point at 5:30. On Monday, at 5:30, efficiency is 5.8 per cent below the Tuesday morning norm; on Friday, 7.5 per cent below. Friday at 5:30 is always the bottom of the curve. There is thus a daily and a weekly fatigue cycle. It is affected by temperature and humidity as well as by physical work. As the day wears on the temperature of the weaving sheds rises; as the week wears on the effect becomes cumulative—only the week-end stoppage bringing temperature back to normal.

With these facts in hand, the manufacturer, desiring to reduce costs and increase profits, takes steps so to control temperature, humidity, speed of operations, motions of workers, hours, rest periods, that the fatigue curve approximates a horizontal line, thus keeping output at maximum.

Carbon dioxide expelled by the lungs has also been used by Mr. Polikov to determine fatigue. As fatigue increases, more carbon dioxide is given off. Thus compositors on a night shift exhaled 2.5 cubic centimeters per second at 5 p.m., and 11.7 centimeters 6 hours later. The amount of exhalation by type-foundry workers jumped from 3.1 to 13.3 in the same period.

One of the main factors in the creation of fatigue is dry air at high temperature. "By adjusting the cooling power to the heat production of the worker, sweating can be prevented, and the work done with comfort and ease. The curse of Adam can be removed by the aid of a fan." An instrument called a "Kata thermometer" has been devised to assist such adjustment.

No further cases are needed to illustrate the point. It is enough to say that all over the industrial world to-day fatigue studies are being made and highly ingenious methods to prevent fatigue are being devised, and here and there installed, of which the commonest are shorter hours and rest periods. And they are being made not for humanitarian reasons, but for business reasons. If and when the technic gathers sufficient momentum, it will become difficult for workers to degenerate physiologically; and as even monotony would register on the output curve, important psychological benefits might well accrue. In the latter case, work must be rearranged, or the worker transferred, if maximum output is to be attained. What other culture ever dreamed of such controls?

Enter the next ten factories that you pass, and ask the manager if he uses fatigue curves. He will think that you come directly from the nearest speakeasy. Not until you reach the nine hundred and ninety-ninth will you see them actually upon the walls. But if they mean lower costs, bigger margins in the competitive struggle, they are bound to come—just as automatic machinery and mass production have come. They open limitless possibilities for keeping the bodily mechanism of the worker at par.

And his soul? I wonder how far it is necessary to lie awake worrying about a healthy man's soul?

VII

In planning a military attack, it is better to know the true strength of the enemy and the disposition of his forces, than to credit him with fantastic numbers and supernatural powers. A billion horse power prancing around in our social structure creates enough real problems, heaven knows, without setting up whole categories of mythical evils. If we are to combat the real problems we must see their real outlines. Instead of

talking poetical moonshine about Doctor Frankenstein, the time has come to throw a bridle around such of these horses as are over-careless where they step. Not around phantom steeds, if you please, but over specific prime movers, and their entourage of tool machines. We ought to know where they are hurting us, how much they are hurting us, and whether or not the hurt is growing.

So far as the above analysis has value, it would appear that talk about machinery enslaving all mankind is nonsense. Talk about machinery enslaving the whole body of the industrial workers is nonsense. Talk about the workers losing their health as a class is unfounded. Talk about the workers losing their minds is very dubious—the day dreamers haven't any minds to lose, and an increase in mental diseases generally cannot be proved.

The real dangers, as against the phantom ones, lie in the fact that altogether too many workers are being needlessly hurt in accidents by improperly controlled machines, and that an unknown number, in the absence of fatigue curves or other tests, are doing repetitive work for which they are temperamentally unfitted, and so tearing themselves to pieces. Rather than wail about machinery the enslaver, I suggest the creation of a strong-arm squad to deport any manufacturer who permits machines to mangle his workers, or who puts workers upon them without first testing their ability to stand the rhythm. All machines which by their basic design are over-dangerous either to body or to mind, should forthwith be melted down in the nearest blast furnace. However efficient they may be, they are too costly for society to tolerate.

MEMORY OF MY GRANDMOTHER

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

YOU sat alone in your accustomed place,
Whose hands were grown so tremulously white
Since yesterday; a wanly carven face,
Texture of alabaster veined with light
Set in the shadow of your lacquered hair,
Looked strangely on me; in unwonted calm
You drew me toward you with your sovereign air
Of brief command, "Read me the nineteenth Psalm."
"In them a tabernacle for the sun" . . .
This was the beauty we had always known.
The tall clock beat the words out one by one,
Your lips moved in a raptured undertone,
"As a bridegroom coming . . ." I saw your stricken head
Go down, and suddenly knew that he was dead.

THE MAN WHO MISSED THE BUS

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

MR. ROBINSON'S temper was quite sore by the time he reached St. Pierre. The two irritations that most surely found the weak places in his nervous defenses were noise and light in his eyes. And, as he told Monsieur Dupont, the proprietor of Les Trois Moineaux at St. Pierre, "If there is one thing, monsieur, that is offensive—essentially offensive—that is to say, a danger in itself—I mean to say noise doesn't have to have a meaning. . . . What I mean is, monsieur, that noise—"

"*Numéro trente*," said Monsieur Dupont to the chasseur.

Mr. Robinson always had to explain things very thoroughly in order to make people really appreciate the force of what he had to say; and even then it was a hard task to get them to acknowledge receipt, so to speak, of his message. But he was a humble man, and he accounted for the atmosphere of unanswered and unfinished remarks in which he lived by admitting that his words were unfortunately always inadequate to convey to a fellow-mortal the intense interest to be found in the curiosities of behavior and sensation. His mind was overstocked with by-products of the business of life. He felt that every moment disclosed a new thing worth thinking of among the phenomena that his senses presented to him. Other people, he saw, let these phenomenal moments slip by unanalyzed; but if he had had the words and the courage, he felt, he could have awakened those of his fellow-creatures whom he met from their trance of shallow living. As it was, the relation of his explorations and wonderings sounded, even to his own ears, flat as the telling at breakfast of an ecstatic dream.

What he had meant to say about noise, for instance, had been that noise was *in itself* terrifying and horrible—not as a warning of danger but as a physical assault. Vulgar people treat noise only as a language that *means* something, he would have said, but really noise could not be translated, any more than rape could be translated. There was no such thing as an ugly harmless noise. The noise of an express train approaching and shrieking through a quiet station; the noise of heavy rain sweeping towards one through a forest; the noise of loud concerted laughter at an unheard joke—all benevolent noises if translated into concrete terms, were *in themselves* calamities. All this Mr. Robinson would have thought worth saying to Monsieur Dupont—worth continuing to say until Monsieur Dupont should have confessed to an understanding of his meaning; but as usual the words collapsed as soon as they left Mr. Robinson's lips.

Monsieur Dupont stood in the doorway of Les Trois Moineaux with his back to the light. Mr. Robinson could see the shape of his head set on stooping shoulders, with a little frail fluff of hair beaming round a baldness. He could see the rather crumpled ears with

outleaning lobes bulging sharply against the light. But between ear and ear, between bald brow and breast he could see nothing but a black blank against the glare. Mr. Robinson had extremely acute sight—perhaps too acute, as he often wanted to tell people, since this was perhaps why the light in his eyes affected him so painfully.

"If my sight were less acute," he would have said, "I should not mind a glare so much—I mean to say, my eyes are so extremely receptive that they receive too much, or in other words the same cause that makes my eyes so very sensitive is . . ."

But nobody ever leaned forward eagerly and said, "I understand you perfectly, Mr. Robinson, and what you say is most interesting. Your sight includes so much that it cannot exclude excessive light, and this very naturally irritates your nerves, though the same peculiarity accounts for your intense powers of observation." Nobody ever said anything like that, but then, people are so self-engrossed.

Mr. Robinson was not self-engrossed—he was simply extravagantly interested in *things*, not people. For instance, he looked round now, as the chasseur sought in the shadows for his suitcase, and saw the terrace striped by long beams of light—broad flat beams that were strung like yellow sheets from every window and door in the hotel to the trees, tall urns, and tables of the terrace. A murmur of voices enlivened the air, but there were no human creatures in any beam—only blocked dark figures in the shadows—and, in every patch of light, a sleeping dog or cat or two. Dogs and cats lay extended or curled comfortably on the warm uneven paving stones, and Mr. Robinson's perfect sight absorbed the shape of every brown, tortoise-shell, or black marking on their bodies, as a geographer might accept the continents on a new unheard-of globe.

"It's just like geography—the markings on animals," Mr. Robinson had once said to an American who couldn't get away. "What I mean to say is that the markings on a dog or a rabbit have just as much sense as the markings on this world of ours—or in other words the archipelagoes of spots on this pointer puppy are just as importantly isolated from one another as they could be in any Adriatic sea."

But the American had only replied, "Why no, Mr. Robinson, not half so important; I am taking my wife, with the aid of the American Express Company, to visit the Greek islands this summer; and we shall be sick on the sea and robbed on the land—whereas nobody but a flea ever visits the spots on that puppy, and the flea don't know and don't care a damn what color he bites into." Showing that nobody except Mr. Robinson ever really studied things impersonally.

Mr. Robinson, a very ingenious-minded and sensitive man with plenty of money, was always seeking new places to go to, where he might be a success—or rather, where his unaccountable failures elsewhere might not be known. St. Pierre, he thought, was an excellent venture, although the approach to it had been so trying. As soon as he had heard of it—through reading a short thoughtless sketch by a popular novelist in the *Daily Call*—he had felt hopeful about it. A little Provençal walled town on a hill, looking out over vineyards to the blue Mediterranean; a perfect little hotel—clean and with a wonderful cook—frequented by an interesting few. . . .

"By the time I get downstairs," thought Mr. Robinson as he carefully laid his trousers under the mattress in his room and donned another pair, "the lights will be lighted on the terrace, and I shall be able to see my future friends. I must tell someone about that curious broken reflection in the river Rhone."

He went downstairs and out onto the terrace, where the tinkle of glasses and plates made him feel hungry. He could

hear, as he stood in the doorway looking out, one man's voice making a series of jokes in quick succession, each excited pause in his voice being filled by a gust and scrape of general laughter —like waves breaking on a beach with a clatter and then recoiling with a thin, hopeful, lonely sound. "Probably all his jokes are personalities," thought Mr. Robinson, "and, therefore, not essentially funny. No doubt they are slightly pornographic, at that. When will people learn how interesting and exciting *things* are? . . ."

A waiter behind him drew out a chair from a table in one of the squares of light thrown from a window. Mr. Robinson, after sitting down abstractedly, was just going to call the waiter back to tell him that his eyes were ultra-sensitive to light and that he could see nothing in that glare, when a large dog, with the bleached, patched, innocent face of a circus clown, came and laid its head on his knee. Mr. Robinson could never bear to disappoint an animal. He attributed to animals all the hot and cold variations of feeling that he himself habitually experienced, identifying the complacent fur of the brute with his own thin human skin. So that when the waiter, coming quietly behind him, put the wine list into his hand, Mr. Robinson merely said, "Thank you, garçon, but I never touch alcohol in any form—or, for the matter of that, tobacco either. In my opinion—" and did not call the rapidly escaping waiter back to ask him to move his table. The dog's chin was now comfortably pressed against his knee, and the dog's paw hooked in a pathetically prehensile way about his ankle.

Mr. Robinson made the best of his position in the dazzle and tried to look about him. The Trois Moineaux was built just outside the encircling wall of the tightly corseted little town of St. Pierre and, since St. Pierre clung to the apex of a conical hill, it followed that the inn terrace jutted boldly out over a steep, stepped fall of vineyards overhanging the plain. The plain was very dim now, overlaid by starlit darkness, yet at the edge of the terrace there was a sense of *view*, and all the occupied tables stood in a row against the low wall, diluting the food and drink they bore with starlight and space. The men and women sitting at these tables all had their faces to the world and their backs to Mr. Robinson. He could not see a single human face. He had come down too late to secure one of the outlooking tables, and his place was imprisoned in a web of light under an olive tree. In the middle of the table, peaches and green grapes were heaped on a one-legged dish. And on the edge of the dish a caterpillar waved five-sixths of its length drearily in the air, unable to believe that its world could really end at this abrupt slippery rim. Mr. Robinson, shading his eyes from the light, could see every detail of the caterpillar's figure, and it seemed to him worth many minutes of absorbed attention. Its color was a pale greenish-fawn, and it had two dark bumps on its brow by way of eyes.

"How unbearably difficult and lonely its life would seem to us," thought Mr. Robinson, leaning intensely over it. "How frightful if by mistake the merest spark of self-consciousness should get into an insect's body (an accidental short-circuit in the life current, perhaps), and it should know itself absolutely alone—appallingly free." He put his finger in the range of its persistent wavings and watched it crawl with a looping haste down his fingernail, accepting without question a quite fortuitous salvation from its dilemma. He laid his finger against a leaf, and the caterpillar disembarked briskly after its journey across alien elements. When it was gone, Mr. Robinson looked about him, dazed. "My goodness," he thought, "that caterpillar's face is the only one I have seen to-night!"

The noise of chatter and laughter went up like a kind of smoke from the flickering creatures at the tables near

the edge of the terrace. At each table the heads and shoulders of men and women leaned together—were sucked together like flames in a common upward draft. "My dear, she looked like a . . . Oh, well, if you want to. . . . He's the kind of man who . . . *No*, my dear, not in my *bedroom*. . . . A rattling good yarn. . . . Stop me if I've told you this one before. . . ." One man, standing up a little unsteadily facing the table nearest to Mr. Robinson, made a speech: ". . . the last time . . . delightful company . . . fair sex . . . happiest hours of my life . . . mustn't waste your time . . . us mere men . . . as the Irishman said to the Scotchman when . . . happiest moments of all my life . . . one minute and I shall be done . . . always remember the happiest days of all my . . . well, I mustn't keep you . . . I heard a little story the other day. . . ." And all the time his audience leaned together round their table, embarrassed, looking away over the dark plain or murmuring together with bent heads.

The only woman whose face Mr. Robinson might have seen was shielding her face with her hands and shaking with silent laughter. The speaker was wavering on his feet very much as the caterpillar had wavered on its tail, and his wide gestures, clawing the air in search of the attention of his friends, suggested to Mr. Robinson the caterpillar's wild gropings for foothold where no foothold was. "Yes," thought Mr. Robinson, "the caterpillar was *my* host. No other face is turned to me."

However, as he thought this, a man came from a farther table and stood quite close, under the olive tree, between Mr. Robinson and the lighted doorway, looking down on him. The man stretched out his hand to the tree and leaned upon it. A freak of light caught the broad short hand, walnut-knuckled and brown, crooked over the bough. Mr. Robinson could not see the man's face at all, but he felt that the visit was friendly. To conciliate this sympathetic stranger, he would even have talked about the weather, or made a joke about pretty girls or beer; but he could not think of anything of that kind to say to a man whose hand, grasping an olive bough, was all that could be known of him. All that Mr. Robinson could do for the moment was to wonder what could have sent the man here. "It could not have been," thought Mr. Robinson humbly, "that he was attracted by my face, because nobody ever is." And then he began thinking how one man's loss is nearly always another man's gain, if considered broadly enough. For one to be forsaken, really, means that another has a new friend.

"This young man," thought Mr. Robinson, gazing at the black outline of the stranger's head, "has probably come here blindly, because of some sudden hurt, some stab, some insult, inflicted by his friends at that table over there—probably by a woman. Perhaps he thinks he has a broken heart (for he has young shoulders). Nothing short of a wound that temporarily robbed him of his social balance could make him do so strange a thing as suddenly to leave his friends and come here to stand silent by me in the shade. Yet if he only could—as some day, I am convinced, we all shall—know that the sum remains the same—that some other lover is the happier for this loss of his—and that if he had gained a smile from her, the pain he now feels would simply have been shifted to another heart—not dispelled . . . We only have to think impersonally enough, and even death—well, we are all either nearly dead or just born, more or less, and the balance of birth and death never appreciably alters. Personal thinking is the curse of existence. Why are we all crushed under the weight of this strangling *me*—this snake in our garden . . . ?"

So he said to the young man, "Isn't it a curious thing, looking round at young people and old people, that it doesn't really matter if they are born or dead—I mean to say, it's all the same whatever

happens, if you follow me, and so many people mind when they needn't, if people would only realize—" At this moment there was a burst of clapping from the far table and the young man bounded from Mr. Robinson's side back to his friends, shouting, "Good egg—have you thought of a word already? Animal, vegetable, or mineral—and remember to speak up because I'm rather hard of hearing."

Mr. Robinson suddenly felt like Herbert Robinson, personally affronted. The sum of happiness (which of course remained unaltered by his setback) for a moment did not matter in the least. He pushed back his chair and walked away, leaving his cheese uneaten and the clown-faced dog without support. He went to his bedroom and sat down opposite his mirror, facing the reflection of his outward *me*. There sat the figure in the mirror, smooth, plump, pale, with small pouched eyes and thick, straight, wet-looking hair.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Robinson, studying the reflection of his disappointed face—the only human face he had seen that evening. "Look at me—I *am* alive—I am indeed very acutely alive—more alive, perhaps, than all these men and women half-blind—half-dead in their limitations of greed and sex. . . . It is true I have no personal claim on life; I am a virgin and I have no friends—yet I live intensely—and there are—there *are—there are* other forms of life than personal life. The eagle and the artichoke are equally alive; and perhaps my way of life is nearer to the eagle's than the artichoke's. And must I be alone—must I live behind cold shoulders because I see *out* instead of *in* —the most vivid form of life conceivable, if only it could be lived perfectly?"

He tried to see himself in the mirror, as was his habit, as a mere pliable pillar of life, a turret of flesh with a prisoner called *life* inside it. He stared himself out of countenance, trying, as it were, to dissolve his poor body by understanding it—poor white, sweating, rubbery thing that was called Herbert Robinson and had no friends. But to-night the prisoner called *life* clung to his prison—to-night his body tingled with egotism—to-night the oblivion that he called wisdom would not come, and he could not become conscious, as he longed to, of the live sky above the roof, the long winds streaming about the valleys, the billions of contented, wary, or terrified creatures moving about the living dust, weeds, and waters of the world. He remained just Herbert Robinson who had not seen any human face while in the midst of his fellow men.

He began to feel an immediate craving —an almost revengeful lust—to be alone, far from men, books, mirrors, and lights, watching, all his life long, the bodiless, mindless movements of animals—ecstatic living things possessing no *me*. "I should scarcely know I was alive, then, and perhaps never even notice when I died. . . ." He decided he would go away next day, and give no group again the chance to excommunicate him.

He remembered that he had seen a notice at the door of the hotel giving the rare times at which an auto-bus left and arrived at St. Pierre. "I will leave by the early bus, before anyone is awake to turn his back on me."

He could not sleep, but lay uneasily on his bed reading the advertisements in a magazine he had brought with him. Advertisements always comforted him a good deal, because advertisers really, he thought, took a broad view; they wrote of—and to—their fellow men cynically and subtly, taking advantage of the vulgar passion for personal address, and yet treating humanity as one intricate mass—an instrument to be played upon. This seemed the ideal standpoint to Mr. Robinson, and yet he was insulted by the isolation such an ideal involved.

He dressed himself early, replaced in his suitcase the few clothes he had taken out, put some notes in an envelope addressed to Monsieur Dupont, and leaned out of the window to watch for

the bus. St. Pierre, a sheaf of white-and-pink plaster houses, was woven together on a hill, like a haycock. The town, though compact and crowned by a sharp white bell-tower, seemed to have melted a little, like a thick candle; the centuries and the sun had softened its fortress outlines. The other hills, untopped by towns, seemed much more definitely constructed; they were austerely built of yellow and green blocks of vineyard, cemented by the dusty green of olive trees. Gleaming, white fluffy clouds peeped over the hills—"like kittens," thought Mr. Robinson who had a fancy for trying to make cosmic comparisons between the small and the big. On the terrace of the inn half a dozen dogs sprawled in the early sun. Over the valley a hawk balanced and swung in the air, so hungry after its night's fast that it swooped rashly and at random several times, and was caught up irritably into the air again after each dash, as though dangling on a plucked thread. Mr. Robinson leaned long on his sill looking at it, until his elbows felt sore from his weight, and he began to wonder where the bus was that was going to take him away to loneliness. He went down to the terrace, carrying his suitcase, and stood in the archway. There was no sound of a coming bus—no sound at all, in fact, except a splashing and a flapping and a murmuring to the left and right of him. A forward step or two showed him that there were two long washing troughs, one on each side of the archway, each trough shaded by a stone gallery and further enclosed in a sort of trellis of leaning kneading women.

Mr. Robinson noticed uneasily that he could not see one woman's face; all were so deeply bent and absorbed. After a moment, however, a woman's voice from the row behind him asked him if he was waiting for the bus. He turned to reply, hoping to break the spell by finding an ingenuous rustic face lifted to look at him. But all the faces were bent once more, and it was another woman behind him again who told him that the bus had left ten minutes before. Once more the speaker bent over her work before Mr. Robinson had time to turn and see her face. "What a curious protracted accident," he thought, and had time to curse his strange isolation before he realized the irritation of being unable to leave St. Pierre for another half dozen hours. He flung his suitcase into the hall of the inn and walked off up a path that led through the vineyards. As if the whole affair had been prearranged, all the dogs on the terrace rose up and followed him, yawning and stretching surreptitiously, like workers reluctantly leaving their homes at the sound of a factory whistle.

Mr. Robinson, true to his habit, concentrated his attention on—or rather diffused it to embrace—the colors about him. The leaves of the vines especially held his eye; they wore the same frosty bloom that grapes themselves often wear—a sky-blue dew on the green leaf. Two magpies, with a bottle-green sheen on their wings, gave their police-rattle cry as he came near and then flew off, flaunting their long tails clumsily. A hundred feet higher, where the ground became too steep even for vines, Mr. Robinson found a grove of gnarled old olive trees, edging a thick wood of Spanish chestnuts. Here he sat down and looked between the tree-trunks and over the distorted shadows at the uneven yellow land and the thin blade of mat-blue sea stabbing the farthest hills. The dogs stood round him, expecting him to rise in a minute and lead them on again. Seeing that he still sat where he was, they wagged their tails tolerantly but invitingly. Finally they resigned themselves to the inevitable and began philosophically walking about the grove, sniffing gently at various points in search of a makeshift stationary amusement.

Mr. Robinson watched them with a growing sense of comfort. "Here," he thought, "are the good undeliberate beasts again; I knew they would save me. They don't shut themselves away

from life in their little individualities, or account uniquely for their lusts on the silly ground of personality. Their bodies aren't prisons—they're just dormitories. . . ." He delighted in watching the dogs busily engrossed in being alive without self-consciousness. After all, he thought, he did not really depend on men. (For he had been doubting his prized detachment most painfully.)

One of the dogs discovered a mouse-hole and, after thrusting his nose violently into it to verify the immediacy of the smell, began digging, but not very cleverly because he was too large a dog for such petty sports. The other dogs hurried to the spot and, having verified the smell for themselves, stood restively round the first discoverer, wearing the irritable look we all wear when watching someone else bungle over something we feel (erroneously) that we could do very much better ourselves. Finally they pushed the original dog aside and began trying to dig, all in the same spot, but, finding this impossible, they tapped different veins of the same lode-smell. Soon a space of some ten feet square was filled with a perfect tornado of flying dust, clods, grass, and piston-like forepaws. Hindlegs remained rooted while forelegs did all the work, but whenever the accumulation of earth to the rear of each dog became inconveniently deep, hindlegs, with a few impatient strong strokes, would dash the heap away to some distance—even as far as Mr. Robinson's boots. Quite suddenly all the dogs, with one impulse, admitted themselves beaten; they concluded without rancor that the area was unmistakably mouseless. They signified their contempt for the place in the usual canine manner, and walked away, sniffing, panting, sniffing again for some new excitement.

Mr. Robinson, who had been, for the duration of the affair, a dog in spirit, expecting at every second that a horrified mouse would emerge from this cyclone of attack, imitated his leaders and quieted down with an insouciance equal to theirs. But he had escaped from the menace of humanity; he was eased—he was sleepy. . . .

He slept for a great many hours, and when he awoke the sunlight was slanting down at the same angle as the hill, throwing immense shadows across the vineyards. The dogs had gone home. And there, on a space of flattened earth between two spreading tree-roots, was a mouse and its family. Mr. Robinson, all mouse now, with no memory of his canine past, lay quite still on his side. The mother mouse moved in spasms, stopping to quiver her nose over invisible interests in the dust. Her brood were like little curled feathers, specks of down blown about by a fitful wind. There seemed to be only one license to move shared by this whole mouse family; when mother stopped, one infant mouse would puff forward, and as soon as its impulse expired, another thistledown brother would glide erratically an inch or two. In this leisurely way the family moved across the space of earth and into the grass, appearing again and again between the green blades. Mr. Robinson lay still, sycophantically reverent.

Between two blades of grass the senior mouse came out onto a little plateau, about eighteen inches away from Mr. Robinson's unwinking eye. At that range Mr. Robinson could see its face as clearly as one sees the face of a wife over a breakfast table. It was a dignified but greedy face; its eyes, in so far as they had any expression at all, expressed a cold heart; its attraction lay in its texture, a delicious velvet—and that the mouse would never allow a human finger, however friendly, to enjoy. It would have guarded its person as a classical virgin guarded her honor. As soon as Mr. Robinson saw the mouse's remote expression he felt as a lost sailor on a sinking ship might feel, who throws his last rope—and no saving hands grasp it.

He heard the sound of human foot-

steps behind him. There was a tiny explosion of flight beside him—and the mouse family was not there. Through the little grove marched a line of men in single file, going home from their work in the vineyards over the hill. Mr. Robinson sat up and noticed, with a cold heart, that all the men wore the rush hats of the country pulled down against the low last light of the sun, and that not one face was visible.

Mr. Robinson sat for some time with his face in his hands. He felt his eyes with his finger, and the shape of his nose and cheekbone; he bit his finger with his strong teeth. Here was a face—the only human face in the world. Suddenly craving for the sight of that friend behind the mirror, he got up and walked back to the Trois Moineaux. He found himself very hungry, having starved all day; but his isolation gave him a so much deeper sense of lack than did his empty stomach that, although dinner was in progress among the bands of light and shade on the terrace, his first act was to run to his room and stand before the mirror. There was a mistiness in the mirror. He rubbed it with his hand. The mistiness persisted—a compact haze of blankness that exactly covered the reflection of his face. He moved to a different angle—he moved the mirror—he saw clearly the reflection of the room, of his tweed-clad figure, of his tie, of his suitcase in the middle of the floor; but his face remained erased, like an unsatisfactory charcoal sketch. Filled with an extraordinary fear, he stood facing the mirror for some minutes, feeling with tremulous fingers for his eyes, his lips, his forehead. There seemed to him to be the same sensation of haze in his sense of touch as in his eyesight—a nervelessness—a feeling of nauseating contact with a dead thing. It was like touching with an unsuspecting hand one's own limb numbed by cold or by an accident of position.

Mr. Robinson walked downstairs, dazed, and out onto the terrace. As before, the shadowed tables looking out over the edge of the terrace were already surrounded by laughing, chattering parties. Mr. Robinson took his seat, as before, under the olive tree. "Bring me a bottle of . . . Sauterne," he said to the waiter (for he remembered that his late unmarried sister used to sustain upon this wine a reputation for wit in the boarding house in which she had lived). "And, waiter, isn't there a table free looking out at the view? I can't see anything here." It was not the view he craved, of course, but only a point of vantage from which to see the faces of his mysterious noisy neighbors. His need for seeing faces was more immediate than ever, now that his one friend had failed him.

"There will be tables free there in a moment," said the waiter. "They are all going to dance soon. They're only waiting for the moon." And the waiter nodded his shadowed face towards a distant hill, behind which—looking at this moment like a great far red fire—the moon was coming up. "Look, the moon, the moon, the moon, look . . ." everyone on the terrace was saying. And a few moments later, the moon—now completely round but cut in half by a neat bar of cloud, took flight lightly from the top of the hill.

There was a scraping of chairs, the scraping of a gramophone, and half a dozen couples of young men and women began dancing between the tall Italian urns and the olive trees on the terrace. Mr. Robinson poured himself out a large tumbler of Sauterne. "Waiter, I don't want a table at the edge now—I want one near the dancers—I want to see their faces."

"There are no tables free in the center of the terrace now. Several are vacant at the edge."

"I can see a table there, near the dancers, with only two chairs occupied. Surely I could sit with them."

"That table is taken by a large party, but most of them are dancing. They will come back there in a moment."

Mr. Robinson, disregarding the waiter and clutching his tumbler in one hand and his bottle in the other, strode to the table he had chosen. "I'm *too* lonely—I must sit here."

"So lonely, poo-oo-oor man," said the woman at the table, a stout middle-aged woman with high shoulders and a high bosom clad in saxe-blue sequins. She turned her face towards him in the pink light of the moon. Mr. Robinson, though desperate, was not surprised. Her face was the same blank—the same terrible disc of nothingness that he had seen in his mirror. Mr. Robinson looked at her companion in dreadful certainty. A twin blank faced him.

"Sh-lonely, eh?" came a thick young voice out of nothingness. "Well, m'lad, you'll be damn sight lonelier yet in minute 'f y' come buttin' in on—"

"Ow, Ronnie," expostulated his frightful friend—but at that moment the gramophone fell silent and the dancers came back to their table. Mr. Robinson scanned the spaces that should have been their faces one by one; they were like discs of dazzle seen after unwisely meeting the eye of the sun.

"This old feller sayzzz—lonely—pinched your chair, Belle—"

"Never mind, duckie," said Belle—and threw herself across Mr. Robinson's knee. "Plenty of room for little me."

The white emptiness of her face that was no face blocked out Mr. Robinson's view of the world.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, jumping up suddenly. "I know why he's lonely—why—the man's not alive. Look at his face!"

"I am—I am—I am—" shouted Mr. Robinson in terror. "I'll show you I am . . ." He lurched after her and dragged her among the dancers as the music began again. He shut his eyes. He could hear her wild animal shrieks of laughter and feel her thin struggling body under his hands.

Mr. Robinson sat, quite still but racked by confusion, excitement, and disgust, beside the road on the wall of a vineyard, watching the last stars slip down into the haze that enhaloed the hills. The moon had gone long ago. All Mr. Robinson's heart was set on catching the bus this morning; to him the dawn that was even now imperceptibly replacing the starlight was only a herald of the bus and of escape. He had no thoughts and no plans beyond catching the bus. He knew that he was cold, but flight would warm him; that he was hungry and thirsty, but flight would nourish him; that he was exhausted and broken-hearted, but flight would ease and comfort him.

A white glow crowned a hill, behind which the sky had long been pearly, and in a minute an unbearably bright ray shot from the hill into Mr. Robinson's eyes. The dazzling domed brow of the sun rose between a tree and a crag, and a lily-white light rushed into the valley.

The bus, crackling and crunching, waddled round the bend. Mr. Robinson hailed it with a distraught cry and gesture.

"*Enfin . . . tres peu de places, m'sieu—n'y a qu'un tout p'tit coin par ici . . .*"

Mr. Robinson had no need now to look at the face of the driver, or at the rows of senseless sunlit ghosts that filled the bus. He knew his curse by now. He climbed into the narrow place indicated beside the driver. The bus lurched on down the narrow winding road that overhung the steep vineyards of the valley. Far below—so far below that one could not see the movement of the water—a yellow stream enmeshed its rocks in a net of plaited strands.

Mr. Robinson sat beside the driver, not looking at that phantom faceless face—so insulting to the comfortable sun—but looking only at the road that was leading him to escape. How far to flee he did not know, but all the hope there was, he felt, lay beyond the farthest turn of the road. After one spellbound look at the sun-blinded face of St. Pierre, clinging to its hivelike hill, he looked

forward only, at the winding perilous road.

And his acute eyes saw, in the middle of the way, half a dozen specks of live fur, blowing about a shallow rut. . . . The bus's heavy approach had already caused a certain panic in the mouse family. One atom blew one way, one another; there was a sort of little muddled maze of running mice in the road.

Mr. Robinson's heart seemed to burst. Before he was aware, he had sprung to his feet and seized the wheel of the bus from the driver. He had about twenty seconds in which to watch the mice scuttling into the grass—to watch the low loose wall of the outer edge of the road crumble beneath the plunging weight of the bus. He saw, leaning crazily towards him, the face—the *face*—rolling eyes, tight grinning lips—of the driver, looking down at death. There, far down, was the yellow net of the river, spread to catch them all.

LAUREL

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

IT WAS night when I came home
Bringing my sheaves,
An armful of bracken, and some
Fugitive leaves.

It was all that I had found
At my soul's peril,
This rusty fern, these browned
Leaves for my laurel.

Let my lovers and haters
Tear them apart,
Trampling like satyrs
Over my heart.

Let them tear them, or weave them
About my brow.
They are theirs. I leave them
Forever now.

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About my brow.
They are theirs. I leave them
Forever now.

TWO SONNETS

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

PURPOSE

THE winepress feels no pity for the grape;
Inexorably the ruddy juices spurt
And leave the bloomy purple skins agape;
The press knows neither anodyne nor hurt.
Upon the hillside in the sun there pass
The glowing generations of the vine;
Unmindful of the festival, the mass,
That furnish forth a purpose for the wine.
Here where autumnal shadows spread their pall
Along the sunny vine-clad slopes of life,
Upon my flesh the dews of evening fall;
The press grinds on, I see the harvest knife,
And dimly hear, through time-drawn veils of mist,
The bells of some immortal Eucharist.

A LIFE

SO MANY years ago one cannot tell
How long it was, his eyes would shine to hear
The fairy stories children love so well,
Ghosts, elves, and brownies, all were very near.
And then the fire of youth was in his heart,
When girls looked up at him with glowing eyes;
He danced and laughed, and scarce could set apart
This happy place called Earth from Paradise.
The mold is on those long-closed fairy books,
For that was in the old time free from care:
Ah, that was then—now in life's beaten nooks
He crouches with his body all but bare,
Or stumbling down the sodden street, he looks
For pennies in the gutter of despair.

HATO THE PIGEON

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

A PIGEON, a reddish-brown pigeon, with a streak of gray down the middle of its back. Very young. It rushes from the door as I enter. I know well who left it. The man has a genius for an act like that.

I take down the Japanese dictionary, look up the Japanese for pigeon. I am studying Japanese. *Hato* would make a neat name too. And a fit name. The pigeon is sacred in Japan. Yes, I shall call this young one Hato. Perhaps even the soul of a dead Oriental will take possession of this frail body. No one can be too sure about a thing like that.

And, at least, never soul more crammed with curiosity. Already the bird follows me round the laboratory. It hops from object to object. Wherever I stop it stops. I reach into a case, and there is my bird at the edge of the case. I take out a syphon of selters, set the syphon on the chemical bench, and there is my bird on the rack above my head. But how is a bird to see from there? And it must see. It leans. It bends. It trembles. There is but one point from which it could see—my shoulder. It ventures. It hops to my shoulder. Ah, this is too great daring. It trembles some more. Especially its tail trembles. Then suddenly its tail stands still, its eyes having fallen on the syphon and having seen the bubbles. Cautiously it moves to the bubbles. Cautiously it pops its bill at the bubbles—but does not catch a bubble. Mysterious. The bubbles are plainly there, but one cannot catch the bubbles. Very mysterious. I squirt the selters into a cup. The bird peers over the rim of the cup, but quickly draws back, the bubbles having danced up its nostrils. I offer it to drink. It does not understand. Then suddenly it does understand, pushes its head with a will into the cup and, in spite of bubbles, drinks. Actually drinks. And every time I squirt it drinks. It makes me think of a friend (four years old) who detests my selters yet drinks so long as he is allowed to work my syphon.

There comes one across the seas, a great scientist, to visit our college. Him I tell of Hato and the bubbles. His first response is that certain persons read into animals habits that are not there. His second, that he knows more about pigeons than anyone else. His experiments require that he kill no fewer than a thousand a year. "And there is a record which lets a man speak with authority."

Of the last I am not sure. But I do not say I am not sure. Rather I request the expert's opinion. Is Hato a lady or a gentleman?

The expert says that Hato is neither, but that he understands what I mean. Will I be so good as to hand him the bird? I hesitate; which is silly. What harm could he do with me standing by? Nevertheless, the bird is terribly humiliated. The great scientist studies it. The great scientist says he can say nothing with certainty, it being only ten weeks old, but—if I will take his opinion as merely an opinion—his opinion is she is a lady. And with these words he plumps her on her feet again. She shakes herself. Pfui! She has had

enough of this. And she looks so much like what she is thinking that I laugh outright. The great scientist warns me, tells me I am falling into the anthropomorphic habit, am interpreting her feelings in terms of my own. The truth is she is shaking herself not because of a sentiment but because he has mussed her feathers. The great scientist is right too. Yet it is odd how she stands there—as if she had been outraged. She keeps carefully to my side of the table.

She is sixteen weeks old—if the calculations were correct. I take her for a walk back of the college. She perches on my shoulder. A flock of birds high overhead, and up she goes! Up, up, a huge circle, over the woods, over the buildings. Wonderful to behold. I forget she may be flying away. I think I do not care. No human affection could make up for the freedom of one such flight.

I call to her. Foolish to call. She is too high to hear; and anyway she is off on a fresh circle, makes circle after circle, circle after circle, at last comes down on the outermost projecting cornice of the college roof. There she stays. She gazes over the woods and on toward the hills, gazes with the same nobility that she gazes from the clothes closet over the laboratory. It is her laboratory. It is her woods. Those are her hills. And I should feel the same if I had wings, if I could go where I liked, see what I liked, stand where I liked.

At last she hears me. She looks down on me, but has no notion of coming. She is confident it is I will come to her, will get her just as I get her from the clothes closet. I go in search of a ladder, take the ladder to the back of the house, lift it through a window onto a roof, climb to a second roof, climb to a third roof, then on my hands and seat carefully slide down the concrete gable. And there she is, waiting for me. She is as interested in what I am doing as I am. But why on earth do I do it? Why do I not simply *fly* out to her? I could not prove to the satisfaction of the great one that such a question is in her mind, yet that is my conviction, and based on nothing more exact than the way she cocks her head. Slowly I slide down the precarious gable. My faith in my convictions was never very strong. I confess to wishing I had her already in my hand. Suppose she should take it into her head to fly to the next cornice and have me fly after her there? I approach nearer and nearer. I make no sudden movement. I talk to her as soothingly as I know. I admire her. I joke with her. I *have* her.

One thing at least I have learned—henceforth she will leave my shoulder whenever she pleases. I shall be on roof tops every day of the week. My colleague advises me to clip one wing. I ask him if he has ever seen the first flight of a bird with one wing clipped. My colleague is good-natured, asks me if I have ever seen the first descent of a man down a gable. I answer, irrelevantly, that I wish I might mount into the sky.

Hato too is thinking of the sky. She is looking out between my fingers. The sun is a pale patch dimmed by dense cloud. But she would look straight at the sun even if it were free and fierce, a thing no human eye could do.

Toward ten we start for the Italian restaurant, she and I. In the restaurant everybody knows her. Everybody greets her. Everybody talks to me about her. One man tells me always of the pigeons he had when he was a boy. One old professor tells me always of the need to make a sharp distinction between instinct and intelligence. There are three, come together, a little tipsy, laugh a great deal, say nothing. The fine lady in the booth on the other side averts her head, ponders the decorum of a pigeon in a place where one eats.

Presently kind Signora bids us good-evening, spreads a newspaper along one

end of the table. That is Hato's newspaper. If anyone touches Hato's newspaper she pecks with all the ineffectual energy of her tender red bill. If she is to eat her butter it must be on the newspaper. So too if she is to eat her grapefruit. Other foods she will not eat.

Close by Signora is Signora's three-year-old daughter. Beautiful, this daughter, as Italy. She has been told she must not touch the bird. She has been told she may hurt the bird. But she would like so much to touch it and, when no one is looking, with great care lays her hand on its back, a most serious expression coming into her shadowy face. They are like an old picture, the three of them, a picture somehow holy—the little daughter, and kind Signora, and the bird with half-closed eyes listening to the baby voice as an ancient dame listens to the prattle of children.

Eighteen weeks—by the reckoning. She dances, for the first time to-night. An exquisite dance. I have known that pigeons dance, but never really have watched them. And here too I am seeing where the instinct begins, in happiness and vanity, like so much that is beautiful on earth. I am praising her. I am asking her to bow. I have been asking her to bow ever since she came, and always I have bowed myself, and always she has bowed in return. And now I am again asking her to bow. She has already half bent her head, then thinks also to half spread her wings, then, still holding that quaint attitude, lightly runs the length of the table and, at the end of the run, straightens proudly up, proudly and grandly, swings round, bends again, and again runs, and again straightens, and again swings round. That is her dance. And now she has learned it she wants to practice it all over the laboratory, wants to make sure she will not forget, does not dream that half a million years have been at work in the perfecting of that dance. Up and down my desk. Up and down the concrete floor. Up and down the windowsill. She prefers my desk. She wants my judgment. If she takes a moment to rest I have but to say one word, or even only to look at her, and off she is. She is over everything. This is her world. She means to fill it with dance.

Nineteen weeks—since Thursday she has been queer. Thursday she began to dance. Thursday too she began seriously to coo. And this morning she is not waiting for me at the window. She is not on the bookcase either. And not on the chemical bench. And not on the clothes closet. Ah, *in* the clothes closet. She is looking at me from the dark, is impatient with me for looking at her. There is something she wants of the clothes closet. Or perhaps it is only something she wants of the dark. Anyway without more reason she is in a temper, makes for my work-table, hovers above it, then flaps her wings, blows my writing all over the room. The great scientist would say this was only an instinct, only a way of lifting things from the ground to uncover the worm beneath. Even so, immediately I return to my work she settles on my forearm, bites irritably at my pen, bites too at the words as each appears, bites especially at the periods. She treats the periods as if they were rape seeds. She is so intense over them she forgets me. Then she forgets them, her eyes having wandered to the violets where they stand by the window. She goes to the violets. With great deliberation she plucks one of them. She flings it on the floor. She looks down where she flung it. Then she looks at those that remain. She makes herself tall. She seems to say "Poor things, what resistance can you offer?"

Twenty-two weeks—and the way she acts is also the way the great one said she would. She does nothing but coo. She knows the places that are snug and dark, goes from one to the other, and coos. She needs but look into a place that is dark to begin to coo. She needs

but look into a crack that leads into a place that is dark to begin to coo. She makes herself narrow, top to bottom, slips into the piano, picks at the strings, and coos. She makes herself narrow, side to side, slips into the letter-file and coos. The letter-file is too narrow. She slips to my lap, pushes her head into my kimono, and coos. I rise. She runs under the bed, and coos. It is plain she has reached some end-point of her life. It is plain too she has reached some beginning. The playtime is done. The girlhood is done. And this great step has been made, as it always is, overnight. If I was ever a mystery to her she finds it easy to lay aside that mystery. Her mystery is vaguer, bigger. She is all pigeon now. She is not half a human being.

August 17th. I dare not move. It has come. I can feel it, warm in my lap. Poor Hato, this first is rough play. Once her head droops, as if she might faint, and once when she means to bow she has not the strength. The news has spread through the Italian restaurant. One after another comes to my booth, comes on tiptoe, seems approaching a sick-room. A big-bodied gentleman lowers his voice, then realizes he has lowered his voice, speaks out boldly, tries to make light of the whole affair, but cannot quite. Another admits frankly he is sorry for "the little lady." Another bursts into a laugh. But no one joins in. Indeed the place has a quiet it has not on other nights. This is birth like any other; and who is not a little moved at a birth? The old professor whispers I can expect *the second* in forty-eight hours.

August 18th. I bring her her breakfast. She does not want her breakfast. She is ill. But proud, too. Even in her pride, though, she will not just bluntly refuse me, pecks at my fingers—says the food is excellent, but rather none this morning, if I do not mind. The egg is in the basket, the basket is on the middle of the table, the table is in the middle of the laboratory—and this is the middle of the world. What if there be a war in China? What if, on the floor above, one of my fellow-creatures by slow poisoning of one of her fellow-creatures thinks he is sowing the science of the future? She keeps as imperturbably on her affair as ever Napoleon on his. An egg! That a bit of shell filled mostly with water can give her all this new significance! And yet—what a puppet really. I think I have not seen the strings of nature more clearly. Three weeks ago she cooed for the first time—cooed, she knew not why, but knew immediately how to do it. Three days ago she tore paper for the first time—tore, she knew not why, but knew immediately how to tear it. And this morning she sits, sits, sits, as if she had rehearsed this thing since before she was born—which she has, if you take it right.

August 19th. The *second* is here, two days to the hour after the first. She is standing over them. For a moment she gives way to her feelings, lets each have a tap. "Nice things those." She settles on them. She does not stir from them all evening. Last week a harum-scarum, and this a little monument of duty.

August 29th. Ten days on those eggs. I must get her a rest. So last night I took her home with me. On second thought I took the eggs too. She repaid me by not going near the eggs, not all night long. But this morning, back in the laboratory, she settles on them at once. This is so curious that, by way of experiment, while she is at the seed-table, I slip the eggs out of her basket and put them on the chemical bench. The chemical bench is no more than three feet away. She sees me up to something, rushes to the basket, jumps in, settles without looking—from a person snug and feathery changes to one cautious and trim. Stiffly she rises. Gone! She cannot believe her eyes. She must feel the place too. She rubs her haunches back and forth. Then abruptly she gives up the search, gives it up like one who would also put the

thought out of her mind. The courage of her makes me ashamed. I point to the bench. She goes to the bench, examines the eggs, but does not settle on them. *Her* eggs she left at latitude 40°11′55″. These eggs are at latitude 40°11′56″. Why sit on someone else's eggs? Has she not trouble enough with her own? She leaves me to understand it as I may. And at last I understand it is not the eggs, and not the nest, but the place she left them that she recognizes. I think again of that mountain of rock beyond North Cape—bought by a Norwegian and bequeathed forever to gulls—where nest lies next to nest and where, notwithstanding, every mother returns always to her own.

September 8th. This morning the janitor broke one and cracked the other. All day she stayed with the cracked one. Each time she rose it was glued to her, and this evening it rose with her, fell to the concrete, and there was an end of eggs. I think she was glad. She was worn out. She was beginning to realize there was something wrong with those eggs. Again and again this evening she goes to the basket and from the bottom of it looks up at me. We are very close this evening. We are the way we were before the eggs came. I wish there might not be any more eggs.

But there are. November, December, January, February. Eggs, eggs, eggs, eggs. Through all the fall, through all the winter, and to think it will go on through all the years! No escaping. No delaying even. I am glad I am no woman. The same cycle over and over—a week of cooing, then a day of quiet and, in the evening of that day, an egg, followed by a day of weariness, followed by a day of calm and, in the evening of that day, another egg. And if I take the eggs away, the pairs only come quicker. The eternal mother is stubborn. And shrewd. The more eggs, the more chance of a baby. So let there be eggs, eggs, eggs. Poor Hato, she is haggard. She likes this business no more than I. And when I think of her illusions—when I think back to the days of her coming of age, I am sad.

April 12th. I did not want a husband for her, but health first. He is handsome, had a wife before, but she died, and after her death, though there were women aplenty, he would have none of them—so they told me at the dovecote. One glimpse of Hato, he melts. All afternoon he has stood looking at her. But she, so curious about everything else, has not looked at him at all. Nevertheless, the tension has been considerable. When I get her home she wants to go right to bed.

April 13th. If this is courtship, we humans are crude. He is squatting at the edge of the chemical bench. She comes. He rises as a gentleman would. And she, as a lady might, starts up surprised, skips to the window, stands on one foot on the tiny block that supports the shade. There is such a block for each window, and when again I look he is on the adjoining block. So they remain most of the day. Yes, we are crude. Neither has napped. Neither has glanced at the other.

April 17th. But something is wrong. He is discouraged. He has not been near her. I speak to her. Interference never yet did any good.

April 18th. He takes up his suit in earnest, courts her with violence, slaps her with his wings, bites her neck whenever she tries to pick a seed. Then—I do not know what happens—he is suddenly as pricked as by an insult, has not gone near her since.

April 20th. I am downright sorry for him. Were she to listen, this room would be a bright and habitable place. As it is, it is no better than a prison. He stays all day at the window, looks first where the winged things are flying across the sky, then down where the winged things are digging into the wet earth.

April 26th. Abruptly, within her, the old mysterious annunciation, and a coo

breaks the quiet room. He dashes toward her—turns dejectedly away. He goes again to the window. She comes to me. She does what she can to intrigue my attention. She sits on my book, my head, my knee. She bows. She dances. And it is clear now what all this means. I have been watching him and, therefore, I understand her. She behaves toward me exactly as he behaves toward her. She is courting me. Nothing could be plainer. She is making love to me. It is an odd realization. I have got so deeply into this little life that I have taken from it something that would perhaps have gone to him. She sinks down in front of me. She wants me to scratch her back. She wants all my attention. She wants to give me all of hers. Poor fellow. To-morrow I shall take him from where he came.

Molting, nothing more serious, yet I do not get over the notion she may be otherwise unwell. The feathers are bad—what feathers are left. The top of her head is almost bald. She is not the beautiful bird she was, and she feels it. She is disheartened. She has dreams, starts from them, as a dog does, and makes peculiar noises. And why should she not be disheartened? If it were I it would make me mad. Eggs, eggs, eggs, no peace and yet no babies either. To-morrow I shall write to Washington. They must give me a letter. They must assure me she will not be molested at the port next week when we sail for Japan. If either of us is in need of this vacation it is she, not I.

A thousand miles to the south of Tokyo—one of the newer houses, open as a pavilion. She feels as I feel, that with every step she may be touching something sacred. Only gradually does she venture across the polished teak and onto the balustrade and off to the neighboring roof. The sun is fierce. Soon her bill is standing wide. But she does not come in. No, I must climb the balustrade and bring her in. And hardly do I do so, she is out again. Each time too I find her at the same spot—gazing toward the temple. I once knew a cow that went every day to the top of a mountain, where there was no grass, stood for hours, and only because she was lonesome for the great plains from which originally she came.

It is the eggs. I can no longer be in any doubt of it. She was brisk on the ship. Since she is here she is just as she was before she left the other shore.

Therefore, this morning I go in search of two fertile eggs. Not so easy as it would seem. Pigeons on every roof, yet not a house with pigeons of its own. I wander at last as far as Kagoshima. There is a fancier there. But the gentleman only shakes his head—he will not sell eggs! I begin to talk to him about Hato. He only continues to shake his head. Nevertheless, he is listening. "Poor bird," he breaks in. "She is sad? She will not dance? She will not bow? Ah, I know. I know." And off he shuffles, gets me two eggs, but when I would pay him, turns from me angrily and disappears.

The two I put in place of her own. She kisses my hand with a sudden energy. I wonder if she could know there are babies inside? I should have done this thing long ago.

To-day is Monday. It was Wednesday I brought the eggs. She pecks at them, sits on them, tucks them under, gets them perfectly placed—then leaves them, as if she were playing with them. Yet somehow it is not like play either. Each time she leaves them I pity them aloud. Each time she comes back, pities them, too, even defends them against me—and leaves them. She is a strange little being. I lay the hot water bottle next them. That she understands. She kisses my hand with the same sudden fire she has kissed it all these last days. Sometimes I think she is very, very happy. Sometimes I think she is sad. Now she is off once more to watch the pigeons of the temple as they fly above

the temple roof. She watches them evening after evening.

Another twilight. The insects are beginning to sing. I look up—she is gone. She is not on the balustrade. She is not on the roof. She is not in the garden. I rush to the temple. She is nowhere. Nowhere. I have searched and searched. I have called her name up and down the narrow street. The people all have been so kind to me. All have joined in the search. But now it is night. Now no one searches any more. She will not return. I know. I shall never see her again.

Six weeks since she went. To-morrow with the dawn I sail. Six weeks—I had thought myself quite used to it. I had thought I had lost animals enough to know the way.

An hour ago the dog discovered the basket, broke the two eggs. I had left the two in the basket. I examined them. They were the right kind. I knew the gentleman in Kagoshima was an honest gentleman. A baby in each. Think, a baby in each. She had waited too long for those babies. She had waited so patiently; she had got discouraged so slowly; and now a baby in each. Life is sad. But to-morrow on the free sea I shall think more sensibly again. And yet—a piece of me stays here, in this sweet strange place, a very real, a very decent, a very gentle piece of me.

The pigeons of the temple are flying again above the temple roof. I have watched them every evening. They start always in the same way—one, and one, then suddenly all the rest. And this is not the flight of noon. No, these birds take the moods of day as we take them. They fly now in great calm elipses. And presently they will settle—one, and one, till only one is left, a tiny one, but alas, not a red one, a gray one. Every evening it is the same. That tiny one hates to leave the sky.

Oh, if I had only kept her locked in her cage! But to-morrow on the free sea I shall think more sensibly again.

TOURIST THIRD

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

INSTEAD of allowing us to find our rooms as travelers may in first and second cabin, we who were returning home "tourist" were shot down into the entrails of the vessel and stood in line, an endless caterpillar creeping its restless way in semi-darkness off to some unknown goal. Emerging into the light of the saloon, it twisted on, making small jerky moves, many-footed, discontented.

I looked up and down the line and I was conscious that I was being borne along on a stream of youth, the homeward-bound tide of students. A pent-up atmosphere of excitement filled the saloon as if this young crowd, now so docile, would at any moment break restraints. I had the amazed, heart-quickening emotion of having stumbled on something unexpected, new, and extraordinarily vivid. Then the human caterpillar swerved and left stranded beside a pillar a woman whom I recognized as a Lady. She was a woman of my own generation, the flower of it, finished, exquisite. Her sweet profile, the lift of her beautifully groomed head, had the final perfection of a lovely subdued gaiety. She stood a moment against the background of crowding youngsters and then slipped out of sight.

The children crowding before me, after me, shuffled, coughed, called greetings, sang. The queue in which we found ourselves was an unnecessary remnant of steerage days. We were being herded and numbered like our immigrant predecessors, too bewildered to follow directions or to locate staterooms. The queue ended at last at a table where a huge official sat taking steamer tickets. His blue eyes had seen everything. He was a handsome man who looked like a cross between a bouncer and a police sergeant—a fit presiding genius for tourist travel.

I found our stateroom. It was white-walled, narrow-berthed, concrete-floored. It smelled of fresh paint. The berths, of which there were four, were curtained with neat, faded chintz. It was all clean, honest, and good. The last vessel on which I had sailed had been a monstrosity, a cross between a cabaret and a casino, which tried at every turn to disguise the fact that one was at sea.

The honorable plainness was a pleasant thing, I considered. My reflections were interrupted by a girl swinging down the corridor and peering into our cabin. Her dark hair was brushed smooth and shiny over a beautifully shaped head, her eyes were a pellucid brown, her straight nose a trifle brief, and her full sweet lips were painted an arrogant cherry.

"Guess I'm on the other side," she remarked. She turned to the corridor, flung out an arresting hand.

"Oh, Roddy!" she called. "Roddy!"

A big, dark boy came toward her, a pucker between his eyebrows like that of a worried hound. His head was thrust forward and he was holding himself with a rigidity that slipped into a swaying motion.

"Say!" he said, "I'm *sober!* You're not here! You sailed yesterday on the *Majestic.*"

Her eyes, glittering like jewels, met mine for the fraction of a second. There

was triumph in them. She got the most out of the dramatic effect by the quiet with which she announced, "*Syd Barry* sailed yesterday on the *Majestic!* We swapped tickets!"

The boy stood there, a comic strip picture of surprise. "Swapped tickets?" he faltered.

"When you were too sick to come to my good-by party I got worried. I thought of poor sick Roddy all alone on the big wide ocean. I swapped with Syd—" She spoke with light mockery but there was defiance behind it, a hint of challenge which she wore gallantly as a plume. There was a pause as the two measured each other. Then magnificently he met the situation.

"Swell!" he said. "Gosh!" and he picked her up and kissed her.

When he had gone the girl, whose name was Joyce, dropped on a suitcase as though her knees had hinges which had suddenly opened. She made a gesture as of one mopping sweat from her brow.

"Gee!" she murmured. Her eyes sought mine. "The Hound of Heaven," she confided, "has nothing on me! I tell you, these relentless feet have tracked that boy down corridors of time . . ." She let her voice trail off and contemplated the points of her Deauville slippers.

With a heightened feeling of adventure I went through the corridors into the white saloon for lunch. The tables were already filled by boys and girls. Nothing else. Scarcely a person over twenty-two. Lunch was late, and the hungry company was singing and shouting and stamping. It was as though all the colleges of America had been stirred together, the faculty gone, and the Dean away.

The tables were covered with clean oilcloth. The radiant bouncer, who was at least six feet six, strolled up and down distributing smiles and greetings. The white-coated stewards filed in, bearing soup in heavy china plates, followed by meat and boiled potatoes. The food that first day was as it continued to be the journey over: plain, substantial, utterly uninteresting, but eatable.

There was a prolonged rapping for silence. An older woman and a charming, fresh-faced youth addressed the company. Introductions.

"Your hostess."

"Your leader."

Each presented the other. Announcements were made. They went on to the next saloon, leaving behind them an uncomfortable silence and an odor as of Chautauqua and Y. M. C. A. A loud hum of talk and young laughter arose and obliterated their passage.

After lunch I walked through long corridors which led to the deck. The vessel was whittled down to its bare bones. The heavy vibration of the propeller shuddered through it. The concrete floors shook beneath my feet. From the corridor I emerged into a well-lighted open space where in steerage days the multi-colored baggage and bedding of immigrants had been piled high. Here in heavy weather shawled women had sat waiting for release to the decks. Now in the iron corridors, girls were laughing, groups of boys elbowed their way.

Out in the clear sunlight a stream of girls and young men flowed over the deck, spreading out in pools, laughing and calling and chatting. Girls walking by twos, boys walking by twos, eyes meeting and crossing. From the dark oblong of the door the bright river of youth poured unceasingly. Sleek heads, close-cropped hair, flower faces, straight necks, girls with wisps of dresses blowing about their knees. Their straight lovely legs in stockings of sunburnt color. The younger generation was concentrated within the iron walls of a great ship. Youth filled its arteries. Youth in a glittering tide spreading over its decks, mounting from this deck level to decks above.

The boys—this was a different story. They were as I remembered them. So, and not otherwise, had they shambled across the campus of my youth. They

were in no way to be compared with those shining children of Diana ceaselessly pouring out of the dark steerage doorway, freer physically than any women since the days of Greece.

Joyce was not a special sort of girl, she was a part of this new thing. And this boat, this preposterous boat of young people—every vessel now returning from Europe carried such a load. I felt I wanted to talk about my amazing discovery. I looked around for my contemporaries.

But older people were as infrequent as raisins in a bread pudding. A nervous, professorial-looking man, gray-mustached, gray-clad, paced the deck perpetually. A handsome white-haired woman was extended in a deck chair. She was flanked by a handsome son and a good-looking daughter. Her every gesture declared her inalienable right to privacy. She would make no acquaintances on a tourist boat. Two downtrodden, middle-aged women, teachers probably, made common cause.

The stream of absorbed youth slid past me, leaving me isolated from life. It was as though the campuses had flowed together and inundated the earth, leaving the older people to climb trees. I felt a violent need for the companionship of my contemporaries.

Suddenly a voice behind me said, "I'm Ethel Ray. Didn't we work in the New York suffrage campaign together?" and I recognized the charming creature that I had seen in the queue. I was overwhelmed with gratitude. "Margaret Wren," she continued, "is also on board. There will be three of us. There she is now."

And there opposite us sat my old friend. She was bareheaded and completely surrounded by her children. Her face, the intense black of her hair, the very colors which she wore, marked her off as a personage. I had last seen her heading a suffrage procession, seated on a white horse. Then she had been beautiful in an authentic fashion that is independent of fashion or country. She rose now on the trail of her youngest child. She peered forward eagerly in a rather nearsighted way, her lovely bell-like voice toned out as from a platform:

"Arthur! Arthur! James, have you seen Arthur?" And Arthur having been recovered, she walked by us holding the child by the hand.

Presently the three of us were sitting together, each to the other a familiar landmark in an unfamiliar youthful world. It streamed past us, bright, valiant, unnoticing, as we talked of the old days when we had fought for suffrage, when each of us had had a cause; when Margaret Wren had hunger-struck and baited prime ministers, and lovely Ethel Ray had gone to jail for picketing. We paused at last, and Margaret Wren, who in the years had grown heavy, her youthful impressiveness turned into majesty, said, "If we had been in a crowd of college girls ten years ago everyone would have known who we were."

It was true. All of us represented the things the girls of ten years ago wanted to know about. Margaret Wren would have been a lodestone to all aspiring youth.

Yes, ten years ago. Now we sat upon the deck unnoticed and unknown, anonymous. Nor was there anyone in this bright and flashing company whose eyes would light at mention of the old crusaders. These beautiful children didn't know we existed. Still less did they care for the things which to us had seemed so important. Youth had ebbed away, leaving the leaders of so few years ago in an arid desert of oblivion.

We watched the passing young people.

"Oh," said Margaret Wren, "they terrify me! I don't know what to say to them. Quite petrifying. They're not interested in any of the things we were interested in."

What *could* Margaret Wren, the leader of yesterday, say to to-day's youth? The old fights were won or lost and all of them forgotten. You could not make hearts beat with talk of Man-made Laws to children who made their own.

The causes were all gone, the jails were closed. The issues for which we had fought belonged to an epoch as dark and distant as Ptolemy's.

"Thank heaven," Ethel Ray said, "they're not my responsibility. I don't have to pretend that I like either their necking or their naïve drunkenness."

"What are they after? Where are they going?" asked Margaret Wren.

"They don't know and no one else does," Ethel Ray answered. "And *they don't care.*" And that was true enough.

We were like three fates, it seemed to me, as we sat there. Dullness, Domesticity, and Duty: a grudging Domesticity that looked back with homesickness to the lecture platform, an arid Duty—and a sterile Dullness.

II

Next day the air was full of an echo of saxophones and banjos. Jazz blared out of the saloon, boys banged pianos and practiced. Boys practiced on the decks. The new civilization had brought its own music along. These boys traveled free, back and forth across the ocean. Traveling youth danced to its own music. Now it was playing for the evening dance on the deck.

The great vessel rose slowly, with a lumbering easy motion like leviathan's. The flat sea stretched out to lose itself in invisible horizons. England's last light was dropping astern, a yellow star. Everywhere were youths and maidens sitting on rugs, leaning against deck houses, in chairs, in lifeboats. They were all making love quite publicly and with indifference to any observer. I was, for the first time, witnessing "necking" on a grand scale, and it seemed to me a quaint and curious and probably ephemeral custom.

The girl named Joyce was strolling up and down deck beside a raving beauty. She passed and re-passed Roddy, on whose arm hung a girl with slanting eyes and a greedy upper lip, a cigarette tucked at a defiant angle at the corner of her mouth. As she passed Joyce she would look up into Roddy's face. Joyce dropped down in a chair beside me. Roddy went by, the girl still on his arm dancing with little steps and puffing her cigarette.

"I hate that girl," said Joyce quietly. "Sometimes I think I was a nut to come on the boat with Roddy. I ask myself, 'Where do I go from here?'"

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

With a quiet that held the heart of intensity she replied, "Straight to City Hall." She took a deep breath. "Gee, it's good to get that off my chest. I've been afraid to face it. Old stuff. Maidenly was what I was being. The nineties. Can you tie that?"

She waited as though for me to reply, so I said, "Have you known him long?"

"We met this summer and he gave me a rush—he had asked me to marry him so often, I didn't give it a thought until I saw another jane with him—and such a one! And Roddy with his nose pointed to the altar. Then a few days ago he started on a binge with the drink-digger." She nodded in the direction of the offending Roddy.

"Drink-digger?" I echoed with embarrassed ignorance.

"Oh, one of those girls who hang around bars waiting all day for fellows to buy them drinks," she explained tolerantly. "Then when I found Lushy Louisa was going to sail on the same boat I hit the ceiling." She stopped and looked into the faintly luminous water. A young man with crisp red curls approached us. He inquired politely in the tone of one asking for a dance:

"Will you come up with me to one of the lifeboats to-night?"

To which Joyce replied with equal politeness, "Thanks, no. I'm not necking to-night."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered generously. They went away together.

There followed two days of a slow, lazy lurch, heave, lift, broken by shattering vibration when for a moment the

propeller beat the air. A dark iron sky was clamped down over a sea of sulky, sliding, white-crowned waves. The chaperons were all in their cabins or tucked in deck chairs. Some strenuous young people still played deck tennis. A team of shuffle-board players slid discs down the uncertain deck.

By now the ship's company had paired off two by two, male and female as He had created them. They sat wrapped around by the same rug on the deck, in chairs, or huddled together in boats. Roddy and Joyce were laid out in chairs beside mine, the deadly indifference of seasickness upon them. The little girl called Lou, a beret on her head, came up with pert solicitations.

"Snap out of it, Roddy," she advised. "Come and try a brisk walk and some champagne." Roddy struggled loose from steamer rugs, waving apologetically to Joyce.

"Can you tie that?" she murmured. "I track down Roddy to lose him in round two—when you lose your *joie de vivre* you sure lose your beau." She closed her eyes.

III

The bad weather was over. The sun came out. The spacious sea stretched blue to the horizon. Sea birds and shore-bound vessels were left behind. Only unbroken blue immensities surrounded the great vessel, which now was steady as dry land. Within its iron boundaries the tourist class began to seethe and boil. There was a sense of living in the midst of the innumerable love stories and intrigues of a society composed exclusively of the very young.

I became acquainted with my contemporaries. They were all, with varying degrees of apprehension, witnessing the baffling spectacle of these children of the future. Chaperons chanted with stiff jaws, "I'm all for the younger generation," while they looked on fearfully. Mothers told atrocity stories of their daughters' behavior while in France.

I unearthed a small cell of old-fashioned girls who wore ground-gripper shoes and what are known as sensible clothes, with no make-up. They seemed to spend their time disapproving of the rest of the ship, but they, like the others, were without a philosophy concerning youth or illuminating comment. A muscular Christian, with bulging calves, a field secretary of the church, charged up to me to demand angrily:

"Am I to think these painted, drinking girls are representative of the American womanhood in our colleges?"

If I couldn't find out what our generation thought of them, I learned through Joyce what their generation thought about us. We had become good friends as Roddy had divided himself between Lou and Joyce. I saw she was unhappy, but she was plucky. I sat late on deck one night, and Joyce threw herself down on the chair beside me. She sat staring ahead of her.

"I can't find Roddy," she declared. "I simply can't find him anywhere. I get the heebie-jeebies when I don't know where he is. I keep thinking he's got stewed and fallen overboard. Can you tie that?" And then to my horror she began to cry. Not the easy tears of a girl who finds relief in weeping, but the racking shamed sobs of youth. "I won't go home!" broke from her. "I won't go home and be jawed over any more! It's awful—awful—to have somebody that you don't respect—like your mother—tell you what to do—and where to get off!"

"That you don't respect?" I asked. "Why not?"

"What is there—about most middle-aged women—to respect?" sobbed Joyce. I was silent. What was there? "When my mother tells me—what she—didn't do when she was young—I want to say 'What of it? You're not so hot.'"

She dried her eyes and looked at me as though I could give some illuminating account of the older generation. I found nothing to say. After all, telling a girl what not to do was no program.

"I won't go home," Joyce said slowly. "That's why I've *got* to have Roddy. The old folks cherish an old superstition that when we marry we settle. They draw a long breath when they see a marriage license. One crazy kid in a great city is all wrong, but two crazy kids plus a marriage license are all right. I don't know how they get that way, but they do. I'm going to find Roddy." She paused. I got up to go. "I'm going to find Roddy," said Joyce, "if it takes all night." Apparently it did.

Next morning I heard a gay greeting in the opposite cabin:

"Well, well, where were you last night, little stranger?"

As I sat in my deck chair Joyce and Roddy, arm in arm, strolled slowly past. Joyce left Roddy for a moment. She leaned over me.

"I've got him nailed to the mast," she confided.

IV

Every ocean voyage has its own personality. From its component isolated individuals a definite entity is formed. This voyage was made of young laughter, boys with bottles swaying in doorways, tramp of feet at all hours. Young urgent voices, whisperings, voices calling in corridors, laughter. It became a huge party, a party of hundreds, a party lasting for days and days.

The chaperons were worried. There were conferences in corners between the hostess and the leaders of various groups of girls. The older generation had arisen from seasickness to make a few remarks. This clear music of youth was to stop. The young people fearlessly making love were to cease.

"What's happened?" I asked Joyce.

"The old folks are just fighting us," she answered. "They always do. It's nothing. Some of the girls have been known to take a drink, some of them have stayed on deck all night, that's all. That man over there is a church worker. He stays up and snoops. He's a case for Freud. He got the hostess and the chaperons excited."

I glanced at the field secretary pounding up and down the deck indignantly. "I think they've behaved very well," I said.

"Sure," said Joyce. "And we have to settle for a couple of girls who hang around the bar and the girls who go on deck with a new fellow every night. I don't believe in promiscuity, do you?"

"No," I answered faintly.

Groups of subdued young people talked soberly in corners. The handful of girls who spent their time near the bar vanished. "Do not," age said, and youth paused. The church, the college, the elders had spoken, not loudly but poisonously. There was an ominous calm.

V

Was that the only message that age had for youth? Could it merely cry, "Don't" across the chasm of time, I wondered? An evil spell was over the vessel. There was conflict going on. The excitement was still there, but now it ran underground, dangerously. There was a sense of strain throughout the whole ship. I sat on the deck with Margaret Wren, watching the young people who had begun to have names and faces for me.

There was beautiful Carol. She was going to teach. There was Joyce. She was going to get married. And Lushy Lou. She would whirl around a while. In the end would the Fates get them? The three Fates that wait at the end of most of life's roads—Dullness, Duty, and Domesticity?

At any rate they didn't yet bother about the Fates. They were occupied in defying their elders. One felt earthquake weather in the air. There was in process one of those long, slow upheavals that leaves everything at different angles. They did not give way to any showy lavalike eruptions of anger, but you could feel them banded together, youth integrated to assert

itself over a generation which it did not respect.

This feeling grew and grew. Mutiny was in the air. I expected something spectacular and overt—a demonstration—the young people in procession, their band leading them, their thumbs at their noses. Nothing like this happened. And yet authority had been thrown out on its head. The youngones stayed up later and later. Swaying boys and girls filled the companion doorways. Whatever hour one was on deck, the lifeboats were full of murmurous couples. The bludgeon of the chaperons, "We'll write your parents," was useless. It was as if someone had said to someone else, "What if they do? What then? They can't do anything. Let them tell our parents and we'll say, 'What of it?'"

It was like finding out that bugaboos did not exist. With this discovery contact was broken between the older and younger generation. They were on their own now. They told about themselves and their music and their dances.

The boat churned out of the fog. The sun came out on a dangerous, sparkling sea. No one minded its lurch and heave any more. The excitement of landfall was in the air. To-night was the night of the costume ball. Early in the evening Joyce came up to me.

"Roddy's escaped again," she said. "He's had a few drinks. I can't help being scared. He's coocoo when he's tight." Under the flour-white face and red mouth of a pierrot make-up her face was set.

I made my way through the masquerade. Under the glare of a spotlight the fantastically dressed girls and boys were dancing. There was a fluidity in their movements that was enchanting. I could stand there endlessly watching them drifting, flowing, effortless. Masqueraders were scattered over the decks. I threaded through the crowd. The blare of the music, the excitement of the crowd confused me. My mind became disassociated—one part of it watching the spectacle and the other part trying to interpret its meaning. Then suddenly it came to me who these children were.

I thought, "*We willed this.* All of us old timers. We poor old petrified coral insects, it's on our rigid submerged bodies that this new land has risen. They are our descendants, and we don't even know it. They don't know it. We're part of everything that has made them. We willed freedom. Well, here it is. Look at them."

What point were they reaching for with their mounting excitement? What was going to happen to-night? Something had to. There must be some explosion. Defiance had arisen wavelike and overwhelming. Something had to happen. Pressure was too high. Lightning would strike. Something was brewing with all the seethe and bubble. What I expected I could not have told. Something beautiful or horrible. Something significant should have flowered in this vessel which bore triumphant youth in its heart. Then as in a dream I heard voices as if in answer to my question. The boy's voice urged:

"*Aw, kid, come on, kid!*"

The girl's voice mumbled something inaudible, soft.

"*Aw, come on, kid!*" Soft mutterings. "Aw, kid, be a swell kid. Come on, kid!" repeated the boy's voice, persistent. Again a soft answering mutter. I walked away, "Aw, kid, aw, kid, come on," ringing in my ears.

Nothing was going to happen.

The excitement had gone off in froth. It had expended itself in masquerade and dancing, in a little drinking and a little love-making. I had seen something terrifying and beautiful, youth unrestrained, frothing up to some incredible climax and then softly dying down to the tune of "Aw, kid, come on, kid!"

I walked to the top deck. There were murmurs, little squeals, protests from boats. I looked over the rail into

a soft, impenetrable darkness, putting together all the things I had seen or heard until they should form a pattern.

I thought of Joyce's words, "What is there in middle age to respect—you're not so hot." That meant that the parent myth was dead. Chucked out. Old baggage.

"We don't marry for keeps any more. We try it out." Casual dismissal of parents. Very casual marriages. And that meant— The upper part of my mind and the lower came together like a thunder clap.

That meant the Death of the Family.

These beautiful unthinking children carried in their hands a pretty portentous thing, and they didn't even know it. If they fought for no causes, marched to no slogans, it was because they didn't need to. They didn't need to with the old idols smacked in the face, not with ferocity or hate, but as a child flicks at something with a whip—absently.

I stood looking about me for one of my contemporaries while the children ran past. I wanted to impart my news to someone.

"*You know the family's dying?*"

And it seemed to me that these boys and girls running by me were celebrating its death.

SWANS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

WITH wings held close and slim necks bent,
Pale clouds that drift in summer woods,
Float shimmering and indolent,
The alabaster birds.

Scarcely they move, the lovely ones;
They lie like snow, cool flake on flake,
Mild breast on breast, with dimmer swans
Dim-mirrored in the lake.

They glide . . . and glides that white caress,
Shy bird to bird, with never a sound;
Thus leaned Narcissus toward his face,
Leaned lower till he drowned.

Leda leaned thus, subdued and spent,
Beneath those vivid wings of love;
Along the lake, proud, indolent,
The vasts birds scarcely move.

Silence is wisdom; then how wise
Are these whose song is but their knell.
A god did well to choose this guise;
Truly a god did well.

The Lion's Mouth

FEVER

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE devils, it is said, carry hell with them wherever they go, so that even in paradise they are infernally at home. It is the same with us: we can never escape from ourselves. Jones may long to be Newton or Napoleon; but in spite of his desires, in the teeth of all his efforts, he remains unalterably Jones. Nor can Smith in love identify himself, as he would like to do, with the beloved Miss Brown; nor Robinson, rejected, do anything to make his personality like that of favored Smith. Only the mentally deranged are ever permanently somebody else. The normal are doomed to remain themselves. It is only when they are ill that they can hope to escape, however briefly and incompletely, from their own familiar souls.

Recently a touch of influenza gave me an opportunity of studying at close quarters the person I become when my temperature rises above a hundred and two. This fever-person is forced on me, not chosen. He is not the kind of being I ever wanted to become. He is not Shakespeare or Faraday or Mozart. He is not superior to my normal-temperature self; he is inferior. But he has at least the great merit of being different. He is not I. Who is he, then?

Who indeed? Let me try to paint his portrait. He is, to begin with, a stoic. Not theoretically—for he is a man of few or no theories—but in practice, spontaneously and by instinct. He is one of nature's stoics, born not made. The things of this world which are ordinarily counted as goods or evils are matters to him of total indifference. Is he rich or poor? He does not care. Free or a slave? What does it matter? No affections attach him to the ephemeral and phenomenal. No hatreds disturb his serenity. Those who were loved when the temperature of the body he inhabits was four degrees lower are to him spectral strangers. And his *ci-devant* greatest enemy, if now he entered the sick-room, would be neither more nor less. No accident has power to disturb him. He can regard all the inclemencies of fate with absolute equanimity. The news of his ruin, of the death of all his one-time friends would leave him cold—or rather hot; for his stoicism is a function of his warmth. Even the prospect of his own death fills him with no alarm or distress. With every rise in the temperature of his blood, life becomes less agreeable and death proportionately less terrifying. The person who makes his appearance when my body is at a hundred and two is so stoically wretched that he has no fear of the event which will put an end to his misery. The fact is comforting. For though I may fear death, it is probably the other man who will have to do the dying. *Timor mortis conturbat me*—but not him. If it is the fever-person who occupies the deathbed, my feelings about the matter are an irrelevance.

It is only when the death is a cold, not a hot one, that the ordinary man's emotions about dying are of importance. For there are many illnesses which do not transmute us into someone

else, but on the contrary reinforce our individuality and, by rendering it impossible for us to think and do the thousand irrelevant and distracting things which all healthy people are perpetually thinking and doing, make us more thoroughly and intensely ourselves than we are in seasons of normality. Such illnesses do not detach us from the objects of our affection, but bring us closer to them. Instead of reducing us to a state of stoical carelessness, they strengthen those bonds of sentiment, habit, and association—that natural piety, in Wordsworth's phrase, by which our days are bound together. When this happens, the final unbinding of the days must seem particularly cruel. It is to prepare for such ends as these that Montaigne advised us to take a course of training in the art of dying. Where the conclusion is feverish, such training is wasted; for it is not the trained individual who dies, but another, the temporary usurper of his place. Detached from everything and everybody, with no habits of affection to be broken and nothing loved to be lost, the usurper is, spiritually, more than half dead when he begins his reign. Death is only the ultimate stage in a psychological process which the first touch of fever inaugurated.

But though emotionally detached, the person who occupies a fevered body is by no means unconscious. His mind works —I speak at any rate from my own experience—even more actively than it does at ordinary times. In my own case this activity is radically different from the activity of the unfevered mind. For with my blood at a hundred and two instead of at ninety-eight, I am transformed, not merely from an ordinary human being into a monster of stoical ataraxia, but also from a prosaic thinker into a seer of images, a visionary, a kind of potential poet. At ordinary times I am not one of those who think in terms of inward visions. My mind works more or less abstractly, in terms of words which evoke only the palest images. But the mind of the person who takes my place when my blood is too hot thinks exclusively with pictures. Fever miraculously opens the inward eye, and I find myself living in the midst of the strangest phantasmagoria.

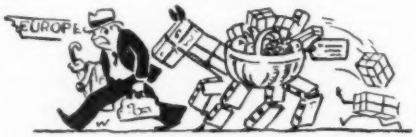
Each word I hear, each external object I catch sight of, calls up an image, often apparently quite unrelated to the evoking word or thing; and the first image calls up a second, the second a third, and so on indefinitely. The visions have a life of their own independent of my conscious will; their endless succession unrolls itself regardless of my wishes. I—whoever "I" may be—am reduced to the role of mere spectator. I stand aside and watch the performance which somebody else has staged for my amusement. And sometimes I am duly amused; for the show is brilliant and a kind of plot, a dramatic interest, rambles mazily through the succession of images. But at other times, when I am tired, when I long for peace and sleep, the spectacle becomes intolerable. I resent its intrusion on my privacy; I feel as I should feel if I were compelled by law to have the radio and television perpetually turned on in my study. For the visions are unescapable. I cannot avert my gaze from them, and if I would close the inward eye against them, their brightness shines through any muffling bandage my consciousness can interpose. They are not merely as clear as the images transmitted by the physical eye from the external world; they are clearer, brighter, more luminously distinct. They are more real than ordinary reality; they are real in that excessive and preternatural way in which a work of art is real.

Compared with the images of them evoked, in paint, by Velasquez, shall we say, and Piero della Francesca, or, on the printed page, by Dickens, by Dostoievsky, by Flaubert, the flesh-and-blood people of daily life seem phantasmal, as trees walking. My fever-images have just that quality of super-reality which belongs, among objects in the external world, only to works of art. Not, of course, that they are works of art, except

subjectively for my fevered self. If, by means of some miraculous calligraphic shorthand, I could contrive to render them visible to others (including among those others the self I am when my temperature is normal) these super-real visions would be revealed, I know, as things of an entirely sub-artistic incoherence. The French *surréalistes* in their earlier productions went to the trouble of demonstrating the difference between private day-dreaming and public art. Their method was to allow their minds (image-seeing and poetical even at 98.4, or rather, since we are in France, at 36.8) to wander uncontrolled through the mazes of associative fancy. The history of these wanderings they then proceeded to record. The result whenever the method was strictly followed was always a kind of rigmarole incomprehensible and without beauty for anyone except the author. Inevitably; for a work of art must be made, at least in part, out of materials accessible to all men.

Day-dreams are as private and personal to the day-dreamer as his own body. They can as little be shared with others, they are as little suitable for being made the matter of a direct sacramental communion with others, as his kidneys and his pancreas. True, a man's day-dreams, no less than his body, can be used as material for a work of art, but only on condition of their being re-interpreted in terms of emotions and intellectual ideas common to other human beings. Carlyle's pancreas and kidneys gave him chronic trouble. If he had confined himself to setting down an exact record of his symptoms from day to day, nobody would have been interested. But, wiser than the *surréalistes*, he did not attempt to give direct expression to the entirely private history of his viscera. Digesting his own indigestions, he re-interpreted his private bodily discomfort in terms of an abstract and very public "fire-eyed despair" (I think that was the phrase); he used his dyspepsia as the raw material out of which to manufacture that peculiar kind of work of art called a philosophy. A day-dream must be treated by the artist in the same way as an event in the history of his body; it must be re-interpreted and its private images used for the adornment of some public emotional or intellectual theme. The *surréalistes* of the straitest sect refuse to do this; their books, in consequence, are psychological curiosities rather than works of art. They are collections of raw materials for literature; they are documents exhibiting the state of mind of a poet before he starts to turn his private dreaming into poetry.

Fever transforms me too into a potential lyrist. With the influenza upon me I can form some notion of the way in which Shelley or Rimbaud normally thought. I begin to understand how they invented those metaphors which invest an old idea with an entirely new and richer significance. I know where they fetched those brilliant images with which they clothed their thoughts and feelings. They had the feverish gift of seeing, but along with it the sober power to organize what they saw into the forms of art, to convert private visions into publicly recognizable beauty and universally comprehensible argument. Possessing at ordinary times a little, perhaps, of their capacity to organize, I lack the gift of seeing. And the fever that brings me visions robs me of my intellect. The person who takes my place when my blood is overheated possesses of the poet's genius only that part, alas, which is allied to madness.



GIFT HORSES

BY ELIZABETH MYERS

NOW, I'll ask you one.

Why is it, with Europe and California approximately the same distance from New York, when we sail for Europe we are showered with

gifts and greetings, but when we board the train for the West Coast we don't draw so much as a telegram of good wishes? There is very little difference in the length of the two journeys, and certainly there is more diversion to be found on board a ship, equipped with gymnasium, library, card-room, deck space for games and floor space for dancing, than in the dust-sifting trains where entertainment is limited to watching reels of scenery unwind at the eye-straining rate of fifty miles an hour, observing uninteresting fellow-passengers, or the faint chance of getting in an occasional game of bridge.

Going abroad to-day gives most people no more of a kick than a ride on a Staten Island ferry does to a commuter. It is just a natural and ordinary thing to do; but, in spite of this, the very moment it is known that you are planning to sail, on go the thinking-caps of kind friends who feel the necessity of sending something to the steamer.

I know a woman who has been going abroad every year for the past ten or fifteen years, and every year she goes through the same little ruse of pretending that she has made no plans for the summer; in fact, she confides to you, she is thinking of doing a bit of traveling in America. Then suddenly she announces that she is sailing for Europe the next day. She has always fondly hoped that thus she could sneak away without the cheers and the material demonstrations. But she knows in her heart that this can never be; not while she goes abroad. She has fooled only herself, for her friends are ready and waiting. When she boards the steamer her stateroom looks like the night before Christmas!

I, too, can speak with feeling. Last year I went to Europe. I am not as fortunate as my friend: my lucky number turns up about once every four or five years. But I received forty-three remembrances: three steamer baskets, seven boxes of flowers, one case of liquid coffee, one pound of caviar, one case of assorted jellies, six boxes of candy, ten books of new fiction, a heavy three-volumed biography of a scientist I had never heard of, and a book on the industrial situation in the Far East. These latter books would have made a splendid display in my library at home; and what fine ingleside reading on a winter's night! But I was going in the opposite direction. There were rich and gooey cakes from a smart shop on the Avenue, there were crackers dry and unsweetened, there were coat-hangers and dress-covers and hold-alls, and handkerchief cases and a chessboard and men. The rest consisted of telegrams, bon-voyage cards, and letters. And all this because I, like thousands of others, was going to Europe for my summer vacation.

Two years ago I went in the other direction—to California. I went by train. I told my friends I was going. I told them the date. Three came to see me off. One bought me a late edition of a newspaper, another gave me two magazines, and the third loaned me a book she wanted me to read and mail back to her. She wanted my opinion, she said, as to whether I thought it would do to give to a rather strait-laced friend who was going to Europe the following month.

I have no quarrel with my friends for their lack of enthusiasm for my California trip. Why should it excite them? Only why, when I was going East by boat, was I so honored with gifts and attentions, but when I was journeying by train for nearly as long a distance in the other direction, were they so indifferent? To-day there are as many dangers traveling by rail as by sea, and the journey across country is not nearly so diverting.

Forty-three presents was the sum of my last ocean-going trip. Not bad for one as quiet and unpretentious as I. Forty-three packages of all sizes and descriptions, and I was traveling light with every inch of space accounted for.

I do not want to appear churlish. Looking a gift horse in the mouth is an

ungrateful thing to do. I was brought up to be humble and thankful for gifts bestowed. But what, I ask, is one to do if there happens to be no stable to house the steed, or if the doctor has expressly forbidden riding?

All those gorgeous flowers would have looked lovely decorating my home, but in my nine by six cabin—which I had to share with another passenger—it was impossible to keep them at all. I rang for the steward and asked him to put them, or as many as he could, on my table in the dining saloon so that others might enjoy them with me. (A thought that apparently had come to others as well.) The baskets of fruit with all the goodies half hidden. Again, what to do? I rang once more for the steward and gave them to him to put in the ice box for me. I should never enjoy that luscious fruit, I knew; but the steerage we have always with us. The candies I distributed to children who were much better off without them. One eats too much and too often on board ship. The books of fiction I read and passed on to a deck-side acquaintance. The heavy biography and the book on the industrial situation in the Far East I, in sheer decency, glanced through and then donated to the ship's library. With all this bounty I could not help thinking how much more I could appreciate and do justice to these kindly thought-out gifts of my friends if I were traveling by train. How good that juicy fruit would taste to my parched and dust-filled throat. The candy would be welcomed and sampled every so often. The books would receive full measure of attention, even the biography.

To-day, everyone goes abroad, or if not, is planning to go some day. It is no uncommon thing to meet one's butcher, in mufti, strolling along the Champs Elysées, or to come across Carlos, one's nice Italian grocer, on the Pincio and to have him call out happily, "Howda, Missa." My woman-by-the-day tells me that she is saving for a trip, tourist third. My bookseller beat me over by a week. As I said before, it is a common occurrence. You rarely meet them in California. Then why all this hurrah?

Next summer I do not expect to go away at all. I shall not have caught up from last year's junket. Most of my friends are planning to go, I have the dates of their sailing on my memorandum pad, but I must economically remain at home. All those fortunate ones will be receiving baskets of fruit, boxes of flowers, pounds of candy, books upon books, and tons of other things besides, but what will I get for having to stay at home in the hot city, working? Nothing. And even if I were going to California I should not be much better off!

Why can't a new order of things be instituted? Why not give gifts *only* to the unfortunates who have to remain at home—as a sort of consolation prize? Next summer, for instance, how greatly I should enjoy all those beautiful flowers! I should fill my house with them. Or that fruit, to tempt me when I was too tired or hot to eat. Those books, for the sultry hours ahead of me, to make me forget that I was but a miserable stay-at-home. That marvelous coffee for my self-made breakfasts, and that caviar, my friends, that caviar!

But it's dollars to doughnuts I'll get nary a gift for my solitary confinement next summer, not so much as a five-cent bar of chocolate!

Editor's Easy Chair

SHALL DOCTORS RULE US?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE year '29 is famous for several things. Praed, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, wrote a poem about it—"Twenty Eight and Twenty Nine." That was a hundred years ago, the same year in which Oliver Wendell Holmes (not the Justice but the Autocrat) was graduating from Harvard College, a shining member of a renowned class. Praed might have written a poem about him if he had known about him; but the Autocrat would now be reckoned as a greater poet than Praed, though they were both very charming. They should have been lifelong contemporaries, for Holmes was only seven or eight years younger than Praed; but Praed lasted for only ten years after 1829, whereas the Autocrat lived on, ever tuneful, useful, and delightful until 1894. All the same they both did honor to the year '29.

So also did another eminent character, Joan of Arc, for that was the year in which she raised the siege of Orleans, crowned her King at Rheims, and won the battle of Patay. Really '29 is her year. Five hundred years ago it was that she did her marvels, and she remains a profoundly notable wondermover. How do you account for her? How would the eminent scientists, who at this writing have so lately convened, consorted, conjectured, and contended in these parts, account for Joan of Arc? Doubtless they would disagree about her and especially about the voices that directed her. A great salvage of truth, near truth, and possible truth comes from the disagreement of the scientists. That is all to the good, for it keeps doors open. Nowadays it takes rather more imagination to travel with the scientists than it does with the old-fashioned believers. Whatever one thinks or believes nowadays, he will be likely to have company. If he believes in Adam and Eve as our first parents, of course he will have a profusion of associates in that.

There is a family Bible to which the present humble deponent has access, on the flyleaf of which was pasted by pious hands long departed the "Articles of Faith of the First Presbyterian Church in Utica" (about 1836). The first article is about "one only living and true God," and how He made everything and "constantly upholds, preserves, and governs all the affairs and the concerns thereof, according to the wise and eternal counsel of His own will."

Certainly Article 1 is not difficult to accept, but how about Article 2 that runs: "You believe that God first made man in his own image, and entered into a covenant of life with him upon condition of perfect obedience, but that our first parents fell by eating the forbidden fruit, thereby bringing sin and ruin on all their posterity"? The articles that follow tell (3) how God in His mercy sent a Saviour and Redeemer and (4) "how persons who heartily embrace his offers of salvation are justified, sanctified" and (5) at "the last day shall be invited into heavenly kingdom."

They are fine articles, they are so definite, so precise, so literal. As will be noticed, they tell persons who have joined, or are about to join, the Presbyterian Church what they have undertaken to believe. That story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit was a fact to thousands of Presbyterians in our grandfathers' time and doubtless is a fact to millions of Christians to-day. To others it is not a fact but very interesting as folklore or allegory, and as part of a working hypothesis that has helped mankind and contributed to the development of many of the most helpful characters of our own time. It recorded and passed down, apparently in the guise of fiction, a significant truth, and so to instructed people of this generation it seems, while probably not true to fact, still very interesting and important. According to the evolutionary theory, life started in an ooze, and after a while matter became conscious, then the various animals developed, and then man. But what was the great differentiating quality that distinguished man from the other animals? What was it if not this very discovery of good and evil which is recorded in the story of the Garden of Eden? The animals have delightful and wonderful qualities, but they seem not to have eaten of the forbidden fruit and consequently not to have developed the ideas of modesty and of right and wrong that make us so much trouble. Walt Whitman loved this quality in them; and shared it quite perceptibly. He said of them (as readers will remember):

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

The animal side of us appealed strongly to Walt Whitman. He approved of it heartily. Nevertheless, the Adam and Eve story seems to mark the point at which humanity rose above the animal creation.

AT THE meeting of the scientists, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, professor of sociology at Smith College, held forth on Medical Science *vs.* Religion as a Guide to Life and appealed for supplanting of theology by mental hygiene and for a valid basis for new rules of conduct that will rest squarely on a scientific foundation. Doctor Barnes came out for a more adequate conception of God which must be formulated, he thought, in the light of contemporary astrophysics, which, he considered, completely repudiates the theological outlook of Holy Scripture. He would not hold with the second article of the Presbyterian Faith. What we need, he thought, is such a conception of God as Doctor Fosdick might work out in the light of the astrophysical discoveries and conceptions of Shapley and Michelsen and the study of atoms and electrons by Bohr, Planck, and Millikan. This world, he said, can no longer be viewed as a training camp preparatory for life in the New Jerusalem, but should be regarded as a place in which man should make himself as happy as possible while he is here. The new cosmic criticism, he said, threw out of civilized nomenclature one of the basic categories of all religious and metaphysical morality, namely sin. One may admit, he thought, the existence of morality and crime but scarcely of sin, which is by technical definition a violation of the revealed will of God. Modern science, he said, has shown it to be difficult to prove the existence of God and, since we can no longer look upon the Bible or any other existing holy book as embodying God's revealed will, we cannot very well know when we are violating it. Hence, he said, "sin goes into the limbo of ancient superstition such as witchcraft and sacrifice."

Doctor Barnes' observations gave only moderate satisfaction to the scientists. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to which Doctor Barnes' remarks were addressed, rebuked him for introducing metaphysical and religious subjects into a meeting for scientific discussion. But Doctor Barnes was impenitent and insisted that his remarks were proper to the meeting. His views of the mythical quality of our present understanding of the Almighty and of the need of having the ten commandments subjected to scientific examination to determine how many of them we still want, gave great offense to several New York clergymen, and in particular to Cardinal Hayes, who dissented from them at some length and with due attention to particulars, from the pulpit of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on the following day.

Doctor Osborn may be justified in his opinion that Doctor Barnes should not have run so much theology into a scientific meeting, but at least it made for interesting reading in the newspapers, which is always something to be thankful for. Doctor Fosdick will probably excuse himself from the duty of defining the Almighty to which Doctor Barnes invited him, and that may be as well; for in a sermon which he preached just before Election there were passages which might be understood as intimations that in his opinion the Almighty was a Dry and, of course, it is still much too soon for imputations of that sort to be fixed in any new formulations. Besides that, Doctor Fosdick, being very intelligent and quite pious, probably realizes that the dimensions of the Almighty are far beyond our powers of computation, and that though His notions of right and wrong may conflict with those of some of our spiritual directors, it is better to leave the conflicts to work themselves out with such inevitable changes as may follow the increase of knowledge and possibly of human wisdom. So far as God is concerned, we are all about six years old, which is old enough for worship and even for behavior.

As to the ten commandments, courts, both ecclesiastical and civil, have interpreted them considerably, and some of the interpretations have conflicted, as where the injunction against making graven images and likenesses is differently understood by Mohammedans and Christians. It is a question also, and not a little disputed, how far the commandment to keep the Sabbath day holy has been modified for Christians by the teachings of Christ. The suggestion that the commandments should be revised is natural enough, but it does not follow at all that revision is expedient; nor is there visible any authority or any imaginable combination of authorities that seems competent to do it and have its findings respected. Better leave the commandments as they are and try to understand what they are and what they really signify. It is not necessary to repeal any of them. Old codes of law are often useful as milestones to show how far civilization has gone since they were instituted; but that is not so yet with the ten commandments, most of which are remarkably lively and as good as ever.

But are they the will of God? That story of Moses coming down from the mountain with the tablets of stone is a good story, just as Adam and Eve is a good story, but to this generation it is less convincing than it used to be. It sounds rather more like folklore. For us God is what we can think He is. His will is what we imagine it to be. The majority of us are not cocksure from day to day that we know what it is in all particulars, but in so far as we have any sense we try to locate it, understand it, and conform to it in our conduct. For us it is what we think it is. When another group of minds comes along, buys or terrorizes a legislature, and puts over us some law or other, and tries to give it out as the will of God, we reject it; and laws so passed, while they have the police

power back of them and people can be put in jail for breaking them, have no adequate moral force because so large a proportion of the people affected cannot be persuaded that the actions they proscribe are really sinful. They laugh at such a law and fight it just as we should laugh at Doctor Barnes' proposed new formula for God according to Doctor Fosdick and the astrophysicists if it did not happen to meet our views about what such a formula should be.

PROBABLY any formula for God that would suit Doctor Barnes would fail to suit a large majority of the other people. One reason for that is that Doctor Barnes seems to think of people merely as bodies, and thinks that they should be guided through life not by doctors of theology but of medicine, and considers that this world should not be regarded as a training place for a world to come, but rather as a place in which man should make himself as happy as possible.

Why, yes, as happy as possible, but how go about it? That opens up a large field. Doctor Barnes is a professor in a girls' college. What does he tell the girls at Smith about being happy and the way to accomplish it? Does he preach to them the curious doctrines that are put out by Mrs. Bertrand Russell in her *The Right to Be Happy?* Whom does he hold up to them as examples in right living? Does he tell them that happiness is a by-product and that the way to catch it is not to be too much concerned about it, but to try for something else? That is about what religion does in our times. It has at times been much too gloomy. Christianity at times has called for the mortification of the flesh and found prospects of salvation to be improved by highly unhygienic living in this mortal state. That cannot be said to be a defect of our time, when, if we have any money left after buying motor cars, we spend it for bath tubs and improvements in plumbing. Christianity at least sees more in men than bodies; yes, more than minds too. It sees immortal souls and, so seeing, seems still a lap or two ahead of Doctor Barnes in the great race for truth.

As for the doctors, they seem just now to be by way of realizing Doctor Barnes' hopes that they will take charge of human life. They practice nowadays with more authority than the ministers do. A newspaper reported among its end-of-the-year statistics that we Americans are now spending a billion dollars a year on religion. What we spend on doctors was not reported. We only know that some people spend too much, many more too little (because, perhaps, they cannot afford more) and that money in these flush times can be had for hospitals more easily if anything than for churches.

But the doctors will never get the ministers' jobs away from them if the ministers keep up with the times. Nothing stands still in these days, not even man, who is still far from attaining to the limit of his possibilities and seems to be fast developing other powers besides his astonishing control of material things. The counsel to make the most of Earth life because that is the only life we are sure of, will never be popular. It is too thin, even for the crowd that cries, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we die!" It does not make either for health or happiness, but for disease and regret. Neither does it give us a good start on our next excursion, when we quit our chrysalis bodies and start off with increased power and lessened disabilities on a new quest after knowledge and comprehension.

Personal and Otherwise

AFTER the recent HARPER reflections by Messrs. Macy and Aikman on the foibles of womankind, we now add insult to injury; according to the leading article of this month, women are just like men! But ***Floyd H. Allport's*** analysis of the myth of the eternal feminine and its influence upon the laws and conventions regarding women will stand searching examination. Professor Allport is one of the ablest psychologists in America: he occupies the chair of social and political psychology at Syracuse University, has written a standard book entitled *Social Psychology*, and contributed to the August, 1927, issue of the Magazine a telling paper on "The Psychology of Nationalism."

When Bishop Fiske questioned in our last issue whether Christianity was really our national religion, he left the door open for ***Elmer Davis*** to point out that our national religion is that of prosperity, with the Republican Party as the state church which dispenses it. Mr. Davis's many HARPER articles, all the way from "Portrait of a Cleric" to "What Can We Do About It?" (December, 1928) and "Another Caribbean Conquest" (January, 1929), have shown his penetration as a commentator on the political and social scene; he has also written several amusing short stories for HARPER'S and a number of novels, the latest of which is *Giant-Killer*.

Our first story of the month comes from the youngest author in a distinguished literary family: ***Anthony Gibbs,*** son of Sir Philip Gibbs and nephew of Cosmo Hamilton and A. Hamilton Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs has published a novel, *Enter the Greek*.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, perhaps the most influential preacher in this country to-day, will continue his present discussion next month, by asking and answering the question, "What Is Christianity?" Doctor Fosdick is the pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, which will move to its new home on Riverside Drive when the ravages of the recent fire are repaired and the church is completed.

Mary Borden knows the American world of fashion as well as the English; for although she is English by marriage and present residence, being the wife of Brigadier-General Edward Louis Spears, she is American by birth, being a member of a well-known Chicago family. A true cosmopolite, she is equally at home in New York and in London. Her novels include *Three Pilgrims and a Tinker*, *Jericho Sands*, *Four O'Clock*, and *Flamingo*.

It is said that only a few men in the world are capable of fully understanding the Einstein theory. How many fully understand the quantum theory—considered by many a man of science as of still greater importance—we do not know. The reader will find that ***P. W. Bridgman's*** explanation, despite its clarity of style, requires hard concentration; yet if he persists he will be rewarded with a new glimpse of the sort of problem which confronts mankind as a result of the latest researches in physics. Professor Bridgman, who occupies the historic Hollis chair of mathematics and natural philosophy at Harvard, is the author of *The Logic of Modern Physics;* no one could discuss this new development in scientific thought with greater authority.

Always a versatile writer, ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** turns again to fiction after having contributed the leading article of our February issue, "This Hard-Boiled Era." She is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton and the author of *Vain Oblations*, *Lost Valley*, *The Aristocratic West*, etc.

Despite the prosperity discussed by Mr. Davis, unemployment remains a perennial

American problem. To most of us it is something remote and a little unreal: we read the statistics of those out of work, are briefly puzzled, and pass on. ***Paul Peters*** gives our complacency a jolt. His real name is not Peters, but his bitter narrative is one of fact.

With "The American Invasion of Europe" ***Charles A. Beard*** concludes his present series of articles on European conditions to-day. Previous papers in the series have been "Democracy Holds Its Ground," "Bigger and Better Armaments," and "Prospects for Peace." Dr. Beard, former professor of politics at Columbia, is perhaps best known for his co-authorship (with his wife, Mary R. Beard) of *The Rise of American Civilization*, and for his editorship of the recent volume, *Whither Mankind?*

Since ***Stuart Chase*** completed *Your Money's Worth* in collaboration with F. J. Schlink, he has been studying one of the fundamental problems of the day: What, exactly, is the machine doing to us? Much, he finds, has been written about machine civilization, favorable and unfavorable, but precious little of it has been founded on solid research. In his forthcoming book, *Machines*, he will try to lay the groundwork for a rational study of the subject. His article on our alleged slavery to the machine will be (in somewhat different form) a part of the book. Mr. Chase, who began his career as a certified public accountant, is president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York.

Stella Benson's "The Man Who Missed the Bus" has been circulated in advance of publication among a number of writers and critics in England and has created something of a sensation. They cannot agree about its meaning, we are told, but they agree that it is a work of extraordinary brilliance. We submit it to the ingenuity of an audience which relishes literary originality. Miss Benson is an English novelist, author of *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc.; she has lived in many parts of the earth and has recently spent much time in this country and China. She is the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson.

Readers will recall ***Gustav Eckstein's*** previous accounts of the white mice, the turtles, and the parrot which from time to time have shared his laboratory at the College of Medicine at the University of Cincinnati, where he teaches physiology. He now introduces us to another of those pets whose lives he watches with such strange understanding.

An old friend of the Magazine returns in the person of ***Mary Heaton Vorse,*** novelist, short-story writer, and alert observer of life, who sketches the conflict between two generations as dramatized in a week's voyage by "Student Third."

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The poets include ***Daniel Whitehead Hicky*** of Atlanta, a new contributor; ***Elizabeth Hollister Frost*** of Rochester, New York, two groups of poems from whose recent volume of verse, *The Lost Lyrist*, appeared in HARPER'S last year; ***Granville Paul Smith,*** a frequent contributor who teaches school at Charleston, South Carolina; ***Henriette de Saussure Blanding,*** a Californian whose previous work is equally familiar to our readers; ***Humbert Wolfe,*** one of the most-discussed English poets of the day; and ***Leonora Speyer,*** a widely-known New York poet who appears this month for the first time in our pages.

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The contributors to the Lion's Mouth include ***Aldous Huxley,*** the brilliant English author of *Antic Hay*, *Point Counter Point*, etc., who is the grandson of Thomas Huxley and the brother of Julian Huxley; and ***Elizabeth Myers*** of Mount Vernon, New York, a newcomer to the Magazine.

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Martin Lewis, whose "Relics" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is a coming artist whose recent prints of New York life have attracted considerable attention. Most of them, like the present example, are of night scenes, with bold and effective treatment of light and shadow.

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Raymond Essen's "Less Money and More Life" has produced an astonishingly wide

and enthusiastic response: those who have written to applaud Mr. Essen's practical philosophy include among others a soda-water clerk, the headmaster of a school, the justice of a municipal court, and the publicity director of a railroad.

Here is a typical letter of heart-felt approbation:

Dear HARPER'S:

A word of genuine praise or gratitude is never amiss. Let me give this word in regard to Raymond Essen's "Less Money and More Life." I was a discouraged and therefore sick person when I came to the library to read an hour ago. Now I have derived strength from his essay; I feel well. I am the more secure in my hour of weakness, as it were, by another's support.

I shall not get a new hat, I shall remove my wondering gaze from fascinating-looking foods in windows, and contentedly continue turning to the humble Automat and the bread and baked-bean compartments; but I shall also continue to browse about, and read, avoiding crowded subways by not rushing home for dinner, and taking time to see the humor of things everywhere, and going to bed early, and looking for the sunrise as often as I please—very often. I am, briefly, not going to be licked by running with a blind crowd of beings.

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To come back a moment to "The Mucker Pose": S. B. P. of South Bend, Indiana, denies that the outlook for the gentleman in politics is as black as Mr. Adams painted it.

Mr. Adams says that "men like Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, or John Hay are rarely elected, only appointed." This may be only too true and yet gentlemen such as these *are* elected. Shall I mention those who spoke from Gettysburg battlefield? Edward Everett, the finest Greek scholar in the Western world, yet at the same time governor, congressman, and senator. And Lincoln. Lincoln was homely in dress and loved good honest laughter. But in all his public utterances he clad his thought in classic garb. You may scan them in vain for an argument *ad hominem*. Then more recently there are Henry Cabot Lodge, George Frisbie Hoar, Simeon E. Baldwin, and notably, Woodrow Wilson, who despite certain faults of temperament was never a vulgarian. You may say that these men are in their graves. Very well, I mention James Hamilton Lewis, who has had a brilliant public career and yet in clothes, manners, or speech makes no concessions to the mob. Successful in the politics of Midwestern cities are Newton D. Baker and Brand Whitlock. Then there are William Howard Taft and Gifford Pinchot. A gentleman to his finger tips is the many times elected Governor of Maryland, Albert C. Ritchie. His addresses are intellectual treats. There are even gentlemen in the United States Senate! I think of two—maybe there are more—Carter Glass and William C. Bruce. Perhaps one reason there are not more is that so few gentlemen *go into politics*.

No, the mucker pose is not really forced on one. Look at Franklin D. Roosevelt!

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A job-holding wife points out that "A Case of Two Careers" did not prove that one career is enough for a family, but proved something quite different:

With blood heated with desire for battle and with fire in my eye I am taking my typewriter under my hand to let loose on the article "A Case of Two Careers" in the January HARPER'S. It was immensely interesting to me because my husband and I are working out a situation of two "careers." The article by the anonymous writer—and I respect his anonymity of course—doesn't prove the impossibility of such a situation, though it is helpful in indicating shoals which other people may avoid. In steering their bark on to the rocks, the husband of the interior decorating lady was fully as much to blame as was she. Responsibility in such a situation is in proportion to wisdom. I suspect he thinks that he was a good husband because he allowed and assisted his wife to launch upon a career. But his obligations extended beyond simply allowing and permitting and encouraging his wife. Quite evidently he had had more business experience than his wife. He owed it to her, to their children, and to himself to insist upon certain economic arrangements which, if observed, might have saved their marriage from dissolution.

He should have insisted upon a workable business basis. Certainly if he had money and had faith in his wife's ability, he could well have loaned her the money to start her interior decorating business—but only as one business man would lend money to another, with arrangements for interest on loans or the issuance of a stock interest in the business, with demands at definite periods for financial statements. . . .

People gamble too heavily on friendship and love. They treat relationships founded on such regard as though they had the endurance of pig iron which can be used and abused and finally salvaged from the junk heap when one finds a new

use for it. Friendship and love are most fragile things—they can easily be violated. Therefore they need to be hedged about with various protections and reserves. One should make up one's mind that there are certain things that should not be done because they jeopardize the finest of human relations. Most of us recognize that two families cannot live amicably together, that it is precarious to have a mother-in-law in a home, that it is dangerous to friendship to loan money to a friend. It is equally dangerous to maintain a wife's business. The writer of "A Case of Two Careers" was good and kind, but he made some grave mistakes, and allowed his wife to make worse mistakes. If he had insisted on putting things on a business basis, with a division of the household bills, and had invested the rest of his money, he would have known just where his wife was drifting, or perhaps her drift would have been stopped before it was started.

When we are newly married we all think love will endure forever. It seems so strong, so bulwarked throughout, that we think it will withstand anything; and when finally it doesn't stand the test we look around for other things than ourselves to blame for the catastrophe. . . .

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A plea for boxing as an antidote to murder:

As propaganda against preparedness, "Why I Took Up Boxing," in the January issue, is amusing, but I cannot help thinking how much better off a young friend of mine would be if he had taken up boxing and learned to knock out a nagging, pestiferous fellow worker instead of knifing him as he did some years ago. I should not now be signing a petition to the state prison commission to plead for his being let out on parole because he was such a quiet, gentlemanly, thoughtful, loving boy at school. Nor would his family have suffered the shame, loss, and sorrow they have had to suffer. Nor would the dead man's child be fatherless. Nor, to put it on the lowest possible plane, would the state have been put to the expense of a murder trial and the consequent upkeep of the prisoner.

One seldom kills his adversary when one knocks him out with his fist; neither is one prone to use a knife or a pistol if one's fists are adequate.

Let's advocate boxing for boys; then there will be fewer murders on the front pages of the papers, fewer hold-up bandits who get away with the goods!

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A Southern woman comments ruefully on criticisms of her sex in recent issues of HARPER'S. Let her take heart from the leading article of this issue—or will she, perhaps, regard that, too, as a detraction?

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Dear Sirs:

I used to be so happy and proud that I was a woman! Now, since reading the many caustic and critical articles in HARPER'S about women in general, I am thoroughly discouraged. It may be that the girls and young women of my youth were right when they yearned to be men; certainly they sensed the fact that the men had captured all the virtues. How blind I was! I rejoiced in femininity, in delicacy, in a certain sense that women were of a spiritual and sensitive substance. I rejoiced in being called "Miss May." When men took off their hats in an elevator I thought that I most humbly represented womankind whom they were honoring. But it seems that I was mistaken. The noble, high-minded, unselfish, and thoughtful women of my acquaintance were, of course, such a quaint minority, such an isolated group that naturally the learned writers in HARPER'S MAGAZINE could not have known them.

It seems we are not wanted in business; we are there simply for selfish reasons. We are untruthful, incapable, and now "lawless." I am ashamed! and take off my hat to the noble male who has had the discernment to discover and analyze our characteristics and the courage to state the facts.

Yours very truly,
MAY POMEROY GRAVES

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The use of HARPER'S for college and school classroom purposes, in the study both of literature and of composition, is increasing: 26,323 copies of the Magazine were thus used during 1928.

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THROAT
KEEP IT FREE
FROM IRRITATION
Rub in
Absorbine Jr.
A GARGLE of one part Absorbine, Jr. to nine parts of water brings quick relief. A few drops rubbed on the outside tends to break up congestion. Dampness, dust, exposure, and in a less degree, excess use of voice and smoking are sources of trouble—*guard your throat.*
A diluted solution of Absorbine, Jr. also sweetens the breath and refreshes the mouth. Use it as a mouth wash —preferably daily—particularly when you know you need it. There are many other uses for Absorbine, Jr. in the home and when traveling. Read "Timely Suggestions."
At All Druggists, $1.25. Send for free trial bottle
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Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

The New England Sales Plan

An Organized Program to Utilize Assets, Determine Markets, and Sell What New England Has to Offer

BY DON E. MOWRY

AFTER three years of intensive preparation, the New England Council, an organization created to develop a sense of the importance of New England as an economic area of the United States and to promote New England's economic progress, has developed a sales plan designed to stimulate further utilization of the assets of this section, determine and develop markets, and sell what New England has to offer through a constructive promotional campaign in which advertising will play a role of considerable importance. A budget of $300,000 annually is proposed.

The most interesting fact connected with this entire movement is the amount of effort put forth to develop a sense of unity and a capacity for cooperative action within the six New England states, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, before an attempt was made to advertise nationally. This plan of operation has resulted in a better understanding of New England's economic and public relations and has created much favorable publicity throughout the nation, in advance of the actual promotional program which is now to be determined.

Speaking of the Council, John S. Lawrence, who has served for three years as its president, said in his recent annual report: "The Council is non-partisan and non-political. . . . To a remarkable degree the Council has been able to accomplish its purposes, not as a super-body imposing its plans from above, but through others. Its aim has been to stimulate, to coördinate, and to encourage others. . . . In this way the Council has vitalized a most powerful element in every community and enlisted its active assistance in the various community development projects."

The New England Sales Plan, which is the result of three years of constructive work, has set up four major objectives. These objectives are first, to attract visitors and residents; second, to create good-will for New England products and increased confidence in their quality, both within and without New England; third, to stimulate expansion of existing industries, to encourage new industries, and to bring industries established elsewhere into New England; fourth, to inform, inspire and energize New England.

The very presentation of such a plan to the people from whom the fund for advertising and coördinated promotional activities is to be obtained will have a valuable result. It will bring about a clearer conception of the movement which is so well grounded. Business interests cannot but follow their expressed approval with substantial contributions necessary to finance the outside advertising program.

Where projects of this character have been launched, out of the clear sky, so to speak, without this grounding and understanding, without definitely determined objectives, sales points, and market analysis, we cannot expect to attain that full measure of community coöperation looked for and expected in conservative and dignified presentations of a district's advantages.

The first objective in this case is to attract visitors and residents to New England. To attain this result, an appeal will be divided between recreational and historical attractions, because these are distinct and unique New England assets, not duplicated, it is believed, by other areas within competitive distance. The appeal to visitors is an important one and has often been lost sight of in other community advertising campaigns because the chief interest has been in developing commercial and industrial business.

The second objective, increased good-will for and confidence in the quality of New England products, will be sought through an appeal based upon craftsmanship, integrity, and the New

(Continued on second page following)

TIME was when you could locate in the center of your market, and satisfy the demands of your trade easily. But hand-to-mouth buying has broken America into a *group* of markets, each of which must be served from its logical, strategic center.

The South is one of these markets, —and an important one. Its people are prosperous. Their buying power has trebled during the past ten years. And your opportunity for volume business is proportionately greater.

But . . . not at long range!

Those who have been outstandingly successful in selling the South will tell you that big volume began when Atlanta became their Southern headquarters. This is Distribution City to the South. From here the rich territory may be most quickly and most efficiently reached, by men and merchandise.

Because labor is efficient, and raw materials available close by at low prices, production costs are lower here. Low taxes, low-cost power, plentiful water supply, building costs, climate —a host of factors contribute to better profits. And these profits have built great plants in the Atlanta Industrial Area out of small sales offices in Atlanta.

The facts as they apply to your specific problem will be gathered for you —without cost or obligation—by the Atlanta Industrial Bureau. This service may mean thousands of dollars to your company in the next few years.

Send for this Booklet

It contains the fundamental facts about Atlanta as a location for your Southern branch.

Write INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
9321 Chamber of Commerce Building

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

What do you ask for in a Perfect Tour?

Write for it — *Free Booklet*

Good Roads?
Scenery?
Good Hotels?
Homes of Famous Men?
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Richmond, Virginia

The New England Sales Plan

(Continued from second preceding page)

England heritage of excellence in workmanship. There is much to dramatize here. The attention of the public can be arrested in numerous ways through the imagination of the advertising agency that will be employed.

To attain the third objective, expansion of existing industries and establishment within New England of new industries and of industries that are now established elsewhere, there must be a factual appeal because decisions of this kind are matters of business.

The fourth objective may be defined as "selling New England to itself." This objective is regarded as the most important because much more can be accomplished in the long run by organizing New England's communities to capitalize and cash in upon whatever advertising is done, than would accrue if no attention were paid to New England's interests and communities. The New England Council believe that a splurge of advertising would be unwise if at the end it were found that New England's individual interests and communities were unable to cash in on the good-will thus created. The attainment of this objective will energize, vitalize and stimulate states, communities and business firms to greater efforts. Automatically, the wealth of New England will be increased.

In setting forth this plan, the Council has given consideration to the media that should be applied in developing each objective. Magazines of general circulation, which go into the homes, will be used to afford a sustained appeal, in contrast with so-called spot advertising. Provisions have been made for an All-New England booklet, a booklet on Colonial Workmanship, and other booklets to emphasize the various advantages of New England.

What are New England's sales points? These are presented as a part of the sales plan, and furnish a background for the comprehensive promotional effort designed to advance the agricultural, industrial, commercial and recreational interests of these six New England states. Fifteen reasons are given emphasizing why New England is a good place in which to live, to work, and to play. That New England makes quality products is pointed out in fourteen ways.

A brief analysis of markets emphasizes the potential customers in the list of four objectives cited.

To add strength to the program, a statement is made of the benefits to be derived. This is im-

(Continued on second page following)

In New York

New York is your greatest possible local market—from 7% to 15% or 18% of the whole volume you can expect from the United States, and far more than that in profit and promotion values, for the metropolis is a buying center and starts buying habits for the rest of the country.

cut distribution costs

The cost of physical distribution is your biggest handicap in this extra-special market. The metropolitan area where so many millions live and trade is crowded, compact, congested, traffic-jammed.

improve service to customers

Service is the great good-will builder for any product and any manufacturer because the dealer buys and takes deliveries hand-to-mouth, and because using ordinary individual methods distribution to him is difficult and stock keeping to take care of his demands is expensive.

put the burden on experts

To solve the sort of difficulty that your own organization can not handle, find the specialist who has studied the whole problem and has found the answer for other manufacturers or sellers in your plight.

use Bush Distribution Service

Many other concerns, big and little, situated near and far, making and selling a surprising variety of goods, have found that Bush Distribution Service will receive, stock and deliver their products in the metropolitan territory with speed, economy, certainty unattainable in any other way.

write for full information

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The New England Sales Plan

(Continued from second preceding page)

portant when it is known that a sustained effort will be necessary to attain the maximum of results. It is thoroughly understood that to attempt this program for less than three years would not produce the benefits which should come to this economic unit. It is a fact, too, that each of the six states is dependent upon the others and that the improvement of one is reflected in all.

While consideration has been given to what other communities have done and are now doing in developing their community and industrial programs, there is a realization in New England that a new approach must be made to the problem of interesting the nation in the special advantages which are here offered. It is not enough to spend a considerable sum of money in planning an internal and an external advertising policy. It is necessary to collect carefully the facts and data around which to mass an attack backed up with the best experience that can be obtained in this field of advertising promotion.

Such a plan has necessarily required more time and constructive effort than is sometimes employed in community advertising. Taking the case under advisement, expending much time, energy and thought, developing the various steps in the process of its own self-improvement slowly, as New England has done, results in thoroughness, unity of thought and expression, and better workmanship when the plan of procedure is finally forged.

The time has come when the Council, in the interests of all New England, feels that it must spread the facts about New England developed by its three years of research. This conviction is based upon a belief that New England, basically sound economically, must make known its assets and advantages as other areas are already doing.

The internal organization has been set up, with a council in each state. There are vice-presidents in each state who act as chairmen of the several state councils. There is a staff at headquarters, in Boston, giving consideration to all phases of the problem.

The New England Council, the only organization that can speak for all the varied activities and interests of these six states, is destined to give a good account of itself in the community advertising field.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Stock Dividends and Split-Ups

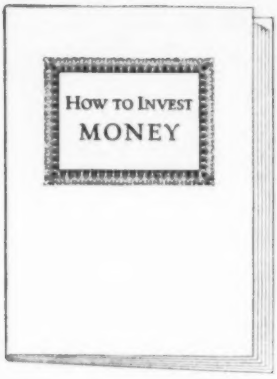
By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT IS probable that during the past year or two more corporations have declared stock dividends, or have split up their outstanding stocks into smaller units, than ever before in the history of stocks. Rumors of a stock dividend or a split-up are always hailed with delight by a corporation's stockholders, and the stock itself usually responds to such action or rumors of action by advancing in price. It may be interesting to consider why this is so, and to consider the nature of stock dividends and split-ups, their similarities and differences, and what effect they have upon the investment value of stocks.

SUPPOSE you are a stockholder in a corporation which has thirty thousand shares of stock outstanding, and the directors decide that they will declare a stock dividend of thirty-three and one-third per cent and thus increase the number of outstanding shares to forty thousand. This means that each stockholder will receive one new share for each share he owns already. No one objects to having shares of stock presented to him, and on the face of things four shares are certainly worth more than three. Are they in reality?

THE value of a share of stock is based upon the equity for it and upon the corporation's earnings. So far as market price is concerned, earnings are of more importance than equity; and a stock will frequently respond to earnings and ignore equity almost entirely. We have before us, for example, the statement of a corporation showing an equity of $5.33 a common share, and earnings of $8.25. The stock is selling at over $100 a share, and yet the stockholders would receive only slightly over $5 a share in case the corporation should suddenly wind up its affairs and go out of business. Here, on the other hand, is a stock with an equity of $159.69 a share selling at less than $100 because earnings at the present time are less than $5 a share.

WHEN a stock dividend is declared, however, that means that the company is capitalizing its surplus, or surplus assets, and distributing a portion to the



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stockholders in the form of new stock. Surplus, of course, is intimately connected with equity, so that when surplus is reduced, and stock outstanding is increased, the equity per share is obviously less than formerly. Let us suppose, for example, that a corporation's balance sheet shows the following liabilities:

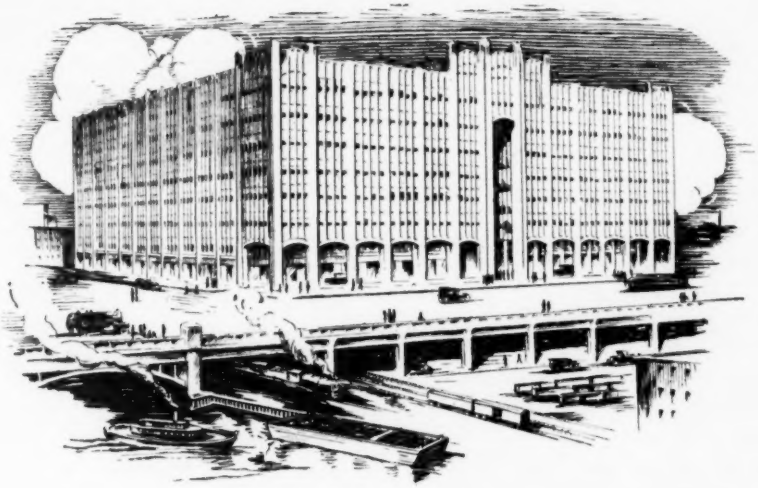
First Mortgage Bonds	$2,000,000
Common Stock	3,000,000
Notes Payable	250,000
Accounts Payable	250,000
Surplus	4,000,000
	$9,500,000

If the holders of the thirty thousand shares of stock (par $100) are given one additional share for each three already owned, then the corporation's liabilities are:

First Mortgage Bonds	$2,000,000
Common Stock	4,000,000
Notes Payable	250,000
Accounts Payable	250,000
Surplus	3,000,000
	$9,500,000

TOTAL liabilities remain unchanged, but surplus is smaller by the amount that the outstanding stock has been increased, and equity per share is less than it was. Of course each stockholder has more shares than he had formerly, so that his aggregate equity may be as large as it ever was. It certainly has not increased, however; so that on the basis of liquidation value his holdings are worth no more than they ever were. In fact they have the same value exactly.

TAKE the question of earnings. Let us say that they amount to $8 a share, or $240,000 a year. In other words, the holder of 30 shares before the stock dividend knows that his stock is



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earning $240 a year. When the shares are increased from thirty to forty thousand, this does not increase earnings; they are still $240,000 a year, and on forty thousand shares this is equal to $6 a share. The holder of 30 shares now has 40, but his 40 shares are still earning $240 a year, exactly the same amount that his 30 shares earned previously. How have the stockholders benefited from the stock dividend?

IN this example quoted it is possible that they have not benefited at all. On the other hand, if earnings increase it is possible that the same dividends per share can be paid on forty thousand shares as formerly were paid on thirty thousand, and if this were done it is easy to see that the stockholder's income from this particular source is larger by one-third—a decided benefit in the opinion of most people. Stock dividends, however, are really nothing more than a bookkeeping transaction; if stock outstanding is increased by one-third, earnings and dividends must also be increased if the stockholders are to benefit.

IN the case of a split-up, the total amount of outstanding stock remains exactly as before. Suppose a corporation has thirty thousand shares of $100 par value stock outstanding and the directors vote to give each stockholder five shares of new stock, par $20, for every share of old stock, $100 par. There would still be $3,000,000 of stock outstanding, but the number of shares would now be one hundred and fifty thousand instead of thirty thousand. The value of each new share would, how-

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CITIES SERVICE securities are recommended daily by financial writers, bankers and experienced investors. In the clipping reproduced, the financial expert recommends the purchase of Cities Service Common stock to *hold.*

The advisability of buying Cities Service Common stock and *holding it for investment* has been amply demonstrated by the experience of investors in the past. For instance, an investment of $2,000 in this stock at the date of its issuance, January 1, 1911, would now be worth, if all stock dividends had been held, about $47,000. These holdings, on the basis of the present yield of over 7%, would provide a yearly income of about $3,400 in cash and stock — much more than the entire original investment.

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Note: The above clipping is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken, together with name of the investment writer can be furnished upon request.

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Send copy of booklet "TPO-173" describing the investment possibilities of Cities Service Securities.

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ever, be considerably less than that of the old. And herein lies one of the reasons for stock split-ups.

LET us suppose that the old stock earned $13 a share a year and that dividends were paid at the rate of $10; the stock might be selling at $175 a share. Now, $175 a share seems a pretty high price to a large percentage of investors, and for that reason they might hesitate about buying it. If, however, five new shares are given for each old one, the new shares paying $2 dividends, their market value will probably be in the neighborhood of $35 a share, and immediately a large number of investors who would not have considered it formerly are now attracted. Corporations have come to realize that the wider their stock is distributed and the more stockholders there are, the better it is for the corporation. Every stockholder has a personal, financial interest in the success of the business, and is a rooter for the corporation; he will buy that corporation's product himself and urge others to buy; he is the most productive advertisement the corporation can have and, further and not least important, a large body of stockholders is the best protection a corporation can have against inequitable laws and government meddling.

THE public utilities were among the first to recognize the value of customer ownership, and most corporations now realize that ownership by the public, whether customers or not, is an extremely valuable asset. The cheaper a thing is the more people there are in a

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Federal Home Bonds are secured by a group of first mortgages on homes and small business properties, held in trust by the Empire Trust Company of New York.

The ratio of the mortgage loan to the conservatively appraised value of the property never exceeds sixty per cent and is usually nearer fifty per cent.

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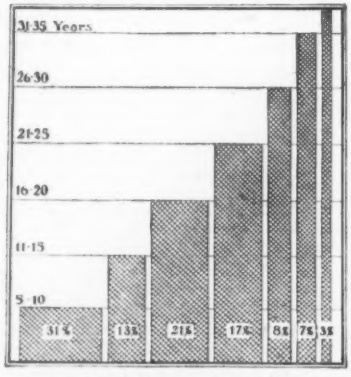
position to buy it; and the split-up of high-priced stocks into units which sell at more moderate figures widens the market and increases the number of stockholders. This means, too, that the demand is greater, and as stocks are in demand their prices go up; the result usually is that the total market value of, say, five new shares will be in excess of the one share formerly held. The stockholder, practically, therefore, usually derives a benefit from split-ups, just as he does from stock dividends, although in theory neither one increases the value of his holdings by a single penny.

THERE are many variations of stock dividends and split-ups. Listed on the stock exchanges at the present time are a number of stocks which pay no dividends in cash at all, but do distribute a certain percentage in stock each year. Some people say that such a practice is wrong, that it merely increases the number of outstanding shares and makes each share worth less than formerly. On the other hand, the corporations which do this defend themselves on the ground that, instead of distributing their cash earnings to stockholders, they are using them for expansion, for the acquisition of new properties, and the general betterment of the enterprise, and that this does the stockholders more good—in the long run certainly—than any present cash dividends can do. There is a great deal to be said for this point of view.

SOME corporations pay dividends, part in cash and part in new stock; this is the middle course. Many cor-



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porations periodically give stockholders the right to subscribe to new stock at a fixed price, almost always lower than the market price. This is a decided benefit to stockholders, and these rights themselves have a market value; if a stockholder does not wish to subscribe to new stock he can sell his rights for cash, and fairly consider the proceeds cash dividends. From the standpoint of the corporation this is an excellent method of raising new capital, and is rapidly increasing in favor as a means of financing capital requirements. Only a few weeks ago rights to subscribe to the stock of eighteen different corporations were listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone.

ONE result of stock dividends that is not always publicly evident is the way they affect taxes. So far as the stockholders are concerned stock dividends are subject to income tax only in case they are sold and converted into cash.

ANOTHER result of stock dividends frequently overlooked is the effect upon a corporation's preferred stock issues. When common stock is issued against plant, buildings, real estate, equipment, or the property of subsidiaries it means that these assets are to be kept as assets and cannot be disposed of. As preferred stock has a right to fixed assets prior to that of common stock, its position is strengthened by common stock dividends. Incidentally, and by the same token, a large extra cash dividend dissipates a corporation s assets just as a stock dividend preserves them.

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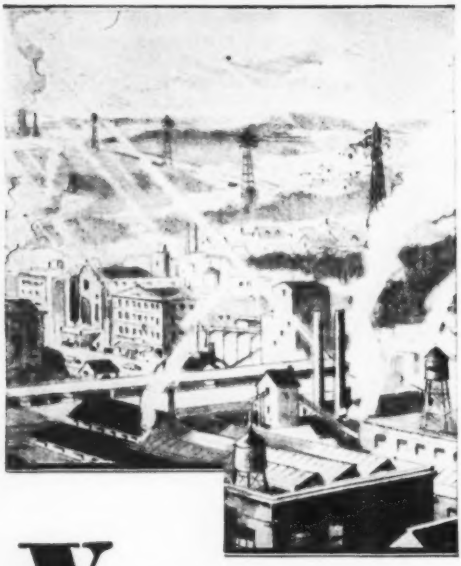

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WHEN a stock dividend is declared the stockholder is, of course, under no obligation to keep the stock. He can sell it and take the cash. It is safe to say, however, that in the vast majority of cases the stockholder who keeps his extra stock, and who exercises his rights to subscribe to new stock, fares much better financially than the man who converts his certificates into cash. First of all, such new stock represents a capital accretion; second, it is true that this new stock more frequently than not attains a value far in excess of that at which it was acquired by the stockholder. To mention only a few outstanding examples, the rights and the stock dividends given their stockholders by corporations like General Motors, Royal Dutch, American Telephone and Telegraph, Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Standard Oil group have proved immensely more valuable to those who exercised their rights to subscribe, or kept the stock, than to those who sold and took the money they were worth at the time they were issued. One man we know bought five shares of stock in an industrial corporation ten years ago, paying $850 for them, and now owns 120 shares which are worth $4800, and he has this larger and more valuable number of shares without the expenditure of a single additional dollar.

TAKING the investing public into partnership has been one of the most intelligent and constructive things that corporations have done in their whole history. And there have been no more effective means to this end than stock dividends and split-ups.

ADDING PROFITS TO SAFETY

No. 1. The Investment Trust

BY S. PALMER HARMAN

THE part which hope of profit should play in conservative investment, as against safety of principal and income, has long been a moot question. Some years ago a fine, staunch old firm of investment bankers published the statement that an assured, regular income was the essence of investing, and hence that bonds or other fixed-interest obligations conferring a creditor's claim were the only true investments.

Nevertheless, the desire for profit in the form of increment or enhanced capital values is so strongly rooted in practically all individuals with money at their command that it has always provided the driving force of a vast body of financial activity. This activity was, and for the most part still is, broadly designated by the term "speculation." A good deal of opprobrium attaches to the word. It connotes the adventurer rather than the solid and substantial individual who builds his fortune by hard work and an investment income held within the bounds of traditional conservatism.

Yet the desire for profits has persisted, side by side with recognition of the dangers attending their quest. With the outburst of speculation beginning in 1924, accompanied by growing industrial prosperity, commonly designated as the "Coolidge boom," the practice of the speculative art became nation-wide and was indulged in by all ranks of society. At this juncture, or a little earlier, investment trusts began to make their appearance in numbers on the American financial horizon.

The swiftness of their rise, from practically nothing in 1920 to aggregate capital resources of about a billion dollars at the present time, must be attributed in large measure to the changing of conditions in the investment market.

It should be made clear that, even at the outset, investment trusts as a whole were by no means presented to the public as a machine for realizing the quick profits of a rising stock market. Investment trusts in America germinated in the Edge Law of 1919 for the financing of foreign trade, and thus promised to begin their career as British trusts had begun theirs a half century earlier, by investing their funds in the foreign field. Difficulties at once arose which checked that development, but the investment-trust idea had found lodgment and soon proceeded to a swift expansion along other lines.

What the investment trust did, in effect, was to take over certain facts and principles already familiar and widely approved, and give them a new application. The first of these principles was diversification. Bankers and experts had preached for years the need of spreading the investor's funds among a wide variety of securities, widely distributed geographically and by types of industries, in order that the law of averages might be invoked for greater security. Diversification became the corner stone of investment-trust practice.

The second principle was management. Investors had been warned not to buy on "tips," nor even on their own unaided researches, but to be guided by the advice of those qualified to know sound securities. Expert management lies at the center of the investment-trust idea.

Add two new elements to these familiar principles, and the outline of investment-trust practice stands complete. These elements are coöperation and the widening of the field of eligible investment securities. Coöperation is the idea underlying the gathering together of the funds of many investors, in large or small amounts, through the sale of stock, bonds, or debentures issued by the trust, and the investment of these funds, with the reinvestment of income and profits, in a wide list of securities. Fortified by diversification and by experienced and capable management, the trust has felt warranted in investing, not merely in the sound, low-yield bonds which an individual investor of limited means would have bought if he had a proper regard for safety, but in common stocks, foreign securities and shares, and other instruments which in years past would probably have been regarded as unavailable.

With the machinery thus set up, the question of how it operates to produce profits above the normal investment rate must be considered. This is the central problem, and the answer lies in the management, its abilities and policies. For in the investment trust, as in every other field of finance, no plan or mechanism is better than the individuals who operate it.

When prices on the Stock Exchange are

(*Continued on next page*)

Adding Profits to Safety

(*Continued from preceding page*)

persistently rising, as they have done with temporary interruptions for more than four years, a reasonably capable management should have no difficulty in showing handsome profits, if it relies for its results upon buying at a lower price and quickly selling at a higher. It will appear in a later article of this series that rising prices are not an unmixed blessing to certain trusts whose managers take the broad view that values are too high and that a crash may occur, and who consequently stay out of the market. But, on the whole, the upward trend of security prices has made it possible for the investment trusts to show adequate earnings for their shareholders.

Management in its worthiest sense, however, does not rely upon hasty purchases and sales. It takes a wider view, studies the financial situation in its international aspects, and buys securities which, on the showing of its economic researches, appear to be undervalued according to the yardstick of intrinsic worth. If such a trust averages 10 per cent earnings a year on its capital, it may be found that 6 to 7 per cent represents straight investment income and the rest realized appreciation, sale of rights and privileges, fees and profits from underwritings, and the like. Appreciation, in the sense of a general upswing of security prices, is a minor item in such a showing, and the earnings traceable to skill and research go far to justify the assertion that capable management can earn a return on its merits.

The short history of American investment trusts, covering hardly a decade, would be insufficient to demonstrate the soundness of the idea in practice, particularly as the period of greatest trust development has coincided with years of rapidly rising security prices. Fortunately, however, English and Scottish experience extending over more than half a century may be cited. The first of the British trusts appears to have been organized in 1863, but little was done until the seventies, and the period of greatest development did not occur until the eighties. A severe depression following the Baring crash of 1890, when a number of trusts sustained severe losses, proved that even a sound mechanism functions badly if management is at fault.

British trusts originated in the fact that the demand for British capital at home was sated and interest rates were extremely low, at the same time that a vigorous demand for capital existed in foreign countries where British trade was active and where alluring returns were offered. Added to these fundamental conditions was the existence, ready made, of a class of men in England and Scotland who were well equipped to assume investment-trust management. These were the family solicitors, the chartered accountants, factors and agents who had long been accustomed to manage the financial affairs of their clients and who were now called upon to furnish an expert view of foreign securities.

To attempt the work individually would have invited defeat, though many of these early investigators accomplished remarkable results and reached remarkably sound conclusions. Coöperation in research, coupled with coöperation in investing, therefore came naturally.

There are a number of clear divergences between British and American trusts in form and practice, though the fundamental principles of diversification and management remain identical. In the earlier days of the American institutions it appeared that a new form, evolved here, might dominate the field. This was the static or rigid trust, involving the deposit of a permanent and unchangeable body of securities with a trustee, against which certificates of participation were issued. This form of trust practically eliminates the factor of management except in the original selection of investments. While a number of such trusts are in operation, the British or management type is more generally in use.

Within this type the widest diversity of method may be found, from the trust whose managers operate on their own responsibility without restriction, to that in which exact and rigid regulations are laid down regarding the use of investment funds. In either case, management is of the highest importance. The investor can buy into the type of trust which he thinks promises the best return on his money, but he cannot escape the fact that the size and dependability of the return are completely bound up with the ability and integrity of the managers.